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A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY

1895

A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY

1837–1895

Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey

Volume II.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

A

VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY

1837–1895

SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE EDITOR'S CRITICAL REVIEW OF BRITISH POETRY IN THE REIGN OF VICTORIA

EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

AUTHOR OF "VICTORIAN POETS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

CAMBRIDGE

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1895

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

II. THE VICTORIAN EPOCH (CONTINUED)

(PERIOD OF TENNYSON, ARNOLD, BROWNING, ROSSETTI, AND SWINBURNE)

VARIOUS DISTINCTIVE POETS (CONTINUED)

Robert Browning

PAGE

Song from "Paracelsus" 343
Cavalier Tunes
1. Marching along 343
2. Give a Rouse 344
3. Boot and Saddle 344
My Last Duchess 344
Incident of the French Camp . . 345
In a Gondola 346
Song from "Pippa passes" 348
"How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" 349
The Lost Leader 350
Youth and Art 350
Home Thoughts from Abroad . . 351
A Face 351
"De Gustibus—" 352
The Bishop orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church 352
Meeting at Night 354
Parting at Morning 354
Evelyn Hope 354
"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" 355
Respectability 358
Memorabilia 358
One Way of Love 359
One Word More 359
Abt Vogler 362
Prospice 363
Misconceptions 364
Epitaph (Levi Lincoln Thaxter) . . 364
Muckle-Mouth Meg 364
Epilogue 365

Sydney Dobell

How 's My Boy? 365
A Nuptial Eve 366
Tommy 's Dead 367
PAGE
Home in War-Time 368
America 368
Epigram on the Death of Edward Forbes 368
Sea Ballad (from "Balder") . . . 368
Dante, Shakespeare, Milton (from "Balder") 369
On the Death of Mrs. Browning . 370
Fragment of a Sleep-Song . . 370

George Meredith

From "Modern Love"
"All Other Joys" 371
Hiding the Skeleton 371
The Coin of Pity 371
One Twilight Hour 371
Juggling Jerry 371
The Lark Ascending 373
Lucifer in Starlight 374
The Spirit of Shakespeare . . 374
The Two Masks 375

Sebastian Evans

A Dirge for Summer 375
What the Trumpeter said . . . 375

Christina Georgina Rossetti

The Unseen World
At Home 376
Remember 376
After Death 376
Wife to Husband 376
Up-Hill 377
"It is Finished" 377
From "Monna Innominata"
Abnegation 378
Trust 378

Fluttered Wings 378
Passing and Glassing 378
The Thread of Life 379
From "Later Life"
Sonnets VI and IX 379
An Echo from Willowwood . . 379
Twist me a Crown 379
Good-By 380

Robert, Earl of Lytton
("Owen Meredith")

Indian Love-Song 380
Aux Italiens 380
The Chess-Board 382
Tempora Acta (from "Babylonia") . 382
The Dinner-Hour (from "Lucile") . 383
The Legend of the Dead Lambs . 383
The Utmost 384

James Thomson

Melencolia (from "The City of Dreadful Night") 385
Life's Hebe 386
From "He heard Her sing" . . 387

Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King

Palermo (from "The Disciples") . . 388
The Crocus 389

POETS OF THE RENAISSANCE

Ford Madox Brown

For the Picture, "The Last of England" 390
O. M. B. 390

Sir Joseph Noel Paton

Requiem 390
The Last of the Eurydice . . . 391

Thomas Woolner

My Beautiful Lady 391
Given over 392

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The Blessed Damozel 392
The Portrait 394
From "The House of Life: A Sonnet-Sequence"
Introductory 395
Lovesight 395
Her Gifts 395
The Dark Glass 396
Without Her 396
Broken Music 396
Inclusiveness 396
A Superscription 397
Sonnets on Pictures
A Venetian Pastoral 397
Mary Magdalene 397
Sudden Light 397
The Woodspurge 398
The Sea-Limits 398
A Little While 398
The Ballad of Dead Ladies . . 398

Richard Watson Dixon

Ode on Conflicting Claims . . . 399
Humanity 400
From "Mano: A Poetical History"
The Skylark 400
Of a Vision of Hell, which a Monk had 400
Of Temperance in Fortune . . . 401

William Morris

The Gillyflower of Gold . . . 402
Shameful Death 403
The Blue Closet 403
From "The Earthly Paradise"
The Singer's Prelude 404
Atalanta's Victory 405
Atalanta's Defeat 407
The King's Visit 408
Song: To Psyche 409
A Land across the Sea 409
Antiphony 410
From "Sigurd the Volsung"
Of the Passing Away of Brynhild . 410
The Burghers' Battle 413
A Death Song 413

Lord De Tabley
(John Leicester Warren)

A Woodland Grave 414
A Simple Maid 415

Fortune's Wheel 415
Circe 415
A Song of Faith Forsworn . . . 416
The Two Old Kings 417

Algernon Charles Swinburne

A Match 417
Hesperia 417
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor 419
Love at Sea 420
From "Rosamond" 420
From "Atalanta in Calydon"
When the Hounds of Spring . . 421
We have seen Thee, O Love . . 422
From "Chastelard" 422
From "Bothwell" 425
Sappho (from "On the Cliffs") . . 427
Hope and Fear 428
On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot 428
Hertha 428
Etude Réaliste 431
The Roundel 431
A Forsaken Garden 432
On the Monument erected to Mazzini at Genoa 433

John Payne

Cadences 434
Sibyl 434
Thorgerda 435
Love's Autumn 435
Songs' End 436

Robert Bridges

Poor Withered Rose 437
I will not let Thee go 437
Upon the Shore 437
A Passer-by 438
Elegy 438
Thou didst delight My Eyes . . 438
Awake, My Heart ! 439
O Youth Whose Hope is High . 439
So Sweet Love seemed 439
Asian Birds 439

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

The Fair Maid and the Sun . . 440
Has Summer come without the Rose? 441
At Her Grave 441
Silences 441
If She but knew 442

Philip Bourke Marston

A Greeting 442
A Vain Wish 442
Love's Music 442
The Rose and the Wind . . . 443
How My Song of Her began . . 444
The Old Churchyard of Bonchurch 444
Garden Fairies 444
Love and Music 445
No Death 445
At the Last 446
Her Pity 446
After Summer 446
To the Spirit of Poetry . . . 447
If You were here 447
At Last 447

DRAMATISTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

Tom Taylor

From "The Fool's Revenge" . . 448
Abraham Lincoln 450

John Westland Marston

From "Marie de Méranie" . . 452

William Gorman Wills

Cromwell and Henrietta Maria (from "Charles the First") . . . 455

William Schwenck Gilbert

From "Pygmalion and Galatea" . 457

Herman Charles Merivale

Ætate XIX 461
Ready, Ay, Ready 461
Thaisa's Dirge 462

Augusta Webster

Songs from Dramas
News to the King 462
'Tween Earth and Sky 462
Day is Dead 463
Tell Me not of Morrows, Sweet . 463
The Deaths of Myron and Klydone (from "In a Day") . . . 463

ELEGANTIÆ

Frederick Locker-Lampson
(Frederick Locker)

To My Grandmother 465
The Widow's Mite 466
On an Old Muff 466
To My Mistress 467
The Skeleton in the Cupboard . 467

Robert Barnabas Brough

My Lord Tomnoddy 468

Charles Stuart Calverley

Companions 469
Ballad 469
On the Brink 470

Joseph Ashby-Sterry

A Marlow Madrigal 471
A Portrait 471
The Little Rebel 472

William John Courthope

From "The Paradise of Birds"
Birdcatcher's Song 472
Ode — To the Roc 472
In Praise of Gilbert White . . 473

Sir Frederick Pollock

The Six Carpenters' Case . . . 474

"THE LAND OF WONDER-WANDER"

Edward Lear

The Jumblies 475

William Brighty Rands

Topsy-Turvy World 476
Polly 476
Dressing the Doll 477
I saw a New World 477

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson
("Lewis Carroll")

Jabberwocky 478
From "The Hunting of the Snark" 478
Of Alice in Wonderland . . . 479

III. CLOSE OF THE ERA

(intermediary period)

RECENT POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN

Austin Dobson

A Dead Letter 483
A Rondeau to Ethel 484
"With Pipe and Flute" 485
A Gage d'Amour 485
The Cradle 486
The Forgotten Grave 486
The Curé's Progress 486
"Good-Night, Babette" 486
On a Fan 487
"O Navis" 488
"O Fons Bandusiæ" 488
For a Copy of Theocritus . . 488
To a Greek Girl 488
Ars Victrix 489
The Ladies of St. James's . . . 489
A Familiar Epistle 490
"In After Days" 491

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

To Manon — Comparing Her to a Falcon 491

To the Same — On Her Light-heartedness 491
Laughter and Death 491
Gibraltar 492
The Old Squire 492

Frank T. Marzials

Death as the Teacher of Love-Lore 493
Death as the Fool 493
Two Sonnet-Songs
1. The Sirens sing 493
2. Orpheus and the Mariners make Answer 493

George Cotterell

An Autumn Flitting 494
In the Twilight 495

Andrew Lang

Ballades
To Theocritus, in Winter 495
Of the Book-Hunter 496
Of Blue China 496
Of Life 496
Of his Choice of a Sepulchre . . 497
Romance 497
The Odyssey 497
San Terenzo 497
Scythe Song 498
Melville and Coghill 498
Paraphrases
Erinna 498
Telling the Bees 498
Heliodore Dead 498
A Scot to Jeanne d'Arc 499
Three Portraits of Prince Charles 499
Æsop 499
On Calais Sands 500

William Canton

Karma 500
Laus Infantium 501
A New Poet 501

John Hartley

To a Daisy 501

Alexander Anderson

Cuddle doon 502

Emily Henrietta Hickey

A Sea Story 502
Beloved, it is Morn 503

Walter Crane

A Seat for Three 503
Across the Fields 503

Eugene Lee-Hamilton

Sir Walter Raleigh to a Caged Linnet 504
Izaak Walton to River and Brook . 504
Charles II of Spain to Approaching Death 504
To My Tortoise Chronos 504
Sunken Gold 505
Sea-Shell Murmurs 505
A Flight from Glory 505
What the Sonnet is 505
On his "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" 505

Alfred Perceval Graves

The White Blossom's off the Bog . 506

Frederika Richardson Macdonald

New Year's Eve — Midnight . . 506

George Barlow

The Dead Child 507
If only Thou art True 507
The Old Maid 507

Frederic Edward Weatherly

London Bridge 508
Nancy Lee 508
A Bird in the Hand 509
Douglas Gordon 509
Darby and Joan 510

Catherine C. Liddell

(C. C. Fraser-Tytler)

Jesus the Carpenter 510
The Poet in the City 511

Edmund Gosse

Lying in the Grass 511
On a Lute Found in a Sarcophagus 512
The Pipe-Player 513
Hans Christian Andersen, 1805-1875 513

De Rosis Hibernis 513
Theocritus 514
With a Copy of Herrick 514
The Voice of D. G. R. 514
Song for Music 514

Théophile Marzials

A Pastoral 515
Twickenham Ferry 515
May Margaret 516
Last Night 516
Carpe Diem 516

Walter Herries Pollock

Below the Heights 516
A Conquest 517
Father Francis 517

Michael Field

From "Canute the Great" 517
The Burial of Robert Browning . 519
Wind of Summer 520
The Dancers 520
Lettice 520
Earth to Earth 521
An Æolian Harp 521
Iris 521

Mathilde Blind

From "A Love-Trilogy" 522
The Dead 522
From "Love in Exile" 522

Robert Louis Stevenson

Pirate Story 523
Foreign Lands 523
The Land of Counterpane . . . 523
The Land of Nod 524
In the Season 524
To N. V. De G. S. 524
In the States 524
The Spaewife 525
Heather Ale: a Galloway Legend 525
The Whaups—To S. R. C. 526
Requiem 526

Gleeson White

A Ballade of Playing Cards . . . 526
Sufficiency 527
A Primrose Dame 527

John Arthur Goodchild

Schöne Rothraut 527
A Parable of the Spirit 528

Eric Mackay

The Waking of the Lark 529
Mary Arden 530
Ecstasy 531
In Tuscany 532

F. Wyville Home

An English Girl 532
Dover Cliff 532
In a September Night 532

Francis William Bourdillon

Eurydice 533
A Violinist 533
Old and Young 533
The Night has a Thousand Eyes . 533

Herbert Edwin Clarke

In the Wood 533
A Cry 534
The Age 534

Lady Charlotte Elliot

The Wife of Loki 535

William James Dawson

A Child's Portrait 535
Bird's Song at Morning 535
Ideal Memory 536
To a Desolate Friend 536
The Angel at the Ford 537

Frances Isabel Parnell

After Death 537

Alice Meynell

The Modern Poet 538
Song 538
Changeless 538
Renouncement 539
Song of the Night at Daybreak . 539

Pakenham Beatty

Charles Lamb 539
The Death of Hampden 539

Oliver Madox Brown

Before and After 541
Laura's Song 541

Edward Cracroft Lefroy

A Shepherd Maiden 541
A Sicilian Night 542
A Football-Player 542

May Probyn

The Bees of Myddelton Manor . 542
"Is it Nothing to You?" . . . 544

Mackenzie Bell

Spring's Immortality 545
At the Grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti 545
At Stratford-on-Avon 545

Toru Dutt

Our Casuarina Tree 545

William Sharp

The Last Aboriginal 546
The Coves of Crail 547
The Isle of Lost Dreams 547
The Death-Child 547
From "Sospiri di Roma"
Susurro 548
Red Poppies 548
The White Peacock 548
Song 549

Oscar Wilde

Ave Imperatrix 549

Douglas B. W. Sladen

A Christmas Letter from Australia 551
Sunset on the Cunimbla Valley, Blue Mountains 552
The Tropics 552
From the Drama of "Charles II". 552
Salopia Inhospitalis 552

Henry Charles Beeching

A Summer Day 553
To My Totem 553
Knowledge after Death 554
Prayers 554

John William Mackail

An Etruscan Ring 554

J. B. B. Nichols

Lines by a Person of Quality . . 555
A Pastoral 555

Mrs. Darmesteter

(A. Mary F. Robinson)

Dawn-Angels 556
Cockayne Country 556
Celia's Home-Coming 556
From "Tuscan Cypress" (Rispetti) . 557
Rosa Rosarum 557
Darwinism 557
A Ballad of Orleans, 1429 . . . 558

John Davidson

Harvest-Home Song 558
A Ballad of Heaven 558
London 560

Rosa Mulholland

Love and Death 560
Sister Mary of the Love of God . 560

Edith Nesbit Bland

Ballad of a Bridal 561

Constance C. W. Naden

The Pantheist's Song of Immortality 562

Rennell Rodd

A Roman Mirror 563
Actea 564
Imperator Augustus 564
The Daisy 564
"When I am Dead" 564
Then and Now 564

William Watson

Epigrams 565
To a Seabird 565
The Play of "King Lear" . . . 565
Byron the Voluptuary 565
On Dürer's *Melencolia* 565
Exit 565

Lachrymæ Musarum (6th October, 1892) 565
The First Skylark of Spring . . 567
Song in Imitation of the Elizabethans 568

Arthur Reed Ropes

In Pace 568
On the Bridge 569

John Arthur Blaikie

Absence 569
Song 569
Love's Secret Name 569

Francis Thompson

To a Poet breaking Silence . . 569
Dream-Tryst 570
Daisy 570

James Kenneth Stephen

Lapsus Calami — To R. K. . . . 571
A Thought 571
A Sonnet 572

Rosamund Marriott Watson

("Graham R. Tomson")

Le Mauvais Larron 572
Deid Folks' Ferry 573
Hereafter 574
The Farm on the Links 574
To My Cat 574
Ave atque vale 574

Lizzie M. Little

Life 575

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

Sheep and Lambs 575
De Profundis 576
Singing Stars 576
The Sad Mother 576
The Dead Coach 577

May Kendall

A Pure Hypothesis 577
A Board School Pastoral 578
A Legend 578
The Page of Lancelot 578

Amy Levy

A London Plane-Tree 579
Between the Showers 579
In the Mile End Road 579
To Vernon Lee 579

Elizabeth Craigmyle

Solway Sands 579

Ernest Rhys

London Feast 580
An Autobiography 581
Diana 581
Brechva's Harp Song 581
White Roses 582
Song of the Wulfshaw Larches . 582

Arthur Christopher Benson

Knapweed 582
Realism 583
An English Shell 583
After Construing 583

Norman Gale

Song — "This Peach is Pink" . . 584
Song — "Wait but a Little While" 584
A Priest 584
The Country Faith 585
A Dead Friend 585
Content 585
The First Kiss 585
To My Brothers 586
Dawn and Dark 586

A. T. Quiller-Couch

The Splendid Spur 586
The White Moth 587

Jane Barlow

A Curlew's Call 587

Selwyn Image

The Protestation 590
A Prayer 591
Her Confirmation 591

Herbert P. Horne

Amico Suo 591
Formosae Puellae 591

Nancy Dawson 592
"If She be made of White and Red" 592

Margaret L. Woods

Rest 592
To the Forgotten Dead 592
Young Windebank 593

Richard Le Gallienne

Orbits 593
Love's Poor 593
Regret 593
The Wonder-Child 594
An Old Man's Song 594
The Passionate Reader to his Poet 594

Rudyard Kipling

Danny Deever 595
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy" 595
The Ballad of East and West . 596
The Conundrum of the Workshops . 598
The Law for the Wolves . . . 599
The Last Chantey 600

Arthur Symons

At Fontainebleau 601
Javanese Dancers 601
During Music 601
To a Portrait 601

Dollie Radford

If All the World 602
Ah, bring it not 602
My Little Dear 602
A Model 602
October 603

William Butler Yeats

An Indian Song 603
An Old Song resung 604
The Rose of the World 604
The White Birds 604
The Folk of the Air 604
The Song of the Old Mother . . 605

George William Russell

("A. E.")

Self-Discipline 605
Krishna 605
The Great Breath 606
The Man to the Angel 606
Om 606
Immortality 606

Theodore Wratislaw

The Music-Hall 607
Expectation 607
A Vain Desire 607

Mary C. G. Byron

(M. C. Gillington)

The Tryst of the Night 607
The Fairy Thrall 608

Alice E. Gillington

The Seven Whistlers 608
The Rosy Musk-Mallow 609
The Doom-Bar 609

Dora Sigerson

All Souls' Night 610

Percy Addleshaw

("Percy Hemingway")

The Happy Wanderer 611
Travellers 611
It may be 611

Olive Custance

The Waking of Spring 611
Twilight 612
The Parting Hour 612

IV. COLONIAL POETS

(INDIA — AUSTRALASIA — DOMINION OF CANADA)

INDIA

See TORU DUTT, RUDYARD KIPLING, *in the preceding division of this Anthology. See also, in the second division,* SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, SIR ALFRED LYALL, *poets of English birth, and sometime resident in India*

AUSTRALASIA

(*See also:* A. DOMETT, R. H. HORNE, W SHARP, D. B. W. SLADEN)

Percy Russell

THE BIRTH OF AUSTRALIA 615

Charles Harpur

A MIDSUMMER'S NOON IN THE AUSTRALIAN FOREST 615
AN ABORIGINAL MOTHER'S LAMENT . 616

Robert Lowe

(VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE)

SONG OF THE SQUATTER 616

Adam Lindsay Gordon

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVORITE . . 617
THE SICK STOCK-RIDER 619
VALEDICTORY 621

James Brunton Stephens

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA . . 621

George Gordon M'Crae

FORBY SUTHERLAND 622

Henry Clarence Kendall

TO A MOUNTAIN 624
COOGEE 625
SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA 626
THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE 627
THE VOICE IN THE WILD OAK . . 627

Percy F. Sinnett

THE SONG OF THE WILD STORM-WAVES 628

A. C. Smith

THE WAIF 629

Frances Tyrrell Gill

BENEATH THE WATTLE BOUGHS . . 630

Sarah Welch

THE DIGGER'S GRAVE 630

Arthur Patchett Martin

LOVE AND WAR 631
THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS 631

Ethel Castilla

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL 632

Eleanor Montgomery

A NEW ZEALAND REGRET 632
ADIEU 633

DOMINION OF CANADA

Susanna Strickland Moodie

Canadian Hunter's Song 633

Charles Dawson Shanly

The Walker of the Snow 634

Charles Heavysege

Scenes from "Saul" 635
Twilight 637

John Hunter-Duvar

From the Drama of "De Roberval" 638
Brawn of England's Lay 641

Charles Mair

From "Tecumseh: A Drama" . . 641

John E. Logan

("Barry Dane")

The Nor'-West Courier 643
A Blood-Red Ring hung round the Moon 643
A Dead Singer 644

George Murray

To a Humming Bird in a Garden . 644
A Lesson of Mercy 645

George Frederick Cameron

The Golden Text 645
Standing on Tiptoe 646
What matters it 646

Isabella Valancey Crawford

The Canoe 646
The Axe 647

William Douw Schuyler-Lighthall

The Confused Dawn 648
Præterita ex Instantibus 648
The Battle of La Prairie . . . 648
Montreal 649

Charles G. D. Roberts

Canada 649
The Isles 650
Burnt Lands 650
The Flight of the Geese 650
The Night Sky 651
The Deserted City 651
Autochthon 651
Marsyas 652
Epitaph for a Sailor Buried ashore 652
The Keepers of the Pass 652
The Bird's Song, the Sun, and the Wind 653
Afoot 653
Domine, cui sunt Pleiades Curae . 653

William Wilfred Campbell

To the Lakes 654
A Canadian Folk-Song 654
A Lake Memory 655
The Were-Wolves 655

Frederick George Scott

Knowledge 656
Time 656
Samson 656
Van Elsen 657
Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam 658

Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts

In the Golden Birch 658

Archibald Lampman

Heat 659
Between the Rapids 659
A Forecast 660
The Loons 661
The City of the End of Things . . 661

Bliss Carman

Marian Drury 662
A Sea Child 662
Golden Rowan 662
Spring Song 663
A More Ancient Mariner 664

A Windflower 665
The Mendicants 665
Song 666
Hack and Hew 666
Envoy 666

S. Frances Harrison

("Seranus")

Chateau Papineau 667
September 668

Duncan Campbell Scott

Above St. Irénée 668
A Little Song 669
At Les Eboulements 669
Ottawa 669
At the Cedars 669
In November 670
The Reed-Player 670
Life and Death 671
The End of the Day 671

Gilbert Parker

Sonnets from "A Lover's Diary"
Love's Outset 671
A Woman's Hand 672
Art 672
Invincible 673
Envoy 673

E. Pauline Johnson

The Song My Paddle sings . . . 673
At Husking Time 674
The Vagabonds 674

Arthur Weir

Snowshoeing Song 674

Ethelwyn Wetherald

The Wind of Death 675
The House of the Trees 675
The Snow Storm 676
To February 676

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 679
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 713
INDEX OF TITLES 727
INDEX OF POETS 741

II

(PART SECOND)

THE VICTORIAN EPOCH (CONTINUED)

(PERIOD OF TENNYSON, ARNOLD, BROWNING, ROSSETTI, AND SWINBURNE)

DEATH OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: APRIL 23, 1850

ALFRED TENNYSON APPOINTED LAUREATE: NOVEMBER 21, 1850

R. B.

12 December, 1889

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak,
And voiceless hangs the world beside his bier;
Our words are sobs, our cry of praise a tear;
We are the smitten mortals, we the weak.
We see a spirit on earth's loftiest peak
Shine and wing hence the way he makes more clear;
See a great tree of life, that never here
Dropped leaf for aught that rage of storms might wreak.
Such ending is not death, such living shows
What wide illumination brightness sheds
From one big heart to conquer man's old foes,
The coward and the tyrant and the force
Of all these weedy monsters' rising heads,
When song is talk from springs of turbid source.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Robert Browning

SONG FROM "PARACELSUS"

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave —
A gallant armament:
Each bark built out of a forest-tree,
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nail'd all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black-bull hides,
Seeth'd in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billow's game;
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent;
Where cedar-pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine:
And an awning droop'd the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide, nor star-shine,
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawn'd, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loos'd to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the strangers from afar,
Lay stretch'd along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleam'd soft light and curl'd rich scent,
And, with light and perfume, music too:
So the stars wheel'd round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast!

One morn, the land appear'd! — a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky —
Avoid it, cried our pilot, check
The shout, restrain the longing eye!
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steer'd right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

An hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built a shrine for each —
A shrine of rock for every one —
Nor paus'd we till in the westering sun
We sate together on the beach
To sing, because our task was done;
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
What raft comes loaded with its throngs
Of gentle islanders?
"The isles are just at hand," they cried;
"Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping,
Our temple-gates are open'd wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For the lucid shapes you bring" — they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream; we knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
To which we had flung our precious freight:
Yet we call'd out — "Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide:
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work, though vain" — we cried.

CAVALIER TUNES

I

MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you 're —

(*Chorus*)
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
(*Chorus*)
Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
(*Chorus*)
March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II

GIVE A ROUSE

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who rais'd me the house that sank once?
Who help'd me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
(*Chorus*)
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom us'd my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damn'd troopers shot him?
(*Chorus*)
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III

BOOT AND SADDLE

BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,
(*Chorus*)
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
(*Chorus*)
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
(*Chorus*)
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
(*Chorus*)
'*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*'"

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Work'd busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read
Strangers like you that pictur'd countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turn'd (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)

And seem'd as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, call'd that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat :" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say ? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impress'd ; she lik'd whate'er
She look'd on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one ! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thank'd men, — good ! but thank'd
Somehow — I know not how — as if she rank'd
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me ; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lesson'd so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smil'd, no doubt,
Whene'er I pass'd her ; but who pass'd without
Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
Then all smiles stopp'd together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise ? We 'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallow'd ;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avow'd
At starting, is my object. Nay, we 'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me ?

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French storm'd Ratisbon :
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mus'd "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compress'd,
Scarce any blood came through)
You look'd twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We 've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perch'd him!" The chief's eye flash'd; his plans
  Soar'd up again like fire.

The chief's eye flash'd; but presently
  Soften'd itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruis'd eaglet breathes.
"You 're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
  Touch'd to the quick, he said:
"I 'm kill'd, Sire!" And his chief beside,
  Smiling the boy fell dead.

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart
  In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
  The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
  Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way:
"This woman's heart and soul and brain
Are mine as much as this gold chain
She bids me wear; which" (say again)
"I choose to make by cherishing
A precious thing, or choose to fling
Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
And yet once more say . . . no word more!
Since words are only words. Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet name,
Which if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all.
Ask of me, too, command me, blame —
Do, break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtain'd in dusk and splendid folds!
What 's left but — all of me to take?
I am the Three's: prevent them, slake
Your thirst! 'T is said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
  What 's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
  Gray Zanobi 's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchas'd bride:
  Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
  Why 's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
  Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried:
  Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had purs'd
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you enter'd gay
My heart at some noonday, —
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so, all is render'd up,
And passively its shatter'd cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue,
To a feast of our tribe;
Where they need thee to bribe
The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision for ever! And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

Say again, what we are ?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is wither-
ing away
Some . . . Scatter the vision for ever !
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou !

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest ?
The land's lap or the water's breast ?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows, just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must ;
Which life were best on Summer eves ?

He speaks, musing

Lie back : could thought of mine improve
you ?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing ; from this, another wing ;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move
you !
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurl'd
Defiance from you to the world !
Rescue me thou, the only real !
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart !
Thanks ! Now, stay ever as thou art !

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader ? While there 's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet through my back ; I reel ;
And . . . is it thou I feel ?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink !

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat side, elbow-
deep,
As I do : thus : were death so unlike sleep,
Caught this way ? Death 's to fear from
flame or steel,
Or poison doubtless ; but from water —
feel !

Go find the bottom ! Would you stay me ?
There !
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-
grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away : since you have prais'd my
hair,
'T is proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home ? must we row home ? Too surely
Know I where its front 's demurely
Over the Guidecca pil'd ;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All 's the set face of a child :
But behind it, where 's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face ?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead !
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came you —
To catch your lory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony,
To catch him ere he climb'd too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach,
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coil'd hair on your head, unroll'd,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake

To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear lory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain,
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had mark'd their thief to know again.
Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! What should your chamber do?
— With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
Who brought against their will together
These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That dumb they look: your harp, believe,
With all the sensitive tight strings
Which dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, — his wings
Make murmur, wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell!
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You 'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
You 'd find retreated from the ken
Of that rob'd counsel-keeping Ser —
As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys
Are these his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs
Whereon he sign'd a document
That got him murder'd! Each enjoys
Its night so well, you cannot break
The sport up: so, indeed must make
More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine back
That overfloods my room with sweets,
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon 's black,
The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola — let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There 's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we.
Only one minute more to-night with me?
Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
More than I touch yours when I step to land.
Just say, "All thanks, Siora!" —
Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art!

He is surprised, and stabbed

It was ordain'd to be so, sweet! — and best
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast.
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never liv'd: but I
Have liv'd indeed, and so — (yet one more kiss) — can die!

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearl'd;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in His heaven —
All 's right with the world.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

[16—]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mechelm church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time !"

At Aershot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd ; and cried Joris "Stay spur !
Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight !

"How they 'll greet us !" — and all in a moment his roan
Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,
Call'd my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer ;

Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE LOST LEADER

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
They, with the gold to give, dol'd him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allow'd ;
How all our copper had gone for his service !
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud !
We that had lov'd him so, follow'd him, honor'd him,
Liv'd in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die !
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves !
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence ;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre ;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declin'd, one more foot-path untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardon'd in heaven, the first by the throne !

YOUTH AND ART

IT once might have been, once only :
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumb'd, thrust, patted and polish'd,
Then laugh'd, " They will see, some day,
Smith made, and Gibson demolish'd."

My business was song, song, song ;
I chirp'd, cheep'd, trill'd and twitter'd,
" Kate Brown 's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embitter'd ! "

I earn'd no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipp'd each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, look'd out on the tiles,
For fun, watch'd each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard too ;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adher'd to.

And I — soon managed to find
  Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
  And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm ! It was not my fault
  If you never turn'd your eye's tail up
As I shook upon E *in alt*,
  Or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
  And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street look'd rare
  With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
  In a pellet of clay and fling it ?
Why did not I put a power
  Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
  (And yet the memory rankles)
When models arriv'd, some minx
  Tripp'd up stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good !
  " That foreign fellow, — who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
  For his tuning her that piano ? "

Could you say so, and never say,
  " Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her from over the way,
  Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ? "

No, no : you would not be rash,
  Nor I rasher and something over ;
You 've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
  And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
  I 'm queen myself at *bals-parés*,
I 've married a rich old lord,
  And you 're dubb'd knight and an R. A.

Each life 's unfulfill'd, you see ;
  It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :
We have not sigh'd deep, laugh'd free,
  Starv'd, feasted, despair'd, — been happy;

And nobody calls you a dunce,
  And people suppose me clever ;
This could but have happen'd once,
  And we miss'd it, lost it forever.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

I

Oh, to be in England now that April 's there
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now !

II

And after April, when May follows
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That 's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

A FACE

If one could have that little head of hers !
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers !
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
In the pure profile ; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all : but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, lean'd its staff's
Burthen of honey-color'd buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this.

Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver, on the pale gold ground,
Up to the fruit-shap'd, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb;
But these are only mass'd there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That's the pale ground you'd see this sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condens'd into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

"DE GUSTIBUS—"

I

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice —
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say, —
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the beanflower's boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

II

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurl'd,
In a gash of the wind-griev'd Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands) —
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the bak'd cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree — 't is a cypress — stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spik'd, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, for ever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there 's news to-day — the king
Was shot at, touch'd in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
— She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me —
(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Grav'd inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

ROME, 15—

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews — sons mine . . . ah God, I know not! Well —
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
What 's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world 's a dream.
Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask,
"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems all.
Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know:

— Old Gandolf cozen'd me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!
Yet still my niche is not so cramp'd but thence
One sees the pulpit on the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aëry dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam 's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-pour'd red wine of a mighty pulse,
— Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone.
Put me where I may look at him! True peach,
Rosy and flawless: how I earn'd the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church
— What then? So much was sav'd if aught were miss'd!
My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten figleaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst!
Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say, basalt for my slab, sons? Black —
'T was ever antique-black I meant! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promis'd me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
Ye mark me not! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Brick'd o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at!
Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper, then!
'T is jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There 's plenty jasper somewhere in the world —
And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs?
— That 's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, pick'd phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line —
Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need!
And then how shall I lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasp'd a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
Into great laps and folds of sculptor's work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts

Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I liv'd this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests,
Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
— Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend ?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best !
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons ! Else I give the Pope
My villas ! Will ye ever eat my heart ?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
Or ye would heighten my impoverish'd frieze,
Piece out its starv'd design, and fill my vase
With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
To comfort me on my entablature
Wherein I am to lie till I must ask,
"Do I live, am I dead ?" There, leave me, there !
For ye have stabb'd me with ingratitude
To death : ye wish it — God, ye wish it ! Stone —
Gritstone, a-crumble ! Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through —
And no more *lapis* to delight the world !
Well, go ! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row : and, going, turn your backs
— Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace
That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
Old Gandolf — at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was !

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE gray sea and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low :
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun look'd over the mountain's rim :
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She pluck'd that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckon'd unawares, —
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew —
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !

Delay'd it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have liv'd (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gain'd me the gains of various men,
Ransack'd the ages, spoil'd the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I miss'd or itself miss'd me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I lov'd you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seem'd full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME"[1]

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee, that purs'd and scor'd
Its edge, at one more victim gain'd thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
All travellers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guess'd what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
So much as gladness that some end might be.

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,
What with my search drawn out thro' years, my hope
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring, —
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

As when a sick man very near to death
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
The tears and takes the farewell of each friend,
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath
Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend;")

While some discuss if near the other graves
Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves and staves,
And still the man hears all, and only craves
He may not shame such tender love and stay.

Thus, I had so long suffer'd, in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among "The Band" — to wit,

[1] See Edgar's song in "Lear."

The knights who to the Dark Tower's search address'd
Their steps — that just to fail as they, seem'd best.
And all the doubt was now — should I be fit?

So, quiet as despair, I turn'd from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
O'er the safe road, 't was gone; gray plain all round:
Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on; nought else remain'd to do.

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starv'd ignoble nature; nothing throve:
For flowers — as well expect a cedar grove!
But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You 'd think; a burr had been a treasure trove.

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See
Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
'T is the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

If there push'd any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopp'd; the bents
Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruis'd as to baulk
All hope of greenness? 'T is a brute must walk
Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades prick'd the mud
Which underneath look'd kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red, gaunt and collop'd neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

I shut my eyes and turn'd them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I ask'd one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards — the soldier's art:
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he us'd. Alas, one night's disgrace!
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

Giles then, the soul of honor — there he stands
Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.
Good — but the scene shifts — faugh! what hangman hands
Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

Better this present than a past like that ;
  Back therefore to my darkening path again !
  No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat ?
I asked : when something on the dismal flat
  Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

A sudden little river cross'd my path
  As unexpected as a serpent comes.
  No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms ;
This, as it froth'd by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath
  Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

So petty yet so spiteful ! All along,
  Low scrubby alders kneel'd down over it ;
  Drench'd willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng :
The river which had done them all the wrong,
  Whate'er that was, roll'd by, deterr'd no whit.

Which, while I forded, — good saints, how I fear'd
  To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
  Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard !
— It may have been a water-rat I spear'd,
  But, ugh ! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

Glad was I when I reach'd the other bank.
  Now for a better country. Vain presage !
  Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage
Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash ? Toads in a poison'd tank,
  Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage —

The fight must so have seem'd in that fell cirque.
  What penn'd them there, with all the plain to choose ?
  No foot-print leading to that horrid mews,
None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk
  Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

And more than that — a furlong on — why, there !
  What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,
  Or brake, not wheel — that harrow fit to reel
Men's bodies out like silk ? with all the air
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,
  Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

Then came a bit of stubb'd ground, once a wood,
  Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
  Desperate and done with ; (so a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood
Changes and off he goes !) within a rood —
  Bog, clay, and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

Now blotches rankling, color'd gay and grim,
  Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
  Broke into moss or substances like boils ;
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
  Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end,
  Nought in the distance but the evening, nought
  To point my footstep further ! At the thought,
A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-friend,
Sail'd past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penn'd
  That brush'd my cap — perchance the guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
  Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
  All round to mountains — with such name to grace

Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
How thus they had surpris'd me, — solve it, you!
How to get from them was no clearer case.

Yet half I seem'd to recognize some trick
Of mischief happen'd to me, God knows when —
In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,
Progress this way. When, in the very nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a click
As when a trap shuts — you 're inside the den.

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! those two hills on the right,
Couch'd like two bulls lock'd horn in horn in fight,
While, to the left, a tall scalp'd mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps? — why, day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, —
"Now stab and end the creature — to the heft!"

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it toll'd
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers my peers, —
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knell'd the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*"

RESPECTABILITY

Dear, had the world in its caprice
Deign'd to proclaim "I know you both,
Have recogniz'd your plighted troth,
Am sponsor for you: live in peace!"
How many precious months and years
Of youth had pass'd, that speed so fast,
Before we found it out at last,
The world, and what it fears?

How much of priceless life were spent
With men that every virtue decks,
And women models of their sex,
Society's true ornament, —
Ere we dar'd wander, nights like this,
Thro' wind and rain, and watch the Seine,
And feel the Boulevart break again
To warmth and light and bliss?

I know! the world proscribes not love;
Allows my fingers to caress
Your lips' contour and downiness,
Provided it supply a glove.
The world's good word! — the Institute!
Guizot receives Montalembert!
Eh? Down the court three lampions flare:
Put forward your best foot!

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at —
My starting moves your laughter!

I cross'd a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

ONE WAY OF LOVE

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strow them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold music's wing:
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learn'd to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion — heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'T is well!
Lose who may — I still can say,
Those who win heaven, bless'd are they!

ONE WORD MORE

There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finish'd!
Take them, Love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only us'd to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but One, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving —
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her lov'd had turn'd a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas —
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that 's left with lilies in the Louvre —
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure book and lov'd it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world with it, "Ours — the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanish'd.

Dante once prepar'd to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mus'd and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipp'd for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and prick'd its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loos'd him, laugh'd to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering thro' Florence) —
Dante, who lov'd well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel, —
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he — "Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily, dreadful line to)
Enter'd and would seize, forsooth, the poet.
Says the poet — "Then I stopp'd my painting."
You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh Inferno.

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mus'd on love and Beatrice,
While he soften'd o'er his outlin'd angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance:"

We and Bice bear the loss forever.
What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture ?

This : no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize !) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
Using nature that 's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that 's turn'd his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry, —
Does he paint ? he fain would write a poem, —
Does he write ? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for One only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Wherefore ? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement !
He who smites the rock and spreads the water
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,
Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, his mortal in the minute,
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing,
While he smites, how can he but remember,
So he smote before, in such a peril,
When they stood and mock'd — " Shall smiting help us ? "
When they drank and sneer'd — " A stroke is easy ! "
When they wip'd their mouths and went their journey,
Throwing him for thanks — " But drought was pleasant. "

Thus old memories mar the actual triumph ;
Thus the doing savors of disrelish ;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat ;
O'er-importun'd brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
Sees and knows again those phalanx'd faces,
Hears, yet one time more, the 'custom'd prelude —
" How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us ? "
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel —
" Egypt's flesh-pots —nay, the drought was better."

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant !
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

Did he love one face from out the thousands,
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,
Were she but the Æthiopian bondslave,)
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert ;
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be open'd)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me ;
So it seems : I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me ;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing —
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love !

Yet a semblance of resource avails us —
Shade so finely touch'd, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows thro' bronze, may breathe thro' silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once, as I do.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashion'd by my fancy,

Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth, — the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving :
I am mine and yours — the rest be all men's,
Karshook, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence —
Pray you, look on these my men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finish'd ;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also !
Poor the speech ; be how I speak, for all things.

Not but that you know me ! Lo, the moon's self !
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice transfigur'd.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flar'd it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses, and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverish'd,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, — glad to finish.
What, there 's nothing in the moon noteworthy ?
Nay — for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)
All her magic ('t is the old sweet mythos)
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him, even !
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal —
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better ?
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splinter'd crystals ?
Proves she as the pav'd-work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climb'd the mountain ?
Moses, Aaron, Nabad and Abihu
Climb'd and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the pav'd-work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that pav'd-work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also !

What were seen ? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure — the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverish'd here in London.
God be thank'd, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love !
This to you — yourself my moon of poets !
Ah, but that 's the world's side — there 's the wonder —
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you.
There in turn I stand with them and praise you,
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undream'd of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom.

ABT VOGLER

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS INVENTION)

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon will'd
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep remov'd, —
Should rush into sight at once as he nam'd the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he lov'd!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd press'd and importun'd to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they help'd, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having bas'd me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampir'd walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reach'd, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seem'd it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceiv'd, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearn'd down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found, but fix'd its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attain'd to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walk'd in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnish'd for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lur'd now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have pass'd through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was as it shall be anon;
And what is, — shall I say, match'd both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that prais'd as its wish flow'd visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth.
Had I written the same, made verse — still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud, in the artist-list enroll'd: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws: that made them, and, lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allow'd to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well : each tone of our scale in itself is nought ;
It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said :
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in my thought,
And, there ! Ye have heard and seen : consider and bow the head !

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I rear'd ;
Gone ! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow ;
For one is assur'd at first, one scarce can say that he fear'd,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to me ?
To me, who must be sav'd because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name ?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands !
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same ?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands ?
There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have will'd or hop'd or dream'd of good, shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that prov'd too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days ? Have we wither'd or agoniz'd ?
Why else was the pause prolong'd but that singing might issue thence ?
Why rush'd the discords in, but that harmony should be priz'd ?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome ; 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me ; silence resumes her reign :
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I roll'd from into the deep :
Which, hark, I have dar'd and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life : so, now I will try to sleep.

PROSPICE

Fear death ? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :

For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

MISCONCEPTIONS

This is a spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure:
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to, —
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the queen leant on,
Thrill'd in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on, —
Love to be sav'd for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

EPITAPH

INSCRIBED ON A ROCK ABOVE THE GRAVE OF LEVI LINCOLN THAXTER, APRIL, 1885.

Thou whom these eyes saw never, say friends true,
Who say my soul, help'd onward by my song,
Though all unwittingly, has help'd thee too?
I gave but of the little that I knew:
How were the gift requited, while along
Life's path I pace, couldst thou make weakness strong,
Help me with knowledge — for Life 's old. Death 's new!

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG[1]

Frown'd the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?
Death-doom'd by our Law of the Border!
We 've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee:
Who trespasses — hangs: all 's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English gallant:
Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Husband, I beg!
He 's comely: be merciful! Grace for the callant
— If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide-mouth'd monster of yours do I marry:
Grant rather the gallows!" laugh'd he.
"Foul fare kith and kin of you — why do you tarry?"
"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week:
Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders:
Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'"

[1] Compare J. Ballantine, p. 84.

A week did he bide in the cold and dark
— Not hunger : for duly at morning
In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirp'd, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye 're scorning ?

"Go hang, but here 's parritch to hearten ye first !"
"Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within some
Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst :
No frog-jaws ! So tell folk, my Winsome ! "

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set wide,
Out he march'd, and there waited the lassie :
"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride !
Consider ! Sky 's blue and turf 's grassy:

"Life 's sweet ; shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth Meg ? "
"Not I," quoth the stout heart : "too eerie
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg :
Shall I let it munch mine ? Never, dearie ! "

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg ? Wow, the obstinate man !
Perhaps he would rather wed me ! "
"Ay, would he — with just for a dowry your can ! "
"I 'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirp'd she.

"Then so — so — so — so — " as he kiss'd her apace —
"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's grace,
To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest ! "

EPILOGUE

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprison'd —
Low he lies who once so lov'd you, whom you lov'd so,
— Pity me ?

Oh to love so, be so lov'd, yet so mistaken !
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel
— Being — who ?

One who never turn'd his back but march'd breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dream'd, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer !
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive ! " cry "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
There as here ! "

Sydney Dobell

HOW 'S MY BOY?

"Ho, Sailor of the sea !
How 's my boy — my boy ? "
"What 's your boy 's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he ? "
"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy 's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have ask'd some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There 's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How 's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know
I 'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'" —
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"
"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I 'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how 's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."
"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I 'm not their mother —
How 's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How 's my boy — my boy?"

A NUPTIAL EVE

Oh, happy, happy maid,
In the year of war and death
She wears no sorrow!
By her face so young and fair,
By the happy wreath
That rules her happy hair,
She might be a bride to-morrow!
She sits and sings within her moonlit bower,
Her moonlit bower in rosy June,
Yet ah, her bridal breath,
Like fragrance from some sweet night-blowing flower,
Moves from her moving lips in many a mournful tune!

She sings no song of love's despair,
She sings no lover lowly laid,
No fond peculiar grief
Has ever touched or bud or leaf
Of her unblighted spring.
She sings because she needs must sing;
She sings the sorrow of the air
Whereof her voice is made.
That night in Britain howsoe'er
On any chords the fingers stray'd
They gave the notes of care.
A dim sad legend old
Long since in some pale shade
Of some far twilight told,
She knows not when or where,
She sings, with trembling hand on trembling lute-strings laid: —

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn;

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,

The burnie that goes babbling by
  Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
  She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
  The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
  Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
  'T is not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
  She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
  The sorrows of thy line!

TOMMY'S DEAD

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed 's waste, I know, boys,
There 's not a blade will grow, boys,
'T is cropp'd out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He 's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow 's dry and spare, boys,
She 's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she 's badly bred;

Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There 'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There 's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land 's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed:
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We 've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head:
She 's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all 's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There 's something not right, boys,
But I think it 's not in my head,
I 've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed!
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivell'd and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There 's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer 's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There 's a mildew and a mould,
The sun 's going out overhead,
And I 'm very old,
And Tommy 's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You 're all born and bred,
'T is fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she 's gone before, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she 'd never see 't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I 've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he 'd come home, he said,
But it 's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy 's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There 's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There 's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I 've such a sleepy head,
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys ?
The prayers are all said,
The fire 's rak'd out, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night 's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother 's long in bed,
'T is time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not us'd to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I 'll rest my old head :
'T is a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

HOME IN WAR-TIME

She turn'd the fair page with her fairer hand —
More fair and frail than it was wont to be —
O'er each remember'd thing he lov'd to see
She linger'd, and as with a fairy's wand
Enchanted it to order. Oft she fann'd
New motes into the sun ; and as a bee
Sings thro' a brake of bells, so murmur'd she,
And so her patient love did understand
The reliquary room. Upon the sill
She fed his favorite bird. "Ah, Robin, sing !
He loves thee." Then she touches a sweet string
Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
Smiles all her soul — for him who cannot hear
The raven croaking at his carrion ear.

AMERICA

Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us ! O ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God ; O ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book ; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,
Far yet unsever'd, — children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

EPIGRAM ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD FORBES

Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low.
He woo'd and won her ; and, by love made bold,
She show'd him more than mortal man should know,
Then slew him lest her secret should be told.

SEA BALLAD

FROM "BALDER"

"How many ?" said our good Captain.
"Twenty sail and more."
We were homeward bound,
Scudding in a gale with our jib towards the Nore.
Right athwart our tack,
The foe came thick and black,
Like Hell-birds and foul weather — you might count them by the score.

The Betsy Jane did slack
To see the game in view.
They knew the Union-Jack,
And the tyrant's flag we knew !
Our Captain shouted "Clear the decks !" and the Bo'sun's whistle blew.

Then our gallant Captain,
With his hand he seiz'd the wheel,

And pointed with his stump to the middle of the foe.
"Hurrah, lads, in we go!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

"There are twenty sail," sang he,
"But little Betsy Jane bobs to nothing on the sea!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

"See yon ugly craft
With the pennon at her main!
Hurrah, my merry boys,
There goes the Betsy Jane!"
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft.)

The foe, he beats to quarters, and the Russian bugles sound;
And the little Betsy Jane she leaps upon the sea.
"Port and starboard!" cried our Captain;
"Pay it in, my hearts!" sang he.

"We 're old England's sons,
And we 'll fight for her to-day!"
(You should hear the British cheer.
Fore and aft.)
"Fire away!"
In she runs,
And her guns
Thunder round.

DANTE, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON

FROM "BALDER"

Doctor. Ah! thou, too,
Sad Alighieri, like a waning moon
Setting in storm behind a grove of bays!
Balder. Yes, the great Florentine, who wove his web
And thrust it into hell, and drew it forth
Immortal, having burn'd all that could burn,
And leaving only what shall still be found
Untouch'd, nor with the smell of fire upon it,
Under the final ashes of this world.
Doctor. Shakespeare and Milton!
Balder. Switzerland and home.
I ne'er see Milton, but I see the Alps,
As once, sole standing on a peak supreme,
To the extremest verge summit and gulf
I saw, height after depth, Alp beyond Alp,
O'er which the rising and the sinking soul
Sails into distance, heaving as a ship
O'er a great sea that sets to strands unseen.
And as the mounting and descending bark,
Borne on exulting by the under deep,
Gains of the wild wave something not the wave,
Catches a joy of going, and a will
Resistless, and upon the last lee foam
Leaps into air beyond it, so the soul
Upon the Alpine ocean mountain-toss'd,
Incessant carried up to heaven, and plunged
To darkness, and still wet with drops of death
Held into light eternal, and again
Cast down, to be again uplift in vast
And infinite succession, cannot stay
The mad momentum, but in frenzied sight
Of horizontal clouds and mists and skies
And the untried Inane, springs on the surge
Of things, and passing matter by a force
Material, thro' vacuity careers,
Rising and falling.
Doctor. And my Shakespeare! Call
Milton your Alps, and which is *he* among
The tops of Andes? Keep your Paradise,
And Eves, and Adams, but give me the Earth
That Shakespeare drew, and make it grave and gay
With Shakespeare's men and women; let me laugh
Or weep with them, and you — a wager, — aye,
A wager by my faith — either his muse
Was the recording angel, or that hand
Cherubic, which fills up the Book of Life,
Caught what the last relaxing gripe let fall
By a death-bed at Stratford, and henceforth
Holds Shakespeare's pen. Now strain your sinews, poet,
And top your Pelion, — Milton Switzerland,
And English Shakespeare —
Balder. This dear English land!
This happy England, loud with brooks and birds,
Shining with harvests, cool with dewy trees,
And bloom'd from hill to dell; but whose best flowers
Are daughters, and Ophelia still more fair
Than any rose she weaves; whose noblest floods

The pulsing torrent of a nation's heart;
Whose forests stronger than her native oaks
Are living men; and whose unfathom'd lakes
Forever calm the unforgotten dead
In quiet graveyards willow'd seemly round,
O'er which To-day bends sad, and sees his face.
Whose rocks are rights, consolidate of old
Thro' unremember'd years, around whose base
The ever-surging peoples roll and roar
Perpetual, as around her cliffs the seas
That only wash them whiter; and whose mountains,
Souls that from this mere footing of the earth
Lift their great virtues thro' all clouds of Fate
Up to the very heavens, and make them rise
To keep the gods above us!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING

WHICH of the Angels sang so well in Heaven
That the approving Archon of the quire
Cried, "Come up hither!" and he, going higher,
Carried a note out of the choral seven;
Whereat that cherub to whom choice is given
Among the singers that on earth aspire
Beckon'd thee from us, and thou, and thy lyre
Sudden ascended out of sight? Yet even
In Heaven thou weepest! Well, true wife, to weep!
Thy voice doth so betray that sweet offence
That no new call should more exalt thee hence
But for thy harp. Ah, lend it, and such grace
Shall still advance thy neighbor that thou keep
Thy seat, and at thy side a vacant place!

FRAGMENT OF A SLEEP-SONG

SISTER Simplicitie,
Sing, sing a song to me,
Sing me to sleep.

Some legend low and long,
Slow as the summer song
Of the dull Deep.

Some legend long and low,
Whose equal ebb and flow
To and fro creep
On the dim marge of gray
'Tween the soul's night and day,
Washing "awake" away
Into "asleep."

Some legend low and long,
Never so weak or strong
As to let go
While it can hold this heart
Withouten sigh or smart,
Or as to hold this heart
When it sighs "No."

Some long low swaying song,
As the sway'd shadow long
Sways to and fro
Where, thro' the crowing cocks,
And by the swinging clocks,
Some weary mother rocks
Some weary woe.

Sing up and down to me
Like a dream-boat at sea,
So, and still so,
Float through the "then" and "when,"
Rising from when to then,
Sinking from then to when
While the waves go.

Low and high, high and low,
Now and then, then and now,
Now, now;
And when the now is then, and when the then is now,
And when the low is high, and when the high is low,
Low, low;
Let me float, let the boat
Go, go;
Let me glide, let me slide
Slow, slow;
Gliding boat, sliding boat,
Slow, slow;
Glide away, slide away
So, so.

George Meredith

FROM "MODERN LOVE"

"ALL OTHER JOYS"

All other joys of life he strove to warm,
And magnify, and catch them to his lip ;
But they had suffer'd shipwreck with the ship,
And gaz'd upon him sallow from the storm.
Or if Delusion came, 't was but to show
The coming minute mock the one that went.
Cold as a mountain in its star-pitch'd tent
Stood high Philosophy, less friend than foe ;
Whom self-caged Passion, from its prison-bars,
Is always watching with a wondering hate.
Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Oh, wisdom never comes when it is gold,
And the great price we pay for it full worth !
We have it only when we are half earth :
Little avails that coinage to the old !

HIDING THE SKELETON

At dinner she is hostess, I am host.
Went the feast ever cheerfuller ? She keeps
The topic over intellectual deeps
In buoyancy afloat. They see no ghost.
With sparkling surface-eyes we ply the ball :
It is in truth a most contagious game ;
Hiding the Skeleton shall be its name.
Such play as this the devils might appall !
But here 's the greater wonder ; in that we,
Enamor'd of our acting and our wits,
Admire each other like true hypocrites.
Warm-lighted glances, Love's Ephemeræ,
Shoot gayly o'er the dishes and the wine.
We waken envy of our happy lot.
Fast, sweet, and golden, shows our marriage-knot.
Dear guests, you now have seen Love's corpse-light shine !

THE COIN OF PITY

They say that Pity in Love's service dwells,
A porter at the rosy temple's gate.
I miss'd him going : but it is my fate
To come upon him now beside his wells ;
Whereby I know that I Love's temple leave,
And that the purple doors have clos'd behind.
Poor soul ! if in those early days unkind
Thy power to sting had been but power to grieve,
We now might with an equal spirit meet,
And not be match'd like innocence and vice.
She for the Temple's worship has paid price,
And takes the coin of Pity as a cheat.
She sees thro' simulation to the bone :
What 's best in her impels her to the worst.
Never, she cries, shall Pity soothe Love's thirst,
Or foul hypocrisy for truth atone !

ONE TWILIGHT HOUR

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye ;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband, and my bride.
Love that had robb'd us so, thus bless'd our dearth !
The pilgrims of the year wax'd very loud
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
Full brown came from the west, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love, that had robb'd us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
And still I see across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

JUGGLING JERRY

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes :
By the old hedge-side we 'll halt a stage.
It 's nigh my last above the daisies :
My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl ! and it 's no use crying :
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all 's been spying
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We 've travell'd times to this old common :
Often we 've hung our pots in the gorse.
We 've had a stirring life, old woman !
You, and I, and the old gray horse.

Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
  Found us coming to their call :
Now they 'll miss us at our stations :
  There 's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !
  Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving 's folly,
  When the hand 's firm as driven stakes !
Ay ! when we 're strong, and braced, and manful,
  Life 's a sweet fiddle ; but we 're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :
  Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here 's where the lads of the village cricket ;
  I was a lad not wide from here ;
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket ?
  Like an old world those days appear !
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd alehouse — I know them !
  They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them :
  Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling 's no sin, for we must have victual ;
  Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;
  But, to increase it, hard juggling 's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
  Have n't you juggled a vast amount ?
There 's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
  Juggles more games than my sins 'll count.

I 've murder'd insects with mock thunder :
  Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I 've made bread from the bump of wonder :
  That 's my business, and there 's my tale.
Fashion and rank all prais'd the professor ;
  Ay ! and I 've had my smile from the Queen :
Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !
  Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I 've studied men from my topsy-turvy
  Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :
  Most, a dash between the two.

But it 's a woman, old girl, that makes me
  Think more kindly of the race ;
And it 's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
  When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :
  Honest we 've liv'd since we 've been one.
Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :
  You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !
  All night we kiss'd — we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !
  Now from his old girl he 's juggled away.

It 's past parsons to console us :
  No, nor no doctor fetch for me :
I can die without my bolus ;
  Two of a trade, lass, never agree !
Parson and Doctor ! — don't they love rarely,
  Fighting the devil in other men's fields !
Stand up yourself and match him fairly ;
  Then see how the rascal yields !

I, lass, have liv'd no gypsy, flaunting
  Finery while his poor helpmate grubs ;
Coin I 've stor'd, and you won't be wanting :
  You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you 've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
  Many a Marquis would hail you Cook !
Palaces you could have rul'd and grown rich in,
  But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;
  Let 's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
  Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.
May be — for none see in that black hollow —
  It 's just a place where we 're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
  It 's just the sword-trick — I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
  Gold-like and warm ; it 's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
  Is God's house on a blowing day.

Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :
All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?
There 's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
But He 's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
Once — it 's long gone — when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.
Crack ! went a gun : one fell : the second
Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck :
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd : —
Drop me a kiss — I 'm the bird dead-struck !

THE LARK ASCENDING

He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolv'd and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls ;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardor, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discern'd
An ecstasy to music turn'd,
Impell'd by what his happy bill
Disperses ; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renew'd in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,
For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filter'd crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrain'd,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustain'd
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine ;
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flush'd to white with shivers wet ;
And such the water-spirit's chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime,
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress ;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin ;
And every face to watch him rais'd,
Puts on the light of children prais'd,
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,
Though nought be promis'd from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'T is love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes :
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labor in the town ;
He sings the sap, the quicken'd veins ;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe ;
All these the circling song will wreathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.

Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink :
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet :
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird ;
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aërial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tir'd of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screen'd,
Where sinners hugg'd their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his Western wing he lean'd,
Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careen'd,
Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reach'd a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank.
Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE

I

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth ; unsour'd
He knew thy sons. He prob'd from hell to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflower'd
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
Thence came the honey'd corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the God who the white sea-wave whips,
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us : thence had he the laugh
We feel is thine ; broad as ten thousand beeves
At pasture ! thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
Whirl, if they have no response — they enforced
To fatten Earth when from her soul divorced.

II

How smiles he at a generation rank'd
In gloomy noddings over life ! They pass.
Not he to feed upon a breast unthank'd,
Or eye a beauteous face in a crack'd glass.
But he can spy that little twist of brain
Which mov'd some weighty leader of the blind,
Unwitting 't was the goad of personal pain,
To view in curs'd eclipse our Mother's mind,
And show us of some rigid harridan
The wretched bondmen till the end of time.
O liv'd the Master now to paint us Man,
That little twist of brain would ring a chime

Of whence it came and what it caus'd, to start
Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart.

THE TWO MASKS

MELPOMENE among her livid people,
Ere stroke of lyre, upon Thaleia looks,
Warn'd by old contests that one museful ripple,
Along those lips of rose with tendril hooks,
Forbodes disturbance in the springs of pathos,
Perchance may change of masks midway demand,
Albeit the man rise mountainous as Athos,
The woman wild as Cape Leucadia stand.

For this the Comic Muse exacts of creatures
Appealing to the fount of tears : that they
Strive never to outleap our human features,
And do Right Reason's ordinance obey,
In peril of the hum to laughter nighest.
But prove they under stress of action's fire
Nobleness, to that test of Reason highest,
She bows : she waves them for the loftier lyre.

Sebastian Evans

A DIRGE FOR SUMMER

SUMMER dieth : — o'er his bier
Chant a requiem low and clear !
Chant it for his dying flowers,
Chant it for his flying hours.
Let them wither all together
Now the world is past the prime
Of the golden olden-time.

Let them die, and dying Summer
Yield his kingdom to the comer
From the islands of the West :
He is weary, let him rest !
And let mellow Autumn's yellow
Fall upon the leafy prime
Of the golden olden-time.

Go, ye days, your deeds are done !
Be yon clouds about the sun
Your imperial winding-sheet ;
Let the night winds as they fleet
Tell the story of the glory
Of the free great-hearted prime
Of the golden olden-time.

WHAT THE TRUMPETER SAID

AT a pot-house bar as I chanced to pass
I saw three men by the flare of the gas :
Soldiers two, with their red-coats gay,
And the third from Chelsea, a pensioner gray,
With three smart hussies as bold as they.
Drunk and swearing and swaggering all,
With their foul songs scaring the quiet Mall,
While the clash of glasses and clink of spurs
Kept time to the roystering quiristers,
And the old man sat and stamp'd with his stump :
When I heard a trumpeter trumpet a trump : —
"To the wars ! — To the wars !
March, march !
Quit your petty little tittle-tattle,
Quit the bottle for the battle,
And march !
To the wars, to the wars !
March, march with a tramp !
To the wars !
Up, you toper at your tipple, bottle after bottle at the tap !
Quit your pretty dirty Betty ! Clap her garter in your cap,
And march !
To the trench and the sap !
To the little victual of the camp !
To the little liquor of the camp !
To the breach and the storm !
To the roaring and the glory of the wars !
To the rattle and the battle and the scars !"
Trumpeter, trumpet it out !

Christina Georgina Rossetti

THE UNSEEN WORLD

AT HOME

When I was dead, my spirit turn'd
  To seek the much-frequented house :
I pass'd the door, and saw my friends
  Feasting beneath green orange-boughs ;
From hand to hand they push'd the wine,
  They suck'd the pulp of plum and peach ;
They sang, they jested, and they laugh'd,
  For each was lov'd of each.

I listen'd to their honest chat :
  Said one : "To-morrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands,
  And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one : "Before the turn of tide
  We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one : "To-morrow shall be like
  To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
  And dwelt upon the pleasant way :
"To-morrow," cried they, one and all,
  While no one spoke of yesterday.
Their life stood full at blessed noon ;
  I, only I, had pass'd away :
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried ;
  I was of yesterday.

I shiver'd comfortless, but cast
  No chill across the table-cloth ;
I, all forgotten, shiver'd, sad
  To stay, and yet to part how loth :
I pass'd from the familiar room,
  I who from love had pass'd away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
  That tarrieth but a day.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you plann'd :
Only remember me ; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve :
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

AFTER DEATH

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He lean'd above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him ; but I heard him say :
"Poor child, poor child :" and as he turn'd away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head :
He did not love me living ; but once dead
He pitied me ; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

WIFE TO HUSBAND

Pardon the faults in me,
  For the love of years ago :
    Good-by.
I must drift across the sea,
  I must sink into the snow,
    I must die.

You can bask in this sun,
  You can drink wine, and eat :
    Good-by.
I must gird myself and run,
  Though with unready feet :
    I must die.

Blank sea to sail upon,
  Cold bed to sleep in :
    Good-by.

While you clasp, I must be gone
For all your weeping :
I must die.

A kiss for one friend,
And a word for two, —
Good-by : —
A lock that you must send,
A kindness you must do :
I must die.

Not a word for you,
Not a lock or kiss,
Good-by.
We, one, must part in two ;
Verily death is this :
I must die.

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

"IT IS FINISHED"

Dear Lord, let me recount to Thee
Some of the great things thou hast done
For me, even me
Thy little one.

It was not I that car'd for Thee, —
But Thou didst set Thy heart upon
Me, even me
Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee
To leave Thy Majesty and Throne,
And grow like me
A Little One,

A swaddled Baby on the knee
Of a dear Mother of Thine own,
Quite weak like me
Thy little one.

Thou didst assume my misery,
And reap the harvest I had sown,
Comforting me
Thy little one.

Jerusalem and Galilee, —
Thy love embraced not those alone,
But also me
Thy little one.

Thy unblemish'd Body on the Tree
Was bar'd and broken to atone
For me, for me
Thy little one.

Thou lovedst me upon the Tree, —
Still me, hid by the ponderous stone, —
Me always, — me
Thy little one.

And love of me arose with Thee
When death and hell lay overthrown :
Thou lovedst me
Thy little one.

And love of me went up with Thee
To sit upon Thy Father's Throne :
Thou lovest me
Thy little one :

Lord, as Thou me, so would I Thee
Love in pure love's communion,
For Thou lov'st me
Thy little one :

Which love of me brings back with Thee
To Judgment when the Trump is blown,
Still loving me
Thy little one.

FROM "MONNA INNOMINATA"

ABNEGATION

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crown'd, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free,
And you companion'd I am not alone.

TRUST

If I could trust mine own self with your fate,
Shall I not rather trust it in God's hand?
Without whose will one lily doth not stand,
Nor sparrow fall at his appointed date;
Who numbereth the innumerable sand,
Who weighs the wind and water with a weight,
To whom the world is neither small nor great,
Whose knowledge foreknew every plan we plann'd.
Searching my heart for all that touches you,
I find there only love and love's goodwill
Helpless to help and impotent to do,
Of understanding dull, of sight most dim;
And therefore I commend you back to Him
Whose love your love's capacity can fill.

FLUTTERED WINGS

The splendor of the kindling day,
The splendor of the setting sun,
These move my soul to wend its way,
And have done
With all we grasp and toil amongst and say.

The paling roses of a cloud,
The fading bow that arches space,
These woo my fancy toward my shroud,
Toward the place
Of faces veil'd, and heads discrown'd and bow'd.

The nation of the awful stars,
The wandering star whose blaze is brief,
These make me beat against the bars
Of my grief;
My tedious grief, twin to the life it mars.

O fretted heart toss'd to and fro,
So fain to flee, so fain to rest!
All glories that are high or low,
East or west,
Grow dim to thee who art so fain to go.

PASSING AND GLASSING

All things that pass
Are woman's looking-glass;
They show her how her bloom must fade,
And she herself be laid
With wither'd roses in the shade;
With wither'd roses and the fallen peach,
Unlovely, out of reach
Of summer joy that was.

All things that pass
Are woman's tiring-glass;
The faded lavender is sweet,
Sweet the dead violet
Cull'd and laid by and car'd for yet;
The dried-up violets and dried lavender
Still sweet, may comfort her,
Nor need she cry Alas!

All things that pass
Are wisdom's looking-glass;
Being full of hope and fear, and still
Brimful of good or ill,
According to our work and will;

For there is nothing new beneath the sun ;
Our doings have been done,
And that which shall be was.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

THE irresponsive silence of the land,
The irresponsive sounding of the sea,
Speak both one message of one sense to me : —
Aloof, aloof, we stand aloof, so stand
Thou too aloof, bound with the flawless band
Of inner solitude ; we bind not thee ;
But who from thy self-chain shall set thee free ?
What heart shall touch thy heart ? what hand thy hand ? —
And I am sometimes proud and sometimes meek,
And sometimes I remember days of old
When fellowship seem'd not so far to seek
And all the world and I seem'd much less cold,
And at the rainbow's foot lay surely gold,
And hope felt strong and life itself not weak.

FROM "LATER LIFE"

VI

WE lack, yet cannot fix upon the lack :
Not this, nor that ; yet somewhat, certainly.
We see the things we do not yearn to see
Around us : and what see we glancing back ?
Lost hopes that leave our hearts upon the rack,
Hopes that were never ours yet seem'd to be,
For which we steer'd on life's salt stormy sea
Braving the sunstroke and the frozen pack.
If thus to look behind is all in vain,
And all in vain to look to left or right,
Why face we not our future once again,
Launching with hardier hearts across the main,
Straining dim eyes to catch the invisible sight,
And strong to bear ourselves in patient pain ?

IX

STAR Sirius and the Pole Star dwell afar
Beyond the drawings each of other's strength :
One blazes through the brief bright summer's length
Lavishing life-heat from a flaming car ;
While one unchangeable upon a throne
Broods o'er the frozen heart of earth alone,
Content to reign the bright particular star
Of some who wander or of some who groan.
They own no drawings each of other's strength,
Nor vibrate in a visible sympathy,
Nor veer along their courses each toward each :
Yet are their orbits pitch'd in harmony
Of one dear heaven, across whose depth and length
Mayhap they talk together without speech.

AN ECHO FROM WILLOWWOOD

"OH YE, ALL YE THAT WALK IN WILLOWWOOD"

Two gaz'd into a pool, he gaz'd and she,
Not hand in hand, yet heart in heart, I think,
Pale and reluctant on the water's brink,
As on the brink of parting which must be.
Each eyed the other's aspect, she and he,
Each felt one hungering heart leap up and sink,
Each tasted bitterness which both must drink,
There on the brink of life's dividing sea.
Lilies upon the surface, deep below
Two wistful faces craving each for each,
Resolute and reluctant without speech : —
A sudden ripple made the faces flow
One moment join'd, to vanish out of reach :
So these hearts join'd, and ah ! were parted so.

TWIST ME A CROWN

TWIST me a crown of wind-flowers ;
That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
And players at their play.

Put on your crown of wind-flowers :
  But whither would you go ?
Beyond the surging of the sea
  And the storms that blow.

Alas ! your crown of wind-flowers
  Can never make you fly :
I twist them in a crown to-day,
  And to-night they die.

GOOD-BY

"Good-by in fear, good-by in sorrow,
  Good-by, and all in vain,
Never to meet again, my dear — "
  "Never to part again."
"Good-by to-day, good-by to-morrow,
  Good-by till earth shall wane,
Never to meet again, my dear — "
  "Never to part again."

Robert, Earl of Lytton

("OWEN MEREDITH")

INDIAN LOVE-SONG

My body sleeps : my heart awakes.
  My lips to breathe thy name are mov'd
In slumber's ear : then slumber breaks ;
  And I am drawn to thee, belov'd.
Thou drawest me, thou drawest me,
  Through sleep, through night. I hear the rills,
  And hear the leopard in the hills,
And down the dark I feel to thee.

The vineyards and the villages
  Were silent in the vales, the rocks ;
I follow'd past the myrrhy trees,
  And by the footsteps of the flocks.
Wild honey, dropp'd from stone to stone,
  Where bees have been, my path suggests.
  The winds are in the eagles' nests.
The moon is hid. I walk alone.

Thou drawest me, thou drawest me
  Across the glimmering wildernesses,
And drawest me, my love, to thee,
  With dove's eyes hidden in thy tresses.
The world is many : my love is one ;
  I find no likeness for my love.
  The cinnamons grow in the grove ;
The Golden Tree grows all alone.

O who hath seen her wondrous hair,
  Or seen my dove's eyes in the woods ?
Or found her voice upon the air,
  Her steps along the solitudes ?
Or where is beauty like to hers ?
  She draweth me, she draweth me.
  I sought her by the incense-tree,
And in the aloes, and in the firs.

Where art thou, O my heart's delight,
  With dove's eyes hidden in thy locks ?
My hair is wet with dews of night.
  My feet are torn upon the rocks.
The cedarn scents, the spices, fail
  About me. Strange and stranger seems
  The path. There comes a sound of streams
Above the darkness on the vale.

No trees drop gums ; but poison flowers
  From rifts and clefts all round me fall ;
The perfumes of thy midnight bowers,
  The fragrance of thy chambers, all
Is drawing me, is drawing me.
  Thy baths prepare ; anoint thine hair ;
  Open the window : meet me there :
I come to thee, to thee, to thee !

Thy lattices are dark, my own.
  Thy doors are still. My love, look out.
Arise, my dove with tender tone.
  The camphor-clusters all about
Are whitening. Dawn breaks silently.
  And all my spirit with the dawn
  Expands ; and, slowly, slowly drawn,
Through mist and darkness moves toward thee.

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there ; —
  And she look'd like a queen in a book, that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
  And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore ;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow :
And who was not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
"*Non ti scordar di me*" ?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Look'd grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You 'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betroth'd and I ;
My gaze was fix'd on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was !
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast,
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower !)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over ;
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her !"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold !
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd, and look'd. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage ; and dress'd
In that muslin dress with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast !

I was here ; and she was there ;
And the glittering horseshoe curv'd between : —
From my bride-betroth'd, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short from the Future back to the Past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
I travers'd the passage ; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she lov'd me then !
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we 'll let that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face : for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say :
For Beauty is easy enough to win ;
But one is n't lov'd every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There 's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine-flower !
And O that music ! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me !

THE CHESS-BOARD

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I play'd chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes ?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight !
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand ;
The double Castles guard the wings ;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,
And falter ; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me ! the little battle 's done,
Dispers'd is all its chivalry ;
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd, —
What is it we have won ?
This, this at least — if this alone ; —
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together !

TEMPORA ACTA

FROM "BABYLONIA"

O, for the times which were (if any
Time be heroic) heroic indeed !
When the men were few,
And the deeds to do
Were mighty, and many,
And each man in his hand held a noble deed.
Now the deeds are few,
And the men are many,
And each man has, at most, but a noble need.

THE DINNER HOUR

FROM "LUCILE"

O HOUR of all hours, the most blest upon earth,
Blest hour of our dinners! The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends, and venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrow'd, the money he spent;
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunish'd forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books, — what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope, — what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD LAMBS

DEATH, though already in the world, as yet
Had only tried his timorous tooth to whet
On grass and leaves. But he began to grow
Greedier, greater, and resolv'd to know
The taste of stronger food than such light fare.
To feed on human flesh he did not dare,
Till many a meaner meal had slowly given
The young destroyer strength to vanquish even
His restless rival in destruction, Man.
Meanwhile, on lesser victims he began
To test his power; and in a cold spring night
Two weanling lambs first perish'd from his bite.
The bleatings of their dam at break of day
Drew to the spot where her dead lambkins lay
The other beasts. They, understanding not,
In wistful silence round that fatal spot
Stood eyeing the dead lambs with looks forlorn.

Adam, who was upon the march that morn,
Missing his bodyguard, turn'd back to see
What they were doing; and there also he
Saw the two frozen lambkins lying dead,
But understood not. At the last he said,
"Since the lambs cannot move, methinks 't were best
That I should carry them."

So on his breast
He laid their little bodies, and again
Set forward, follow'd o'er the frosty plain
By his bewilder'd flocks. And in dismay
They held their peace. That was a silent day.
At night he laid the dead lambs on the grass.
That night still colder than the other was,
And when the morning broke there were two more
Dead lambs to carry. Adam took the four,
And in his arms he bore them, no great way,
Till eventide. That was a sorrowful day.

But, ere the next, two other lambkins died,
Frost-bitten in the dark. Then Adam tried
To carry them, all six. But the poor sheep
Said, "Nay, we thank thee, Adam. Let them sleep!
Thou canst not carry them. 'T is all in vain.
We fear our lambkins will not wake again.
And, if they wake, they could not walk — for see,
Their little legs are stiffen'd. Let them be!"

So Adam left the lambs. And all the herd
Follow'd him sorrowing, and not a word
Was spoken. Never until then had they
Their own forsaken. That was the worst day.

Eve said to Adam, as they went along,
"Adam, last night the cold was bitter strong.
Warm fleeces to keep out the freezing wind
Have those six lambkins thou hast left behind;
But they will never need them any more.
Go, fetch them here! and I will make, before
This day be done, stout garments for us both,
Lest we, too, wake no more." Said Adam, loth
To do her bidding, "Why dost thou suppose
Our lambs will nevermore have need of those
Warm fleeces? They are sleeping." But Eve said,
"They are not sleeping, Adam. They are dead."
"Dead? What is that?" "I know not. But I know
That they no more can feel the north wind blow,
Nor the sun burn. They cannot hear the bleat
Of their own mothers, cannot suffer heat
Or cold, or thirst or hunger, weariness
Or want, again." "How dost thou know all this?"
Ask'd Adam. And Eve whisper'd in his ear,
"The Serpent told me." "Is the Serpent here?
If here he be, why hath he," Adam cried,
"No good gift brought me?" Adam's wife replied,
"The best of gifts, if rightly understood,
He brings thee, and that gift is counsel good.
The Serpent is a prudent beast; and right!
For we were miserably cold last night,
And may to-night be colder; and hard by
Those dead lambs in their woolly fleeces lie,
Yet need them not as we do. They are dead.
Go fetch them hither!"

Adam shook his head,
But went.
Next morning, to the beasts' surprise,
Adam and Eve appear'd before their eyes
In woollen fleeces warmly garmented.
And all the beasts to one another said,
"How wonderful is Man, who can make wool
As good as sheep's wool, and more beautiful!"

Only the Fox, who sniff'd and grinn'd, had guess'd
Man's unacknowledged theft: and to the rest
He sneer'd, "How wonderful is Woman's whim!
See, Adam's wife hath made a sheep of him!"

THE UTMOST

Some clerks aver that as the tree doth fall
Even forever so that tree shall lie,
And that Death's act doth make perpetual
The last state of the souls of men that die.
If this be so, — if this, indeed, were sure,
Then not a moment longer would I live;
Who, being now as I would fain endure,
If man's last state doth his last hour survive,
Should be among the blessed souls? I fear
Life's many changes, not Death's changelessness.
So perfect is this moment's passing cheer,
I needs must tremble lest it pass to less.
Thus but in fickle love of life I live,
Lest fickle life me of my love deprive.

James Thomson

MELENCOLIA

FROM "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

ANEAR the centre of that northern crest
  Stands out a level upland bleak and bare,
From which the city east and south and west
  Sinks gently in long waves ; and throned there
An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
The bronze colossus of a winged Woman,
  Upon a graded granite base foursquare.

Low-seated she leans forward massively,
  With cheek on clench'd left hand, the forearm's might
Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee ;
  Across a clasp'd book in her lap the right
Upholds a pair of compasses ; she gazes
With full set eyes, but wandering in thick mazes
  Of sombre thought beholds no outward sight.

Words cannot picture her ; but all men know
  That solemn sketch the pure sad artist wrought
Three centuries and three score years ago,
  With fantasies of his peculiar thought :
The instruments of carpentry and science
Scatter'd about her feet, in strange alliance
  With the keen wolf-hound sleeping undistraught ;

Scales, hour-glass, bell, and magic-square above ;
  The grave and solid infant perch'd beside,
With open winglets that might bear a dove,
  Intent upon its tablets, heavy-eyed ;
Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle
But all too impotent to lift the regal
  Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride ;

And with those wings, and that light wreath which seems
  To mock her grand head and the knotted frown
Of forehead charged with baleful thoughts and dreams,
  The household bunch of keys, the housewife's gown
Voluminous, indented, and yet rigid
As if a shell of burnish'd metal frigid,
  The feet thick-shod to tread all weakness down ;

The comet hanging o'er the waste dark seas,
  The massy rainbow curv'd in front of it
Beyond the village with the masts and trees ;
  The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit,
Bearing upon its batlike leathern pinions
Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions,
  The "MELENCOLIA" that transcends all wit.

Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
  Surrounded to expound her form sublime,
Her fate heroic and calamitous ;
  Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time,
Unvanquish'd in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
  Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

Baffled and beaten back she works on still,
  Weary and sick of soul she works the more,
Sustain'd by her indomitable will :
  The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore,
And all her sorrow shall be turn'd to labor,
Till Death the friend-foe piercing with his sabre
  That mighty heart of hearts ends bitter war.

But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
  With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarr'd,
A sense more tragic than defeat and blight,
  More desperate than strife with hope debarr'd,
More fatal than the adamantine Never
Encompassing her passionate endeavor,
  Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard :

The sense that every struggle brings defeat
  Because Fate holds no prize to crown success ;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
  Because they have no secret to express ;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain ;
  That all is vanity and nothingness.

Titanic from her high throne in the north,
  That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
  Over her Capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
  Confronting them with a coeval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
  Circle before her in the sea of air ;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
  Her subjects often gaze up to her there :
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak new terrors ; all, renew'd assurance
  And confirmation of the old despair.

LIFE'S HEBE

In the early morning-shine
Of a certain day divine,
I beheld a Maiden stand
With a pitcher in her hand ;
Whence she pour'd into a cup,
Until it was half fill'd up,
Nectar that was golden light
In the cup of crystal bright.

And the first who took the cup
With pure water fill'd it up ;
As he drank then, it was more
Ruddy golden than before :
And he leap'd and danced and sang
As to Bacchic cymbals' clang.

But the next who took the cup
With the red wine fill'd it up ;
What he drank then was in hue
Of a heavy sombre blue :
First he reel'd and then he crept,
Then lay faint but never slept.

And the next who took the cup
With the white milk fill'd it up ;
What he drank at first seem'd blood,
Then turn'd thick and brown as mud :
And he mov'd away as slow
As a weary ox may go.

But the next who took the cup
With sweet honey fill'd it up ;
Nathless that which he did drink
Was thin fluid black as ink :
As he went he stumbled soon,
And lay still in deathlike swoon.

She the while without a word
Unto all the cup preferr'd ;
Blandly smil'd and sweetly laugh'd
As each mingled his own draught.

And the next who took the cup
To the sunshine held it up,
Gave it back and did not taste ;
It was empty when replaced :
First he bow'd a reverent bow,
Then he kiss'd her on the brow.

But the next who took the cup
Without mixture drank it up ;
When she took it back from him
It was full unto the brim :
He with a right bold embrace
Kiss'd her sweet lips face to face.

Then she sang with blithest cheer :
Who has thirst, come here, come here !
Nectar that is golden light
In the cup of crystal bright,
Nectar that is sunny fire
Warm as warmest heart's desire :
Pitcher never lacketh more,
Arm is never tir'd to pour :
Honey, water, milk, or wine
Mingle with the draught divine,
Drink it pure, or drink it not ;
Each is free to choose his lot ;
Am I old ? or am I cold ?
Only two have kiss'd me bold !

She was young and fair and gay
As that young and glorious day.

FROM "HE HEARD HER SING"

And thus all-expectant abiding I waited not long, for soon
A boat came gliding and gliding out in the light of the moon,
Gliding with muffled oars, slowly, a thin dark line,
Round from the shadowing shores into the silver shine
Of the clear moon westering now, and still drew on and on,
While the water before its prow breaking and glistering shone,
Slowly in silence strange ; and the rower row'd till it lay
Afloat within easy range deep in the curve of the bay ;
And besides the rower were two : a Woman, who sat in the stern,
And Her by her fame I knew, one of those fames that burn,
Startling and kindling the world, one whose likeness we everywhere see ;
And a man reclining half-curl'd with an indolent grace at her knee,
The Signor, lord of her choice ; and he lightly touch'd a guitar ; —
A guitar for that glorious voice ! Illumine the sun with a star !
She sat superb and erect, stately, all-happy, serene,
Her right hand toying uncheck'd with the hair of that page of a Queen ;
With her head and her throat and her bust like the bust and the throat and the head
Of Her who has long been dust, of her who shall never be dead,
Preserv'd by the potent art made trebly potent by love,
While the transient ages depart from under the heavens above, —
Preserv'd in the color and line on the canvas fulgently flung
By Him the Artist divine who triumph'd and vanish'd so young :
Surely there rarely hath been a lot more to be envied in life
Than thy lot, O Fornarina, whom Raphael's heart took to wife.

There was silence yet for a time save the tinkling capricious and quaint,
Then She lifted her voice sublime, no longer tender and faint,
Pathetic and tremulous, no ! but firm as a column it rose,
Rising solemn and slow with a full rich swell to the close,
Firm as a marble column soaring with noble pride
In a triumph of rapture solemn to some Hero deified ;
In a rapture of exultation made calm by its stress intense,
In a triumph of consecration and a jubilation immense.
And the Voice flow'd on and on, and ever it swell'd as it pour'd,
Till the stars that throbb'd as they shone seem'd throbbing with it in accord ;
Till the moon herself in my dream, still Empress of all the night,
Was only that voice supreme translated into pure light :
And I lost all sense of the earth though I still had sense of the sea ;
And I saw the stupendous girth of a tree like the Norse World-Tree ;
And its branches fill'd all the sky, and the deep sea water'd its root,
And the clouds were its leaves on high and the stars were its silver fruit ;
Yet the stars were the notes of the singing and the moon was the voice of the song,
Through the vault of the firmament ringing and swelling resistlessly strong ;
And the whole vast night was a shell for that music of manifold might,
And was strain'd by the stress of the swell of the music yet vaster than night.
And I saw as a crystal fountain whose shaft was a column of light
More high than the loftiest mountain ascend the abyss of the night ;
And its spray fill'd all the sky, and the clouds were the clouds of its spray,
Which glitter'd in star-points on high and fill'd with pure silver the bay ;
And ever in rising and falling it sang as it rose and it fell,
And the heavens with their pure azure walling all puls'd with the pulse of its swell,
For the stars were the notes of the singing and the moon was the voice of the song
Through the vault of the firmament ringing and swelling ineffably strong ;

And the whole vast night was a shell for that music of manifold might,
And was strain'd by the stress of the swell of the music yet vaster than night:
And the fountain in swelling and soaring and filling beneath and above,
Grew flush'd with red fire in outpouring, transmuting great power into love,
Great power with a greater love flushing, immense and intense and supreme,
As if all the World's heart-blood outgushing ensanguin'd the trance of my dream;
And the waves of its blood seem'd to dash on the shore of the sky to the cope
With the stress of the fire of a passion and yearning of limitless scope,
Vast fire of a passion and yearning, keen torture of rapture intense,
A most unendurable burning consuming the soul with the sense: —
"Love, love only, forever love with its torture of bliss;
All the world's glories can never equal two souls in one kiss:
Love, and ever love wholly; love in all time and all space;
Life is consummate then solely in the death of a burning embrace."

Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King

PALERMO

FROM "THE DISCIPLES"

Whosoe'er
Had look'd upon the glory of that day
In Sicily beneath the summer sun,
Would not have dream'd that Death was reigning there
In shape so terrible; — for all the road
Was like an avenue of Paradise,
Life, and full flame of loveliness of life.
The red geraniums blaz'd in banks breast-high,
And from the open doors in the white walls
Scents of magnolia and of heliotrope
Came to the street; filmy aurora-flowers
Open'd and died in the hour, and fell away
In many-color'd showers upon the ground;
Nebulous masses of the pale blue stars
Made light upon the darkness of the green,
Through openings in the thickets over-arch'd;
Where roses, white and yellow and full-rose,
Weigh'd down their branches, till the ground was swept
By roses, and strewn with them, as the air
Shook the thick clusters, and the Indian reeds
Bow'd to its passing with their feathery heads;
And trumpet-blossoms push'd out great white horns
From the green sheath, till all the green was hid
By the white spread of giant-blowing wings.
In the cool shadow heaps of tuberose
Lay by the fountains in the market-place,
Among the purple fruit. The jalousies
Of the tall houses shut against the sun
Were wreath'd with trails of velvet-glossy bells;
And here and there one had not been unclos'd
Yesterday, and the vivid shoots had run
Over it in a night, and seal'd it fast
With tendril, and bright leaf, and drops of flower.
And in and out the balconies thin stems
Went twisting, and the chains of passion-flowers,
Bud, blossom, and phantasmal orb of fruit
Alternate, swung, and lengthen'd every hour.
And fine-leav'd greenery crept from bower to bower
With thick white star-flakes scatter'd; and the bloom
Of orient lilies, and the rainbow-blue
Of iris shot up stately from the grass;
And through the wavering shadows crimson sparks
Pois'd upon brittle stalks, glanced up and down;
And shining darkness of the cypress clos'd
The deep withdrawing glades of evergreen,
Lit up far off with oleander pyres.

Out of the rocky dust of the wayside
The lamps of the aloes burn'd themselves aloft,
Immortal; and the prickly cactus-knots
In the hot sunshine overleant the walls,
The lizards darting in and out of them;
But in the shadier side the maidenhair
Sprung thick from every crevice. Passing these,
He issued on to the Piazza, where
The wonder of the world, the Fountain streams
From height to height of marble, dashing down
White waves forever over whitest limbs,
That shine in multitudes amid the spray
And sound of silver waters without end,
Rolling and rising and showering suddenly.
There standing where the fig-trees made a shade
Close in the angle, he beheld the streets
Stretch fourways to the beautiful great gates;
With all their burnish'd domes and carven stones
In wavering color'd lines of light and shade.
And downwards, from the greatest of the gates,
Porta Felice, swept the orange-groves;
And avenues of coral-trees led down
In all their hanging splendors to the shore;
And out beyond them, sleeping in the light,
The islands, and the azure of the sea.
And upwards, through a labyrinth of spires,
And turrets, and steep alabaster walls,
The city rose, and broke itself away
Amidst the forests of the hills, and reach'd
The heights of Monreale, crown'd with all
Its pinnacles and all its jewell'd fronts
Shining to seaward; — but the tolling bells
Out of the gilded minarets smote the ear: —
Until at last, through miles of shadowy air,
The blue and violet mountains shut the sky.

THE CROCUS

Out of the frozen earth below,
Out of the melting of the snow,
No flower, but a film, I push to light;
No stem, no bud, — yet I have burst
The bars of winter, I am the first,
O Sun, to greet thee out of the night!

Bare are the branches, cold is the air,
Yet it is fire at the heart I bear,
I come, a flame that is fed by none:
The summer hath blossoms for her delight,
Thick and dewy and waxen-white,
Thou seest me golden, O golden Sun!

Deep in the warm sleep underground
Life is still, and the peace profound:
Yet a beam that pierced, and a thrill that smote
Call'd me and drew me from far away; —
I rose, I came, to the open day
I have won, unshelter'd, alone, remote.

No bee strays out to greet me at morn,
I shall die ere the butterfly is born,
I shall hear no note of the nightingale;
The swallow will come at the break of green,
He will never know that I have been
Before him here when the world was pale.

They will follow, the rose with the thorny stem,
The hyacinth stalk, — soft airs for them;
They shall have strength, I have but love:
They shall not be tender as I, —
Yet I fought here first, to bloom, to die,
To shine in his face who shines above.

O Glory of heaven, O Ruler of morn,
O Dream that shap'd me, and I was born
In thy likeness, starry, and flower of flame;
I lie on the earth, and to thee look up,
Into thy image will grow my cup,
Till a sunbeam dissolve it into the same.

POETS OF THE RENAISSANCE

Ford Madox Brown

FOR THE PICTURE, "THE LAST OF ENGLAND"

"The last of England! O'er the sea, my dear,
Our homes to seek amid Australian fields,
Us, not our million-acred island yields
The space to dwell in. Thrust out! Forced to hear
Low ribaldry from sots, and share rough cheer
With rudely-nurtur'd men. The hope youth builds
Of fair renown, barter'd for that which shields
Only the back, and half-form'd lands that rear
The dust-storm blistering up the grasses wild.
There learning skills not, nor the poet's dream,
Nor aught so lov'd as children shall we see."
She grips his listless hand and clasps her child,
Through rainbow tears she sees a sunnier gleam,
She cannot see a void, where he will be.

O. M. B.

(DIED NOVEMBER, 1874)

As one who strives from some fast steamer's side
To note amid the backward-spinning foam
And keep in view some separate wreath therefrom,
That cheats him even the while he views it glide
(Merging in other foam-tracks stretching wide),
So strive we to keep clear that day our home
First saw you riven — a memory thence to roam,
A shatter'd blossom on the eternal tide!
O broken promises that show'd so fair!
O morning sun of wit set in despair!
O brows made smooth as with the Muse's chrism!
O Oliver! ourselves Death's cataclysm
Must soon o'ertake — but not in vain — not where
Some vestige of your thought outspans the abysm!

Sir Joseph Noel Paton

REQUIEM

Wither'd pansies faint and sweet,
O'er his breast in silence shed,
Faded lilies o'er his feet,
Waning roses round his head,
Where in dreamless sleep he lies —
Folded palms and sealed eyes —
Young Love, within my bosom — dead.

Young Love that was so fond, so fair,
With his mouth of rosy red,
Argent wing and golden hair,
And those blue eyen, glory-fed
From some fount of splendor, far
Beyond or moon or sun or star —
And can it be that he is dead?

Ay! his breast is cold as snow:
Pulse and breath forever fled;
If I kiss'd him ever so,
To my kiss he were as lead;
If I clipp'd him as of yore
He would answer me no more
With lip or hand — for he is dead.

But breathe no futile sigh; no tear
Smirch his pure and lonely bed.

Let no foolish cippus rear
  Its weight above him. Only spread
Rose, lily, pale forget-me-not,
And pansies round the silent spot
  Where in his youth he lieth — dead.

THE LAST OF THE EURYDICE

THE training-ship Eurydice —
  As tight a craft, I ween,
As ever bore brave men who lov'd
  Their country and their queen —
Built when a ship, sir, was a ship,
  And not a steam-machine.

Six months or more she had been out
  Cruising the Indian sea ;
And now, with all her canvas bent —
  A fresh breeze blowing free —
Up Channel in her pride she came,
  The brave Eurydice.

On Saturday it was we saw
  The English cliffs appear,
And fore and aft, from man and boy,
  Uprang one mighty cheer ;
While many a rough-and-ready hand
  Dash'd off the gathering tear.

We saw the heads of Dorset rise
  Fair in the Sabbath sun ;
We mark'd each hamlet gleaming white,
  The church spires, one by one ;
We thought we heard the church bells ring
  To hail our voyage done.

"Only an hour from Spithead, lads :
  Only an hour from home ! "
So sang the captain's cheery voice
  As we spurn'd the ebbing foam ;
And each young sea-dog's heart sang back
  "Only an hour from home ! "

No warning ripple crisp'd the wave
  To tell of danger nigh ;
Nor looming rack, nor driving scud —
  From out a smiling sky,
With sound as of the trump of doom,
  The squall broke suddenly.

A hurricane of wind and snow
  From off the Shanklin shore ;
It caught us in its blinding whirl
  One instant, and no more ;
For, ere we dream'd of trouble near,
  All earthly hope was o'er.

No time to shorten sail, — no time
  To change the vessel's course ;
The storm had caught her crowded masts
  With swift, resistless force.
Only one shrill, despairing cry
  Rose o'er the tumult hoarse.

And broadside the great ship went down,
  Amid the swirling foam ;
And with her nigh four hundred men
  Went down, in sight of home,
(Fletcher and I alone were sav'd)
  Only an hour from home !

Thomas Woolner

MY BEAUTIFUL LADY

I LOVE my Lady ; she is very fair ;
Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair ;
  Her spirit sits aloof, and high,
  But glances from her tender eye
    In sweetness droopingly.

As a young forest while the wind drives through,
My life is stirr'd when she breaks on my view ;
  Her beauty grants my will no choice
  But silent awe, till she rejoice
    My longing with her voice.

Her warbling voice, though ever low and mild,
Oft makes me feel as strong wine would a child ;
  And though her hand be airy light
  Of touch, it moves me with its might,
    As would a sudden fright.

A hawk high pois'd in air, whose nerv'd wing-tips
Tremble with might suppress'd, before he dips,
  In vigilance, scarce more intense
  Than I, when her voice holds my sense
    Contented in suspense.

Her mention of a thing, august or poor,
Makes it far nobler than it was before :
As where the sun strikes life will gush,
And what is pale receive a flush,
Rich hues, a richer blush.

My Lady's name, when I hear strangers use,
Not meaning her, to me sounds lax misuse ;
I love none but my Lady's name ;
Maud, Grace, Rose, Marian, all the same,
Are harsh, or blank and tame.

My Lady walks as I have watch'd a swan
Swim where a glory on the water shone :
There ends of willow branches ride,
Quivering in the flowing tide,
By the deep river's side.

Fresh beauties, howsoe'er she moves, are stirr'd :
As the sunn'd bosom of a humming bird
At each pant lifts some fiery hue,
Fierce gold, bewildering green or blue ;
The same, yet ever new.

GIVEN OVER

The men of learning say she must
Soon pass, and be as if she had not been.
To gratify the barren lust
Of Death, the roses in her cheeks are seen
To blush so brightly, blooming deeper damascene.

All hope and doubt, all fears, are vain :
The dreams I nurs'd of honoring her are past,
And will not comfort me again.
I see a lurid sunlight throw its last
Wild gleam athwart the land whose shadows lengthen fast.

It does not seem so dreadful now,
The horror stands out naked, stark, and still ;
I am quite calm, and wonder how
My terror play'd such mad pranks with my will.
The north winds fiercely blow, I do not feel them chill.

All things must die : somewhere I read
What wise and solemn men pronounce of joy ;
No sooner born, they say, than dead ;
The strife of being, but a whirling toy
Humming a weary moan spun by capricious boy.

Has my soul reach'd a starry height
Majestically calm ? No monster, drear
And shapeless, glares me faint at night ;
I am not in the sunshine check'd for fear
That monstrous, shapeless thing is somewhere crouching near ?

No ; woe is me ! far otherwise :
The naked horror numbs me to the bone ;
In stupor calm its cold, blank eyes
Set hard at mine. I do not fall or groan,
Our island Gorgon's face has changed me into stone.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL[1]

The blessed damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers ;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers ;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

[1] Written in his 19th year, 1846–47.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing : the autumn-fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on :
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remember'd names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curl'd moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearken'd ? When those bells
Possess'd the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

" I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
" Have I not pray'd in Heaven ? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

" When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is cloth'd in white,
I 'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

" We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirr'd continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

" We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

" And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas ! we two, we two, thou say'st !
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee ?)

" We two," she said, " will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

" Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded ;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb :
  Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
  Not once abash'd or weak :
And the dear Mother will approve
  My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
  To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumber'd heads
  Bow'd with their aureoles :
And angels meeting us shall sing
  To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
  Thus much for him and me : —
Only to live as once on earth
  With Love, — only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
  Together, I and he."

She gazed and listen'd and then said,
  Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceas'd.
  The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
  Her eyes pray'd, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
  Was vague in distant spheres :
And then she cast her arms along
  The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
  And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE PORTRAIT

This is her picture as she was :
  It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
  Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir, —
Until mine eyes almost aver
  That now, even now, the sweet lips part
  To breathe the words of the sweet heart :
And yet the earth is over her.

Alas ! even such the thin-drawn ray
  That makes the prison-depths more rude, —
The drip of water night and day
  Giving a tongue to solitude.

Yet only this, of love's whole prize
Remains ; save what, in mournful guise,
  Takes counsel with my soul alone, —
  Save what is secret and unknown,
Below the earth, above the skies.

In painting her I shrin'd her face
  'Mid mystic trees, where light falls in
Hardly at all ; a covert place
  Where you might think to find a din
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame
Wandering, and many a shape whose name
  Not itself knoweth, and old dew,
  And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came.

A deep, dim wood ; and there she stands
  As in that wood that day : for so
Was the still movement of her hands,
  And such the pure line's gracious flow.
And passing fair the type must seem,
Unknown the presence and the dream.
  'T is she : though of herself, alas !
  Less than her shadow on the grass,
Or than her image in the stream.

That day we met there, I and she,
  One with the other all alone ;
And we were blithe ; yet memory
  Saddens those hours, as when the moon
Looks upon daylight. And with her
I stoop'd to drink the spring-water,
  Athirst where other waters sprang :
  And where the echo is, she sang, —
My soul another echo there.

But when that hour my soul won strength
  For words whose silence wastes and kills,
Dull raindrops smote us, and at length
  Thunder'd the heat within the hills.
That eve I spoke those words again
Beside the pelted window-pane ;
  And there she hearken'd what I said,
  With under-glances that survey'd
The empty pastures blind with rain.

Next day the memories of these things,
  Like leaves through which a bird has flown,
Still vibrated with Love's warm wings ;
  Till I must make them all my own
And paint this picture. So, 'twixt ease
Of talk and sweet, long silences,
  She stood among the plants in bloom
  At windows of a summer room,
To feign the shadow of the trees.

And as I wrought, while all above
  And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
  It seemed each sun-thrill'd blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart, that never beats nor heaves,
  In that one darkness lying still,
  What now to thee my love's great will,
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves?

For now doth daylight disavow
  Those days — nought left to see or hear.
Only in solemn whispers now
  At night-time these things reach mine ear;
When the leaf-shadows at a breath
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,
  Forest and water, far and wide,
  In limpid starlight glorified,
Lie like the mystery of death.

Last night at last I could have slept,
  And yet delay'd my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept:
  For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walk'd with me:
And as I stood there suddenly,
  All wan with traversing the night,
  Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearn'd loud the iron-bosom'd sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and hears
  The beating heart of Love's own breast, —
Where round the secret of all spheres
  All angels lay their wings to rest, —
How shall my soul stand rapt and aw'd,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
  Throughout the music of the suns,
  It enters in her soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face doth memory sit
  Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
  Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with her
  Stand round her image side by side,
  Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

FROM "THE HOUSE OF LIFE: A SONNET-SEQUENCE"

INTRODUCTORY

A Sonnet is a moment's monument, —
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead, deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearl'd and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul, — its converse, to what power 't is due: —
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when, in the dusk hours (we two alone),
Close-kiss'd, and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring, —
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

HER GIFTS

High grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal
Some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity;
A glance like water brimming with the sky
Or hyacinth-light where forest-shadows fall;

Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth in-
thrall
The heart; a mouth whose passionate
forms imply
All music and all silence held thereby;
Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal;
A round rear'd neck, meet column of
Love's shrine
To cling to when the heart takes sanctuary;
Hands which forever at Love's bidding be,
And soft-stirr'd feet still answering to his
sign: —
These are her gifts, as tongue may tell
them o'er.
Breathe low her name, my soul; for that
means more.

THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee:
How should I reach so far, who cannot
weigh
To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names
that be
As doors and windows bar'd to some loud
sea,
Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with
spray;
And shall my sense pierce love, — the last
relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?
Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the
sand, —
One little heart-flame shelter'd in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clear-
est call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

WITHOUT HER

What of her glass without her? The
blank gray
There where the pool is blind of the moon's
face.
Her dress without her? The toss'd empty
space
Of cloud-rack whence the moon has pass'd
away.
Her paths without her? Day's appointed
sway
Usurp'd by desolate night. Her pillow'd
place
Without her? Tears, ah me! for love's
good grace,
And cold forgetfulness of night or day.
What of the heart without her? Nay,
poor heart,
Of thee what word remains ere speech be
still?
A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
Steep ways and weary, without her thou
art,
Where the long cloud, the long wood's
counterpart,
Sheds doubled darkness up the laboring
hill.

BROKEN MUSIC

The mother will not turn, who thinks she
hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articu-
late;
But breathless, with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts
and fears
Thus oft my soul has hearken'd; till the
song,
A central moan for days, at length found
tongue,
And the sweet music well'd and the sweet
tears.
But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low, impor-
tunate strain, —
No breath of song, thy voice alone is
there,
O bitterly belov'd! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

INCLUSIVENESS

The changing guests, each in a different
mood,
Sit at the roadside table, and arise:
And every life among them in like wise
Is a soul's board set daily with new food.
What man has bent o'er his son's sleep, to
brood
How that face shall watch his when cold it
lies? —
Or thought, as his own mother kiss'd his
eyes,
Of what her kiss was when his father
woo'd?

May not this ancient room thou sitt'st in dwell
In separate living souls for joy or pain?
Nay, all its corners may be painted plain
Where Heaven shows pictures of some life spent well;
And may be stamp'd, a memory all in vain,
Upon the sight of lidless eyes in Hell.

A SUPERSCRIPTION

LOOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also call'd No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unutter'd the frail screen.
Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that wing'd Peace which lulls the breath of sighs, —
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

SONNETS ON PICTURES

A VENETIAN PASTORAL

BY GIORGIONE

(In the Louvre)

WATER, for anguish of the solstice: — nay,
But dip the vessel slowly, — nay, but lean
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
Reluctant. Hush! beyond all depth away
The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
And leave it pouting, while the shadow'd grass
Is cool against her naked side? Let be: —
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was, —
Life touching lips with Immortality.

MARY MAGDALENE

AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE

(For a Drawing by D. G. R.[1])

"WHY wilt thou cast the roses from thine hair?
Nay, be thou all a rose, — wreath, lips, and cheek.
Nay, not this house, — that banquet-house we seek;
See how they kiss and enter; come thou there.
This delicate day of love we two will share
Till at our ear love's whispering night shall speak.
What, sweet one, — hold'st thou still the foolish freak?
Nay, when I kiss thy feet they 'll leave the stair."
"Oh loose me! Seest thou not my Bridegroom's face
That draws me to Him? For His feet my kiss,
My hair, my tears He craves to-day: — and oh!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood-stain'd feet of His?
He needs me, calls me, loves me: let me go!"

SUDDEN LIGHT

I HAVE been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

[1] In the drawing Mary has left a procession of revellers, and is ascending by a sudden impulse the steps of the house where she sees Christ. Her lover has followed her, and is trying to turn her back.

You have been mine before, —
How long ago I may not know :
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turn'd so,
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before ?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more ?

THE WOODSPURGE

The wind flapp'd loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill :
I had walk'd on at the wind's will, —
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas !
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon ;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flower'd, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory :
One thing then learnt remains to me, —
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

THE SEA-LIMITS

Consider the sea's listless chime :
Time's self it is, made audible, —
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark where the murmurs of throng'd men
Surge and sink back and surge again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips : they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art :
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me
Who have not drawn the veil to see
If still our heaven be lit above.
Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone ;
And I have heard the night-wind cry
And deem'd its speech mine own.

A little while a little love
The scattering autumn hoards for us
Whose bower is not yet ruinous
Nor quite unleav'd our songless grove.
Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea,
And deep in both our hearts they rouse
One wail for thee and me.

A little while a little love
May yet be ours who have not said
The word it makes our eyes afraid
To know that each is thinking of.
Not yet the end : be our lips dumb
In smiles a little season yet :
I 'll tell thee, when the end is come,
How we may best forget.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

TRANSLATION FROM FRANÇOIS VILLON, 1450

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman ?
Where 's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman ?

Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere, —
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where 's Héloise, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who will'd that Buridan should steer
Sew'd in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden, —
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine, —
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doom'd and burn'd her there, —
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Save with thus much for an overword, —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Richard Watson Dixon

ODE ON CONFLICTING CLAIMS

Hast thou no right to joy,
O youth grown old! who palest with the thought
Of the measureless annoy,
The pain and havoc wrought
By Fate on man: and of the many men,
The unfed, the untaught,
Who groan beneath that adamantine chain
Whose tightness kills, whose slackness whips the flow
Of waves of futile woe:
Hast thou no right to joy?

Thou thinkest in thy mind
In thee it were unkind
To revel in the liquid Hyblian store,
While more and more the horror and the shame,
The pity and the woe grow more and more,
Persistent still to claim
The filling of thy mind.

Thou thinkest that, if none in all the rout
Who compass thee about
Turn full their soul to that which thou desirest,
Nor seek to gain thy goal,
Beauty, the heart of beauty,
The sweetness, yea, the thoughtful sweetness,
The one right way in each, the best,
Which satisfies the soul,
The firmness lost in softness, touch of typical meetness,
Which lets the soul have rest;
Those things to which thyself aspirest: —
That they, though born to quaff the bowl divine,
As thou art, yield to the strict law of duty;
And thou from them must thine example take,
Leave the amaranthine vine,
And the prized joy forsake.

O thou, foregone in this,
Long struggling with a world that is amiss,
Reach some old volume down,
Some poet's book, which in thy bygone years
Thou hast consum'd with joys as keen as fears,
When o'er it thou wouldst hang with rapturous frown,
Admiring with sweet envy all
The exquisite of words, the lance-like fall
Of mighty verses, each on each,
The sweetness which did never cloy,
(So wrought with thought ere touch'd with speech),
And ask again, Hast thou no right to joy?
Take the most precious tones that thunder-struck thine ears
In gentler days gone by:
And if they yield no more the old ecstasy,
Then give thyself to tears.

HUMANITY

There is a soul above the soul of each,
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:
There is a sound made of all human speech,
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole
Receiveth life that shall forever last.
And thus forever with a wider span
Humanity o'erarches time and death;
Man can elect the universal man,
And live in life that ends not with his breath:
And gather glory that increases still
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall fill.

FROM "MANO: A POETICAL HISTORY"

THE SKYLARK

Thou only bird that singest as thou flyest,
Heaven-mounting lark, that measurest with thy wing
The airy zones, till thou art lost in highest!
Upon the branch the laughing thrushes cling,
About her home the humble linnet wheels,
Around the tower the gather'd starlings swing;
These mix their songs and weave their figur'd reels:
Thou risest in thy lonely joy away,
From the first rapturous note that from thee steals,
Quick, quick, and quicker, till the exalted lay
Is steadied in the golden breadths of light,
'Mid mildest clouds that bid thy pinions stay.
The heavens that give would yet sustain thy flight,
And o'er the earth for ever cast thy voice,
If but to gain were still to keep the height.
But soon thou sinkest on the fluttering poise
Of the same wings that soar'd: soon ceasest thou
The song that grew invisible with joys.
Love bids thy fall begin; and thou art now
Dropp'd back to earth, and of the earth again,
Because that love hath made thy heart to bow.
Thou hast thy mate, thy nest on lowly plain,
Thy timid heart by law ineffable
Is drawn from the high heavens where thou shouldst reign;
Earth summons thee by her most tender spell;
For thee there is a silence and a song:
Thy silence in the shadowy earth must dwell,
Thy song in the bright heavens cannot be long.
— And best to thee those fates may I compare
Where weakness strives to answer bidding strong.

OF A VISION OF HELL, WHICH A MONK HAD

Out of this town there riseth a high hill,
About whose sides live many anchorites
In cells cut in the rock with curious skill,
And laid in terraces along the heights;
This holy hill with that where stands the town
The ancient Roman aqueduct unites;
And passing o'er the vale her chain of stone
Cuts it in two with line indelible;
A work right marvellous to gaze upon.
To one of those grave hermits there befell
A curious thing, whereof the fame was new
In our sojourn; the which I here will tell.
He found himself when night had shed her dew,
In a long valley, narrow, deep, and straight,
Like that which lay all day beneath his view.
On each hand mountains rose precipitate,
Whose tops for darkness he could nowise see,
Though wistful that high gloom to penetrate;
And through this hollow, one, who seem'd to be

Of calm and quiet mien, was leading him
In friendly converse and society :
But whom he wist not : neither could he trim
Memory's spent torch to know what things were said,
Nor about what, in that long way and dim.
But as the valley still before him spread,
He saw a line, that did the same divide
Across in halves : which made him feel great dread.
For he beheld fire burning on one side
Unto the mountains from the midmost vale ;
On the other, ice the empire did discide,
Fed from the opposing hill with snow and hail.
So dreary was that haunt of fire and cold,
That nought on earth to equal might avail.
Fire ended where began the frozen mould ;
Both in extreme at their conjunction :
So close were they, no severance might be told :
No thinnest line of separation,
Like that which is by painter drawn to part
One color in his piece from other one,
So fine as that which held these realms apart.
And through the vale the souls of men in pain
From one to the other side did leap and dart,
From heat to cold, from cold to heat again :
And not an instant through their anguish great
In either element might they remain.
So great the multitude thus toss'd by fate,
That as a mist they seem'd in the dark air.
No shrimper, who at half-tide takes his freight,
When high his pole-net seaward he doth bear,
Ever beheld so thick a swarm to leap
Out of the brine on evening still and fair,
Waking a mist mile-long 'twixt shore and deep.
Now while his mind was fill'd with ruth and fear,
And with great horror stood his eyeballs steep,
Deeming that hell before him did appear,
And souls in torment toss'd from brink to brink :
Upon him look'd the one who set him there,
And said : "This is not hell, as thou dost think,
Neither those torments of the cold and heat
Are those wherewith the damned wail and shrink."
And therewith from that place he turn'd his feet ;
And sometime on they walk'd, the while this man
In anguish shuddering did the effect repeat :
Such spasms of horror through his body ran,
Walking with stumbling, and with glazed eyes
Whither he knew not led, ghastly and wan.
Then said the other : "In those agonies
No more than hell's beginning know : behold,
The doom of hell itself is otherwise."
Therewith he drew aside his vesture's fold,
And show'd his heart : than fire more hot it burn'd
One half : the rest was ice than ice more cold.
A moment show'd he this : and then he turn'd,
And in his going all the vision went :
And he, who in his mind these things discern'd,
Came to himself with long astonishment.

OF TEMPERANCE IN FORTUNE

Happy the man who so hath Fortune tried
That likewise he her poor relation knows :
To whom both much is given and denied :
To riches and to poverty he owes
An equal debt : of both he makes acquist,
And moderate in all his mind he shows.
But ill befalls the man who hath not miss'd

Aught of his heart's desires, in plenty nurs'd :
For evil things he knows not to resist :
And, aiding their assault, himself is worst
Against himself, with self-destructive rage.
But states are with another evil curs'd,
For, falling into luxury with age,
They burst in tumults, swollen with bloody shame,
Which old exploits aggrieve and not assuage.
Past temperance doth the present feast inflame ;
Past grandeur like too heavy armor weighs :
Great without virtue is an evil name.

William Morris

THE GILLYFLOWER OF GOLD

A GOLDEN gillyflower to-day
I wore upon my helm alway,
And won the prize of this tourney.
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

However well Sir Giles might sit,
His sun was weak to wither it,
Lord Miles's blood was dew on it :
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

Although my spear in splinters flew
From John's steel-coat, my eye was true ;
I wheel'd about, and cried for you,
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

Yea, do not doubt my heart was good,
Though my sword flew like rotten wood,
To shout, although I scarcely stood,
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

My hand was steady, too, to take
My axe from round my neck, and break
John's steel-coat up for my love's sake.
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

When I stood in my tent again,
Arming afresh, I felt a pain
Take hold of me, I was so fain —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée —

To hear : "*Honneur aux fils des preux !*"
Right in my ears again, and shew
The gillyflower blossom'd new.
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

The Sieur Guillaume against me came,
His tabard bore three points of flame
From a red heart : with little blame —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée —

Our tough spears crackled up like straw ;
He was the first to turn and draw
His sword, that had nor speck nor flaw, —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

But I felt weaker than a maid,
And my brain, dizzied and afraid,
Within my helm a fierce tune play'd, —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

Until I thought of your dear head,
Bow'd to the gillyflower bed,
The yellow flowers stain'd with red ; —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

Crash ! how the swords met, "*giroflée !*"
The fierce tune in my helm would play,
"*La belle ! la belle jaune giroflée !*"
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

Once more the great swords met again,
"*La belle ! la belle !*" but who fell then
Le Sieur Guillaume, who struck down ten ; —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

And as, with maz'd and unarm'd face,
Toward my own crown and the Queen's place
They led me at a gentle pace, —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée, —

I almost saw your quiet head
Bow'd o'er the gillyflower bed,
The yellow flowers stain'd with red, —
Hah ! hah ! la belle jaune giroflée.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here ;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then ;
When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly past,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

THE BLUE CLOSET

The Damozels

LADY ALICE, Lady Louise,
Between the wash of the tumbling seas
We are ready to sing, if so ye please :
So lay your long hands on the keys ;
Sing "*Laudate pueri.*"

And ever the great bell overhead
Boom'd in the wind a knell for the dead,
Though no one toll'd it, a knell for the dead.

Lady Louise

Sister, let the measure swell
Not too loud ; for you sing not well
If you drown the faint boom of the bell ;
He is weary, so am I.

And ever the chevron overhead
Flapp'd on the banner of the dead ;
(Was he asleep, or was he dead ?)

Lady Alice

Alice the Queen, and Louise the Queen,
Two damozels wearing purple and green,
Four lone ladies dwelling here
From day to day and year to year :
And there is none to let us go ;
To break the locks of the doors below,
Or shovel away the heap'd-up snow ;
And when we die no man will know
That we are dead; but they give us leave,
Once every year on Christmas-eve,
To sing in the Closet Blue one song :
And we should be so long, so long,
If we dar'd, in singing ; for, dream on dream,
They float on in a happy stream ;
Float from the gold strings, float from the keys,
Float from the open'd lips of Louise :
But, alas ! the sea-salt oozes through
The chinks of the tiles of the Closet Blue ;

And ever the great bell overhead
Booms in the wind a knell for the dead,
The wind plays on it a knell for the dead.

(They sing all together :)

How long ago was it, how long ago,
He came to this tower with hands full of snow ?

"Kneel down, O love Louise, kneel down," he said,
And sprinkled the dusty snow over my head.

He watch'd the snow melting, it ran through my hair,
Ran over my shoulders, white shoulders and bare.

"I cannot weep for thee, poor love Louise,
For my tears are all hidden deep under the seas;

"In a gold and blue casket she keeps all my tears,
But my eyes are no longer blue, as in old years;

"Yea, they grow gray with time, grow small and dry,
I am so feeble now, would I might die."

And in truth the great bell overhead
Left off his pealing for the dead,
Perchance because the wind was dead.

Will he come back again, or is he dead?
O! is he sleeping, my scarf round his head?

Or did they strangle him as he lay there,
With the long scarlet scarf I used to wear?

Only I pray thee, Lord, let him come here!
Both his soul and his body to me are most dear.

Dear Lord, that loves me, I wait to receive
Either body or spirit this wild Christmas-eve.

Through the floor shot up a lily red,
With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,
For he was strong in the land of the dead.

What matter that his cheeks were pale,
His kind kiss'd lips all gray?
"O, love Louise, have you waited long?"
"O, my lord Arthur, yea."

What if his hair that brush'd her cheek
Was stiff with frozen rime?
His eyes were grown quite blue again,
As in the happy time.

"O, love Louise, this is the key
Of the happy golden land!
O, sisters, cross the bridge with me,
My eyes are full of sand.
What matter that I cannot see,
If ye take me by the hand?"

And ever the great bell overhead
And the tumbling seas mourn'd for the dead;
For their song ceased, and they were dead.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE"

THE SINGER'S PRELUDE

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die. —
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate

To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lull'd by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Pip'd the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where toss'd about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

ATALANTA'S VICTORY

Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went,
Following the beasts up, on a fresh spring day;
But since his horn-tipp'd bow but seldom bent,
Now at the noontide nought had happ'd to slay,
Within a vale he call'd his hounds away,
Hearkening the echoes of his lone voice cling
About the cliffs, and through the beech-trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood,
And but the sweet familiar thrush could hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanish'd year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads low hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then, smiling, did he turn to leave the place,
But with his first step some new fleeting thought
A shadow cast across his sun-burn'd face;
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul had caught;
For, sunk in vague, sweet longing, did he go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and slow.

Yet, howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood was done;
Whereon one farewell, backward look he cast,
Then, turning round to see what place was won,
With shaded eyes look'd underneath the sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turn'd furrows brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Schœneus' town.

So thitherward he turn'd, and on each side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man and maid from the brown furrows cried,
Or 'midst the newly blossom'd vines did stand,
And, as the rustic weapon press'd the hand,
Thought of the nodding of the well-fill'd ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloom'd along the firm, dry road,
The sleek-skinn'd mothers of the sharp-horn'd herds
Now for the barefoot milking-maidens low'd;
While from the freshness of his blue abode,
Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
The broad sun blaz'd, nor scatter'd plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates he came,
And found them open, as though peace were there ;
Wherethrough, unquestion'd of his race or name,
He enter'd, and along the streets 'gan fare,
Which at the first of folk were well-nigh bare ;
But pressing on, and going more hastily,
Men hurrying, too, he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these, he still press'd on,
Until an open space he came unto,
Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost and won,
For feats of strength folk there were wont to do.
And now our hunter look'd for something new,
Because the whole wide space was bare, and still'd
The high seats were, with eager people fill'd.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
Whence he beheld a broider'd canopy,
'Neath which in fair array King Schœneus sat
Upon his throne with councillors thereby ;
And underneath this well-wrought seat and high
He saw a golden image of the sun,
A silver image of the Fleet-foot One.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
Whereon a thin flame flicker'd in the wind ;
Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet
Made ready even now his horn to wind,
By whom a huge man held a sword, entwin'd
With yellow flowers ; these stood a little space
From off the altar, nigh the starting place.

And there two runners did the sign abide,
Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-hair'd, well knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare :
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend ?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar ;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seem'd all earthly matters to forget ;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear ;
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmov'd as though no soul were near.
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turn'd
His anxious face with fierce desire that burn'd.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side ;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reach'd at last,
And round about it still abreast they past.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear ;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But 'midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
His flush'd and eager face he turn'd around,
And even then he felt her past him bound

Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smil'd,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought soften'd all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopp'd short amidst his course,
One moment gaz'd upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bar'd of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturn'd his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

ATALANTA'S DEFEAT

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has look'd upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seem'd to say, "We come to die;
Look down upon us for a little while,
That, dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flush'd with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleas'd to find
Some earthly damsel fashion'd to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

But while she seem'd to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out
And forth they sprang, and she must play her part;
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though, slackening once, she turn'd her head about,

But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deem'd him dead.

But with no sound he rais'd aloft his hand,
And thence what seem'd a ray of light there flew
And past the maid roll'd on along the sand ;
Then trembling she her feet together drew,
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy ; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turn'd again, the great-limb'd man,
Now well ahead, she fail'd not to behold,
And, mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and follow'd him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touch'd the golden fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit ;
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Waver'd and stopp'd, and turn'd and made no stay
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet ;
Quickly she gain'd upon him, till at last
He turn'd about her eager eyes to meet,
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She waver'd not, but turn'd and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turn'd about to win
Once more an unbless'd woeful victory —
And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily ?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is ? why do her gray eyes grow dim ?
Why do these tremors run through every limb ?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body entwin'd.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,
So wrapt she is in new unbroken bliss :
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won.
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

THE KING'S VISIT

So long he rode he drew anigh
A mill upon the river's brim,
That seem'd a goodly place to him,
For o'er the oily smooth millhead
There hung the apples growing red,
And many an ancient apple-tree
Within the orchard could he see,
While the smooth millwalls white and black
Shook to the great wheel's measur'd clack,

And grumble of the gear within ;
While o'er the roof that dull'd that din
The doves sat crooning half the day,
And round the half-cut stack of hay
The sparrows flutter'd twittering.
  There smiling stay'd the joyous king,
And since the autumn noon was hot
Thought good anigh that pleasant spot
To dine that day, and therewith sent
To tell the miller his intent :
Who held the stirrup of the king,
Bareheaded, joyful at the thing,
While from his horse he lit adown,
Then led him o'er an elm-beam brown,
New cut in February tide,
That cross'd the stream from side to side ;
So underneath the apple trees
The king sat careless, well at ease,
And ate and drank right merrily.
  To whom the miller drew anigh
Among the courtiers, bringing there
Such as he could of country fare,
Green yellowing plums from off his wall,
Wasp-bitten pears, the first to fall
From off the wavering spire-like tree,
Junkets, and cream and fresh honey.

SONG : TO PSYCHE

O PENSIVE, tender maid, downcast and shy,
  Who turnest pale e'en at the name of love,
And with flush'd face must pass the elm-tree by
Asham'd to hear the passionate gray dove
Moan to his mate, thee too the god shall move,
Thee too the maidens shall ungird one day,
And with thy girdle put thy shame away.

  What then, and shall white winter ne'er be done
Because the glittering frosty morn is fair ?
Because against the early-setting sun
Bright show the gilded boughs though waste and bare ?
Because the robin singeth free from care ?
Ah ! these are memories of a better day
When on earth's face the lips of summer lay.

  Come then, beloved one, for such as thee
Love loveth, and their hearts he knoweth well,
Who hoard their moments of felicity,
As misers hoard the medals that they tell,
Lest on the earth but paupers they should dwell :
"We hide our love to bless another day ;
The world is hard, youth passes quick," they say.

  Ah, little ones, but if ye could forget
Amidst your outpour'd love that you must die,
Then ye, my servants, were death's conquerors yet,
And love to you should be eternity
How quick soever might the days go by :
Yes, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh.

  Thou hearkenest, love ? O, make no semblance then
Thou art beloved, but as thy wont is
Turn thy gray eyes away from eyes of men,
With hands down-dropp'd, that tremble with thy bliss,
With hidden eyes, take thy first lover's kiss ;
Call this eternity which is to-day,
Nor dream that this our love can pass away.

A LAND ACROSS THE SEA

ACROSS the sea a land there is,
  Where, if fate will, men may have bliss,
For it is fair as any land :
There hath the reaper a full hand,
While in the orchard hangs aloft
The purple fig, a-growing soft ;
And fair the trellis'd vine-bunches
Are swung across the high elm-trees ;
And in the rivers great fish play,
While over them pass day by day
The laden barges to their place.
There maids are straight, and fair of face,
And men are stout for husbandry,
And all is well as it can be
Upon this earth where all has end.
  For on them God is pleas'd to send
The gift of Death down from above,
That envy, hatred, and hot love,
Knowledge with hunger by his side,
And avarice and deadly pride,

There may have end like everything
Both to the shepherd and the king:
Lest this green earth become but hell
If folk thereon should ever dwell.
  Full little most men think of this,
But half in woe and half in bliss
They pass their lives, and die at last
Unwilling, though their lot be cast
In wretched places of the earth,
Where men have little joy from birth
Until they die; in no such case
Were those who till'd this pleasant place.
  There soothly men were loth to die,
Though sometimes in his misery
A man would say "Would I were dead!"
Alas! full little likelyhead
That he should live forever there.
  So folk within that country fair
Liv'd on unable to forget
The long'd-for things they could not get,
And without need tormenting still
Each other with some bitter ill;
Yea, and themselves too, growing gray
With dread of some long-lingering day,
That never came ere they were dead
With green sods growing on the head;
Nowise content with what they had,
But falling still from good to bad
While hard they sought the hopeless best;
And seldom happy or at rest
Until at last with lessening blood
One foot within the grave they stood.

ANTIPHONY

Hæc

In the white-flower'd hawthorn brake,
Love, be merry for my sake;
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair—
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

Ille

Nay, the garlanded gold hair
Hides thee where thou art most fair;
Hides the rose-tinged hills of snow—
Ah, sweet love, I have thee now!
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

Hæc

Shall we weep for a dead day,
Or set Sorrow in our way?
Hidden by my golden hair,
Wilt thou weep that sweet days wear?
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

Ille

Weep, O Love, the days that flit,
  Now, while I can feel thy breath;
Then may I remember it
  Sad and old, and near my death.
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

FROM "SIGURD THE VOLSUNG"

OF THE PASSING AWAY OF BRYNHILD

They look'd on each other and spake not;
  but Gunnar gat him gone,
And came to his brother Hogni, the wise-
  heart Giuki's son,
And spake: "Thou art wise, O Hogni; go
  in to Brynhild the queen,
And stay her swift departing; or the last
  of her days hath she seen."

"It is nought, thy word," said Hogni;
  "wilt thou bring dead men aback,
Or the souls of kings departed midst the
  battle and the wrack?
Yet this shall be easier to thee than the
  turning Brynhild's heart;
She came to dwell among us, but in us she
  had no part;
Let her go her ways from the Nib-
  lungs with her hand in Sigurd's
  hand.
Will the grass grow up henceforward where
  her feet have trodden the land?"

"O evil day," said Gunnar, "when my
  queen must perish and die!"

"Such oft betide," said Hogni, "as the lives
  of men flit by;
But the evil day is a day, and on each day
  groweth a deed,
And a thing that never dieth; and the
  fateful tale shall speed.
Lo now, let us harden our hearts and set
  our brows as the brass,
Lest men say it, 'They loath'd the evil and
  they brought the evil to pass.'"

So they spake, and their hearts were heavy, and they long'd for the morrow morn,
And the morrow of to-morrow, and the new day yet to be born.

But Brynhild cried to her maidens: "Now open ark and chest,
And draw forth queenly raiment of the loveliest and the best,
Red things that the Dwarf-lords fashion'd, fair cloths that queens have sew'd
To array the bride for the mighty, and the traveller for the road."

They wept as they wrought her bidding and did on her goodliest gear;
But she laugh'd mid the dainty linen, and the gold-rings fashion'd fair:
She arose from the bed of the Niblungs, and her face no more was wan;
As a star in the dawn-tide heavens, mid the dusky house she shone;
And they that stood about her, their hearts were rais'd aloft
Amid their fear and wonder: then she spake them kind and soft:

"Now give me the sword, O maidens, wherewith I shear'd the wind
When the Kings of Earth were gather'd to know the Chooser's mind."

All sheath'd the maidens brought it, and fear'd the hidden blade,
But the naked blue-white edges across her knees she laid,
And spake: "The heap'd-up riches, the gear my fathers left,
All dear-bought woven wonders, all rings from battle reft,
All goods of men desired, now strew them on the floor,
And so share among you, maidens, the gifts of Brynhild's store."

They brought them mid their weeping, but none put forth a hand
To take that wealth desired, the spoils of many a land:

There they stand and weep before her, and some are mov'd to speech,
And they cast their arms about her and strive with her, and beseech
That she look on her lov'd-ones' sorrow and the glory of the day.
It was nought; she scarce might see them, and she put their hands away,
And she said: "Peace, ye that love me! and take the gifts and the gold
In remembrance of my fathers and the faithful deeds of old."

Then she spake: "Where now is Gunnar, that I may speak with him?
For new things are mine eyes beholding, and the Niblung house grows dim,
And new sounds gather about me, that may hinder me to speak
When the breath is near to flitting, and the voice is waxen weak."

Then upright by the bed of the Niblungs for a moment doth she stand,
And the blade flasheth bright in the chamber, but no more they hinder her hand
Than if a God were smiting to rend the world in two:
Then dull'd are the glittering edges, and the bitter point cleaves through
The breast of the all-wise Brynhild, and her feet from the pavement fail,
And the sigh of her heart is hearken'd mid the hush of the maidens' wail.
Chill, deep is the fear upon them, but they bring her aback to the bed,
And her hand is yet on the hilt, and side-long droopeth her head.

Then there cometh a cry from without-ward, and Gunnar's hurrying feet
Are swift on the kingly threshold, and Brynhild's blood they meet.
Low down o'er the bed he hangeth and hearkeneth for her word,
And her heavy lids are open'd to look on the Niblung lord,
And she saith: "I pray thee a prayer, the last word in the world I speak,
That ye bear me forth to Sigurd, and the hand my hand would seek;
The bale for the dead is builded, it is wrought full wide on the plain,
It is rais'd for Earth's best Helper, and thereon is room for twain:

Ye have hung the shields about it, and the Southland hangings spread,
There lay me adown by Sigurd and my head beside his head:
But ere you leave us sleeping, draw his Wrath from out the sheath,
And lay that Light of the Branstock, and the blade that frighted death
Betwixt my side and Sigurd's, as it lay that while agone,
When once in one bed together we twain were laid alone:
How then when the flames flare upward may I be left behind?
How then may the road he wendeth be hard for my feet to find?
How then in the gates of Valhall may the door of the gleaming ring
Clash to on the heel of Sigurd, as I follow on my king?"

Then she rais'd herself on her elbow, but again her eyelids sank,
And the wound by the sword-edge whisper'd, as her heart from the iron shrank,
And she moan'd: "O lives of man-folk, for unrest all overlong
By the Father were ye fashion'd; and what hope amendeth wrong?
Now at last, O my beloved, all is gone; none else is near,
Through the ages of all ages, never sunder'd, shall we wear."

Scarce more than a sigh was the word, as back on the bed she fell,
Nor was there need in the chamber of the passing of Brynhild to tell;
And no more their lamentation might the maidens hold aback,
But the sound of their bitter mourning was as if red-handed wrack
Ran wild in the Burg of the Niblungs, and the fire were master of all.

Then the voice of Gunnar the war-king cried out o'er the weeping hall:
"Wail on, O women forsaken, for the mightiest woman born!
Now the hearth is cold and joyless, and the waste bed lieth forlorn,
Wail on, but amid your weeping lay hand to the glorious dead,
That not alone for an hour may lie Queen Brynhild's head:
For here have been heavy tidings, and the Mightiest under shield
Is laid on the bale high-builded in the Niblungs' hallow'd field.
Fare forth! for he abideth, and we do Allfather wrong,
If the shining Valhall's pavement await their feet o'erlong."

Then they took the body of Brynhild in the raiment that she wore,
And out through the gate of the Niblungs the holy corpse they bore,
And thence forth to the mead of the people, and the high-built shielded bale;
Then afresh in the open meadows breaks forth the women's wail
When they see the bed of Sigurd, and the glittering of his gear;
And fresh is the wail of the people as Brynhild draweth anear,
And the tidings go before her that for twain the bale is built,
That for twain is the oak-wood shielded and the pleasant odors spilt.

There is peace on the bale of Sigurd, and the Gods look down from on high,
And they see the lids of the Volsung close shut against the sky,
As he lies with his shield beside him in the Hauberk all of gold,
That has not its like in the heavens, nor has earth of its fellow told;
And forth from the Helm of Aweing are the sunbeams flashing wide,
And the sheathed Wrath of Sigurd lies still by his mighty side.
Then cometh an elder of days, a man of the ancient times,
Who is long past sorrow and joy, and the steep of the bale he climbs;
And he kneeleth down by Sigurd, and bareth the Wrath to the sun
That the beams are gather'd about it, and from hilt to blood-point run,
And wide o'er the plain of the Niblungs doth the Light of the Branstock glare,
Till the wondering mountain-shepherds on that star of noontide stare,
And fear for many an evil; but the ancient man stands still
With the war-flame on his shoulder, nor thinks of good or of ill,

Till the feet of Brynhild's bearers on the topmost bale are laid,
And her bed is dight by Sigurd's ; then he sinks the pale white blade
And lays it 'twixt the sleepers, and leaves them there alone —
He, the last that shall ever behold them, — and his days are well nigh done.

Then is silence over the plain ; in the moon shine the torches pale
As the best of the Niblung Earl-folk bear fire to the builded bale :
Then a wind in the west ariseth, and the white flames leap on high,
And with one voice crieth the people a great and mighty cry,
And men cast up hands to the Heavens, and pray without a word,
As they that have seen God's visage, and the face of the Father have heard.

They are gone — the lovely, the mighty, the hope of the ancient Earth :
It shall labor and bear the burden as before that day of their birth ;
It shall groan in its blind abiding for the day that Sigurd hath sped,
And the hour that Brynhild hath hasten'd, and the dawn that waketh the dead :
It shall yearn, and be oft-times holpen, and forget their deeds no more,
Till the new sun beams on Baldur, and the happy sealess shore.

THE BURGHERS' BATTLE

THICK rise the spear-shafts o'er the land
That erst the harvest bore ;
The sword is heavy in the hand,
And we return no more.
The light wind waves the Ruddy Fox,
Our banner of the war,
And ripples in the Running Ox,
And we return no more.
Across our stubble acres now
The teams go four and four ;
But outworn elders guide the plough,
And we return no more.
And now the women, heavy-eyed,
Turn through the open door
From gazing down the highway wide,
Where we return no more.

The shadows of the fruitéd close
Dapple the feast-hall floor ;
There lie our dogs and dream and doze,
And we return no more.
Down from the minster tower to-day
Fall the soft chimes of yore
Amidst the chattering jackdaws' play :
And we return no more.
But underneath the streets are still ;
Noon, and the market 's o'er !
Back go the goodwives o'er the hill ;
For we return no more.
What merchant to our gates shall come ?
What wise man bring us lore ?
What abbot ride away to Rome,
Now we return no more ?
What mayor shall rule the hall we built ?
Whose scarlet sweep the floor ?
What judge shall doom the robber's guilt,
Now we return no more ?
New houses in the streets shall rise
Where builded we before,
Of other stone wrought otherwise ;
For we return no more.
And crops shall cover field and hill,
Unlike what once they bore,
And all be done without our will,
Now we return no more.
Look up ! the arrows streak the sky,
The horns of battle roar ;
The long spears lower and draw nigh,
And we return no more.
Remember how, beside the wain,
We spoke the word of war,
And sow'd this harvest of the plain,
And we return no more.
Lay spears about the Ruddy Fox !
The days of old are o'er ;
Heave sword about the Running Ox !
For we return no more.

A DEATH SONG

WHAT cometh here from west to east a-wending ?
And who are these, the marchers stern and slow ?
We bear the message that the rich are sending
Aback to those who bade them wake and know.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

We ask'd them for a life of toilsome earning,
They bade us bide their leisure for our bread;
We crav'd to speak to tell our woeful learning:
We come back speechless, bearing back our dead.

They will not learn; they have no ears to hearken;
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken.
But, lo! this dead man knocking at the gate.

Here lies the sign that we shall break our prison;
Amidst the storm he won a prisoner's rest;
But in the cloudy dawn the sun arisen
Brings us our day of work to win the best.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

Lord De Tabley

(JOHN LEICESTER WARREN)

A WOODLAND GRAVE

BRING no jarring lute this way
To demean her sepulchre,
Toys of love and idle day
Vanish as we think of her.
We, who read her epitaph,
Find the world not worth a laugh.

Light, our light, what dusty night
Numbs the golden drowsy head?
Lo! empath'd in pearls of light,
Morn resurgent from the dead;
From whose amber shoulders flow
Shroud and sheet of cloudy woe.

Woods are dreaming, and she dreams:
Through the foliaged roof above
Down immeasurably streams
Splendor like an angel's love,
Till the tomb and gleaming urn
In a mist of glory burn.

Cedars there in outspread palls
Lean their rigid canopies;
Yet a lark note through them falls,
As he scales his orient skies.
That aërial song of his,
Sweet, might come from thee in bliss.

There the roses pine and weep
Strong, delicious human tears;
There the posies o'er her sleep
Through the years — ah! through the years:
Spring on spring renew the show
Of their frail memorial woe.

Wreaths of intertwisted yew
Lay for cypress where she lies,
Mingle perfume from the blue
Of the forest violet's eyes.
Let the squirrel sleek its fur,
And the primrose peep at her.

We have seen three winters sow
Hoarfrost on thy winding-sheet:
Snows return again, and thou
Hearest not the crisping sleet.
Winds arise and winds depart,
Yet no tempest rocks thy heart.

We have seen with fiery tongue
Thrice the infant crocus born:
Thrice its trembling curtain hung
In a chink of frozen morn.
This can rear its silken crest:
Nothing thaws her ice-bound breast.

We have eaten, we have earn'd
Wine of grief and bread of care,
We, who saw her first inurn'd
In the dust and silence there.
We have wept — ah God! not so:
Trivial tears dried long ago.

But we yearn and make our moan
For the step we us'd to know:
Gentle hand and tender tone,
Laughter in a silver flow:

All that sweetness in thy chain,
Tyrant Grave, restore again.

Bring again the maid who died :
We have wither'd since she went.
O unseal the shadowy side
Of her marble monument ;
Earth, disclose her as she lies
Doz'd with woodland lullabies.

A SIMPLE MAID

THOU hast lost thy love, poor fool,
Creep into thy bed and weep.
Loss must be a maiden's school,
Loss and love and one long sleep.
Half her time perplex'd with tears
Till the dust end all her years, —
All her fears.

Was thy love so gracious, lass ?
Never such a love before
In this old world came to pass,
Nor shall be for evermore.
Sweet and true, a king of men,
None like him shall come again, —
Come again.

Was thy bud so precious, lass,
Opening to a perfect rose ?
Till between the leaves, alas !
Winter fell in flaky snows.
Then, ah ! then, its crimson side
Brake upon the briers and died, —
Brake and died.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL

I HAD a true-love, none so dear,
And a friend both leal and tried :
I had a cask of good old beer,
And a gallant horse to ride.

A little while did Fortune smile
On him and her and me :
We sang along the road of life
Like birds upon a tree.

My lady fell to shame and hell,
And with her took my friend ;
My cask ran sour, my horse went lame,
So alone in the cold I end.

CIRCE

THIS the house of Circe, queen of charms, —
A kind of beacon-cauldron pois'd on high,
Hoop'd round with ember-clasping iron bars,
Sways in her palace porch, and smoulderingly
Drips out in blots of fire and ruddy stars :
But out behind that trembling furnace air
The lands are ripe and fair,
Hush are the hills and quiet to the eye.
The river's reach goes by
With lamb and holy tower and squares of corn,
And shelving interspace
Of holly bush and thorn
And hamlets happy in an Alpine morn,
And deep-bower'd lanes with grace
Of woodbine newly born.

But inward o'er the hearth a torch-head stands
Inverted, slow green flames of fulvous hue,
Echoed in wave-like shadows over her.
A censer's swing-chain set in her fair hands
Dances up wreaths of intertwisted blue
In clouds of fragrant frankincense and myrrh.
A giant tulip head and two pale leaves
Grew in the midmost of her chamber there.
A flaunting bloom, naked and undivine,
Rigid and bare,
Gaunt as a tawny bond-girl born to shame,
With freckled cheeks and splotch'd side serpentine,
A gipsy among flowers,
Unmeet for bed or bowers,
Virginal where pure-handed damsels sleep :
Let it not breathe a common air with them,
Lest when the night is deep,
And all things have their quiet in the moon,
Some birth of poison from its leaning stem
Waft in between their slumber-parted lips,
And they cry out or swoon,
Deeming some vampire sips
Where riper Love may come for nectar boon !

And near this tulip, rear'd across a loom,
Hung a fair web of tapestry half done,
Crowding with folds and fancies half the room :

Men eyed as gods, and damsels still as stone,
Pressing their brows alone,
In amethystine robes,
Or reaching at the polish'd orchard globes,
Or rubbing parted love-lips on their rind,
While the wind
Sows with sere apple-leaves their breast and hair.
And all the margin there
Was arabesqued and border'd intricate
With hairy spider things,
That catch and clamber,
And salamander in his dripping cave
Satanic ebon-amber;
Blind worm, and asp, and eft of cumbrous gait,
And toads who love rank grasses near a grave,
And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruin'd eyes of death;
And the enamell'd sails
Of butterflies, who watch the morning's breath,
And many an emerald lizard with quick ears
Asleep in rocky dales;
And for outer fringe, embroider'd small,
A ring of many locusts, horny-coated,
A round of chirping tree-frogs merry-throated,
And sly, fat fishes sailing, watching all.

A SONG OF FAITH FORSWORN

Take back your suit.
It came when I was weary and distraught
With hunger. Could I guess the fruit you brought?
I ate in mere desire of any food,
Nibbled its edge, and nowhere found it good.
Take back your suit.

Take back your love.
It is a bird poach'd from my neighbor's wood:
Its wings are wet with tears, its beak with blood.
'T is a strange fowl with feathers like a crow:
Death's raven, it may be, for all we know.
Take back your love.

Take back your gifts.
False is the hand that gave them; and the mind
That plann'd them, as a hawk spread in the wind
To poise and snatch the trembling mouse below,
To ruin where it dares — and then to go.
Take back your gifts.

Take back your vows.
Elsewhere you trimm'd and taught these lamps to burn;
You bring them stale and dim to serve my turn.
You lit those candles in another shrine,
Gutter'd and cold you offer them on mine.
Take back your vows.

Take back your words.
What is your love? Leaves on a woodland plain,
Where some are running and where some remain.
What is your faith? Straws on a mountain height,
Dancing like demons on Walpurgis night.
Take back your words.

Take back your lies.
Have them again: they wore a rainbow face,
Hollow with sin and leprous with disgrace:
Their tongue was like a mellow turret bell
To toll hearts burning into wide-lipp'd hell.
Take back your lies.

Take back your kiss.
Shall I be meek, and lend my lips again
To let this adder daub them with his stain?
Shall I turn cheek to answer, when I hate?
You kiss like Judas in the garden gate!
Take back your kiss.

Take back delight,
A paper boat launch'd on a heaving pool
To please a child, and folded by a fool;
The wild elms roar'd: it sail'd — a yard or more.
Out went our ship, but never came to shore.
Take back delight.

Take back your wreath.
Has it done service on a fairer brow?
Fresh, was it folded round her bosom snow?
Her cast-off weed my breast will never wear:
Your word is 'love me;' my reply, 'despair!'
Take back your wreath.

THE TWO OLD KINGS

In ruling well what guerdon? Life runs low,
As yonder lamp upon the hour-glass lies,
Waning and wasted. We are great and wise,
But Love is gone, and Silence seems to grow
Along the misty road where we must go.
From summits near the morning star's uprise
Death comes, a shadow from the northern skies,
As, when all leaves are down, thence comes the snow.
Brother and king, we hold our last carouse.
One loving-cup we drain, and then farewell.
The night is spent. The crystal morning ray
Calls us, as soldiers laurell'd on our brows,
To march undaunted, while the clarions swell,
Heroic hearts, upon our lonely way.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

HESPERIA

Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy,

As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories,
Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories belov'd from a boy,
Blows from the capes of the past oversea to the bays of the present,
Fill'd as with shadow of sound with the pulse of invisible feet,
Far out to the shallows and straits of the future, by rough ways or pleasant,
Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it hither to me, O my sweet?
For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the water,
Thee I behold as a bird borne in with the wind from the west,
Straight from the sunset, across white waves whence rose as a daughter
Venus thy mother, in years when the world was a water at rest.
Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream that abides after slumber,
Stray'd from the fugitive flock of the night, when the moon overhead
Wanes in the wan waste heights of the heaven, and stars without number
Die without sound, and are spent like lamps that are burnt by the dead,
Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me with touch of forgotten caresses,
One warm dream clad about with a fire as of life that endures;
The delight of thy face, and the sound of thy feet, and the wind of thy tresses,
And all of a man that regrets, and all of a maid that allures.
But thy bosom is warm for my face and profound as a manifold flower,
Thy silence as music, thy voice as an odor that fades in a flame;
Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy mouth, and the bountiful hour
That makes me forget what was sin, and would make me forget were it shame.
Thine eyes that are quiet, thy hands that are tender, thy lips that are loving,
Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn of a moon like a dream;
And my heart yearns baffled and blind, mov'd vainly toward thee, and moving
As the refluent seaweed moves in the languid exuberant stream,
Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under water in prison,
That stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse of the sea,
Clos'd up from the air and the sun, but alive, as a ghost re-arisen,
Pale as the love that revives as a ghost re-arisen in me.
From the bountiful infinite west, from the happy memorial places
Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,
Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,
And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red,
Come back to redeem and release me from love that recalls and represses,
That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till the serpent has eaten his fill;
From the bitter delights of the dark, and the feverish, the furtive caresses
That murder the youth in a man or ever his heart have its will.
Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes cannot weep; thou art pale as a rose is,
Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover the blush of the bud;
And the heart of the flower is compassion, and pity the core it incloses,
Pity, not love, that is born of the breath and decays with the blood.
As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the edge of it bruises her bosom,
So love wounds as we grasp it, and blackens and burns as a flame;
I have lov'd overmuch in my life: when the live bud bursts with the blossom,
Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and the wine thereof shame.
As a heart that its anguish divides is the green bud cloven asunder;
As the blood of a man self-slain is the flush of the leaves that allure;
And the perfume as poison and wine to the brain, a delight and a wonder;
And the thorns are too sharp for a boy, too slight for a man, to endure.
Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose; and I car'd not for glory's:
Only the blossoms of sleep and of pleasure were mix'd in my hair.

Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was woven with, O my Dolores?
Was it pallor or slumber, or blush as of blood, that I found in thee fair?
For desire is a respite from love, and the flesh, not the heart, is her fuel;
She was sweet to me once, who am fled and escap'd from the rage of her reign;
Who behold as of old time at hand as I turn, with her mouth growing cruel,
And flush'd as with wine with the blood of her lovers, Our Lady of Pain.
Low down where the thicket is thicker with thorns than with leaves in the summer,
In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a hissing of tongues that I knew;
And the lithe long throats of her snakes reach round her, their mouths overcome her,
And her lips grow cool with their foam, made moist as a desert with dew.
With the thirst and the hunger of lust though her beautiful lips be so bitter,
With the cold foul foam of the snakes they soften and redden and smile;
And her fierce mouth sweetens, her eyes wax wide and her eyelashes glitter,
And she laughs with a savor of blood in her face, and a savor of guile.
She laughs, and her hands reach hither, her hair blows hither and hisses
As a low-lit flame in a wind, back-blown till it shudder and leap;
Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul, nor her poisonous kisses,
To consume it alive and divide from thy bosom, Our Lady of Sleep.
Ah, daughter of sunset and slumber, if now it return into prison,
Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if thou wilt, let us fly;
Let us take to us, now that the white skies thrill with a moon unarisen,
Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight and depart and not die.
They are swifter than dreams, they are stronger than death; there is none that hath ridden,
None that shall ride in the dim strange ways of his life as we ride:
By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope, and the shore that is hidden,
Where life breaks loud and unseen, a sonorous invisible tide;
By the sands where sorrow has trodden, the salt pools bitter and sterile,
By the thundering reef and the low sea wall and the channel of years,
Our wild steeds press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and peril,
Labor and listen and pant not or pause for the peril that nears;
And the sound of them trampling the way cleaves night as an arrow asunder,
And slow by the sand-hill and swift by the down with its glimpses of grass,
Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,
Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass;
Shrill shrieks in our faces the blind bland air that was mute as a maiden,
Stung into storm by the speed of our passage, and deaf where we past;
And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine holy but mine heavy-laden,
As we burn with the fire of our flight; ah, love, shall we win at the last?

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Back to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Fill'd full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,

Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before ;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now ;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow ;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more ; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and releast,
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

LOVE AT SEA

IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

We are in love's land to-day ;
Where shall we go ?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row ?
There 's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May ;
We are in love's hand to-day ;
Where shall we go ?

Our landwind is the breath
Of sorrows kiss'd to death
And joys that were ;
Our ballast is a rose ;
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where.
We are in love's hand to-day —

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold ;
Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
Our stores are love-shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in love's land to-day —

Where shall we land you, sweet ?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home ?
Or where the fire-flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam ?
We are in love's hand to-day —

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand, —
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

FROM "ROSAMOND"

ROSAMOND AT WOODSTOCK

Rosamond. Are you tir'd ?
But I seem shameful to you, shameworthy,
Contemnable of good women, being so bad,
So bad as I am. Yea, would God, would God,
I had kept my face from this contempt of yours.
Insolent custom would not anger me
So as you do ; more clean are you than I,
Sweeter for gathering of the grace of God
To perfume some accomplish'd work in heaven ?
I do not use to scorn, stay pure of hate,
Seeing how myself am scorn'd unworthily;
But anger here so takes me in the throat
I would speak now for fear it strangle me.
Here, let me feel your hair and hands and face ;
I see not flesh is holier than flesh,

Or blood than blood more choicely qualified
That scorn should live between them. Better am I
Than many women; you are not over fair,
Nor delicate with some exceeding good
In the sweet flesh; you have no much tenderer soul
Than love is moulded out of for God's use
Who wrought our double need; you are not so choice
That in the golden kingdom of your eyes
All coins should melt for service. But I that am
Part of the perfect witness for the world
How good it is; I chosen in God's eyes
To fill the lean account of under men,
The lank and hunger-bitten ugliness
Of half his people; I who make fair heads
Bow, saying, "Though we be in no wise fair
We have touch'd all beauty with our eyes, we have
Some relish in the hand, and in the lips
Some breath of it," because they saw me once;
I whose curl'd hair was as a strong stak'd net
To take the hunters and the hunt, and bind
Faces and feet and hands; a golden gin
Wherein the tawny-lidded lions fell,
Broken at ankle; I that am yet, ah yet,
And shall be till the worm hath share in me,
Fairer than love or the clean truth of God,
More sweet than sober customs of kind use
That shackle pain and stablish temperance;
I that have roses in my name, and make
All flowers glad to set their color by;
I that have held a land between twin lips
And turn'd large England to a little kiss;
God thinks not of me as contemptible;
And that you think me even a smaller thing
Than your own goodness and slight name of good,
Your special, thin, particular repute, —
I would some mean could be but clear to me
Not to contemn you.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

CHORUS: — "WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING"

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remember'd is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

FROM THE CHORUS, "WE HAVE SEEN THEE, O LOVE!"

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

FROM "CHASTELARD"

CHASTELARD AND MARY STUART

Scene. — *In Prison, before* Chastelard's *Execution.*

Queen. Would God my heart were greater; but God wot
I have no heart to bear with fear and die.
Yea, and I cannot help you: or I know
I should be nobler, bear a better heart:
But as this stands — I pray you for good love,
As you hold honor a costlier thing than life —
Chastelard. Well?
Queen. Nay, I would not be denied for shame;
In brief, I pray you give me that again.
Chast. What, my reprieve?
Queen. Even so; deny me not.
For your sake mainly: yea, by God you know
How fain I were to die in your death's stead,
For your name's sake. This were no need to swear,
Lest we be mock'd to death with a reprieve,
And so both die, being sham'd. What, shall I swear?
What, if I kiss you? must I pluck it out?
You do not love me: no, nor honor. Come,
I know you have it about you: give it me.
Chast. I cannot yield you such a thing again;
Not as I had it.
Queen. A coward? what shift now?
Do such men make such cravens?
Chast. Chide me not:
Pity me that I cannot help my heart.
Queen. Heaven mend mine eyes that took you for a man!
What, is it sewn into your flesh? take heed —
Nay, but for shame — what have you done with it?
Chast. Why, there it lies, torn up.
Queen. God help me, sir!
Have you done this?
Chast. Yea, sweet; what should I do?
Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?
God speed you well? you have a goodly lord.

Queen. My love, sweet love, you are more fair than he,
Yea, fairer many times : I love you much,
Sir, know you that ?
Chast. I think I know that well.
Sit here a little till I feel you through
In all my breath and blood for some sweet while.
O gracious body that mine arms have had,
And hair my face has felt on it ! grave eyes
And low thick lids that keep since years agone
In the blue sweet of each particular vein
Some special print of me ! I am right glad
That I must never feel a bitterer thing
Than your soft curl'd-up shoulder and amorous arms
From this time forth ; nothing can hap to me
Less good than this for all my whole life through.
I would not have some new pain after this
Come spoil the savor. O, your round bird's throat,
More soft than sleep or singing ; your calm cheeks,
Turn'd bright, turn'd wan with kisses hard and hot ;
The beautiful color of your deep curv'd hands,
Made of a red rose that had changed to white ;
That mouth mine own holds half the sweetness of,
Yea, my heart holds the sweetness of it, whence
My life began in me ; mine that ends here
Because you have no mercy, — nay, you know
You never could have mercy. My fair love,
Kiss me again, God loves you not the less ;
Why should one woman have all goodly things ?
You have all beauty ; let mean women's lips
Be pitiful and speak truth : they will not be
Such perfect things as yours. Be not asham'd
That hands not made like these that snare men's souls
Should do men good, give alms, relieve men's pain ;
You have the better, being more fair than they,
They are half foul, being rather good than fair ;
You are quite fair : to be quite fair is best.
Why, two nights hence I dream'd that I could see
In through your bosom under the left flower,
And there was a round hollow, and at heart
A little red snake sitting, without spot,
That bit — like this, and suck'd up sweet — like this,
And curl'd its lithe light body right and left,
And quiver'd like a woman in act to love.
Then there was some low flutter'd talk i' the lips,
Faint sound of soft fierce words caressing them —
Like a fair woman's when her love gets way.
Ah, your old kiss — I know the ways of it :
Let the lips cling a little. Take them off,
And speak some word, or I go mad with love.
Queen. Will you not have my chaplain come to you ?
Chast. Some better thing of yours — some handkerchief,
Some fringe of scarf to make confession to —
You had some book about you that fell out —
Queen. A little written book of Ronsard's rhymes,
His gift, I wear in there for love of him —
See, here between our feet.
Chast. Ay, my old lord's —
The sweet chief poet, my dear friend long since ?
Give me the book. Lo you, this verse of his :
With coming lilies in late April came
Her body, fashion'd whiter for their shame ;
And roses, touch'd with blood since Adon bled,
From her fair color fill'd their lips with red :
A goodly praise : I could not praise you so.
I read that while your marriage-feast went on.
Leave me this book, I pray you : I would read
The hymn of death here over ere I die ;

I shall know soon how much he knew of death
When that was written. One thing I know now,
I shall not die with half a heart at least,
Nor shift my face, nor weep my fault alive,
Nor swear if I might live and do new deeds
I would do better. Let me keep the book.
Queen. Yea, keep it : as would God you had kept your life
Out of mine eyes and hands. I am wrung to the heart :
This hour feels dry and bitter in my mouth
As if its sorrow were my body's food
More than my soul's. There are bad thoughts in me —
Most bitter fancies biting me like birds
That tear each other. Suppose you need not die ?
Chast. You know I cannot live for two hours more.
Our fate was made thus ere our days were made :
Will you fight fortune for so small a grief ?
But for one thing I were full fain of death.
Queen. What thing is that ?
Chast. None need to name the thing.
Why, what can death do with me fit to fear ?
For if I sleep I shall not weep awake ;
Or if their saying be true of things to come,
Though hell be sharp, in the worst ache of it
I shall be eas'd so God will give me back
Sometimes one golden gracious sight of you —
The aureole woven flowerlike through your hair,
And in your lips the little laugh as red
As when it came upon a kiss and ceas'd,
Touching my mouth.
Queen. As I do now, this way,
With my heart after : would I could shed tears,
Tears should not fail when the heart shudders so.
But your bad thought ?
Chast. Well, such a thought as this :
It may be, long time after I am dead,
For all you are, you may see bitter days ;
God may forget you or be wroth with you :
Then shall you lack a little help of me,
And I shall feel your sorrow touching you,
A happy sorrow, though I may not touch :
I that would fain be turn'd to flesh again,
Fain get back life to give up life for you,
To shed my blood for help, that long ago
You shed and were not holpen : and your heart
Will ache for help and comfort, yea, for love,
And find less love than mine — for I do think
You never will be lov'd thus in your life.
Queen. It may be man will never love me more ;
For I am sure I shall not love man twice.
Chast. I know not : men must love you in life's spite,
For you will always kill them ; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead ; yea, though you would,
You shall not spare one ; all will die of you ;
I cannot tell what love shall do with these,
But I for all my love shall have no might
To help you more, mine arms and hands no power
To fasten on you more. This cleaves my heart,
That they shall never touch your body more.
But for your grief — you will not have to grieve ;
For being in such poor eyes so beautiful
It must needs be as God is more than I
So much more love he hath of you than mine ;
Yea, God shall not be bitter with my love,
Seeing she is so sweet.
Queen. Ah, my sweet fool,
Think you when God will ruin me for sin
My face of color shall prevail so much
With him, so soften the tooth'd iron's edge
To save my throat a scar ? Nay, I am sure
I shall die somehow sadly.
Chast. This is pure grief ;
The shadow of your pity for my death,
Mere foolishness of pity : all sweet moods
Throw out such little shadows of themselves,
Leave such light fears behind. You, die like me ?
Stretch your throat out that I may kiss all round
Where mine shall be cut through : suppose my mouth

The axe-edge to bite so sweet a throat in twain
With bitter iron, should not it turn soft
As lip is soft to lip?
Queen. I am quite sure
I shall die sadly some day, Chastelard;
I am quite certain.
Chast. Do not think such things;
Lest all my next world's memories of you be
As heavy as this thought.
Queen. I will not grieve you;
Forgive me that my thoughts were sick with grief.
What can I do to give you ease at heart?
Shall I kiss now? I pray you have no fear
But that I love you.
Chast. Turn your face to me;
I do not grudge your face this death of mine;
It is too fair — by God, you are too fair.
What noise is that?
Queen. Can the hour be through so soon?
I bade them give me but a little hour.
Ah! I do love you! such brief space for love!
I am yours all through, do all your will with me;
What if we lay and let them take us fast,
Lips grasping lips. I dare do anything.
Chast. Show better cheer: let no man see you maz'd;
Make haste and kiss me; cover up your throat,
Lest one see tumbled lace and prate of it.
Enter the guard.

FROM "BOTHWELL"

JOHN KNOX'S INDICTMENT OF THE QUEEN

God ye hear not, how shall ye hear me?
Or if your eyes be seal'd to know not her,
If she be fit to live or no, can I
With words unseal them? None so young of you
But hath long life enough to understand
And reason to record what he hath seen
Of hers and of God's dealings mutually
Since she came in. Then was her spirit made soft,
Her words as oil, and with her amorous face
She caught men's eyes to turn them where she would,
And with the strong sound of her name of queen
Made their necks bend; that even of God's own men
There were that bade refuse her not her will,
Deny not her, fair woman and great queen,
Her natural freedom born, to give God praise
What way she would, and pray what prayers; though these
Be as they were, to God abominable
And venomous to men's souls. So came there back
The cursed thing cast forth of us, and so
Out of her fair face and imperious eyes
Lighten'd the light whereby men walk in hell.
And I that sole stood out and bade not let
The lightning of this curse come down on us
And fly with feet as fire on all winds blown
To burn men's eyes out that beheld God's face,
That being long blind but now gat sight, and saw
And prais'd him seeing — I that then spake and said,
Ten thousand men here landed of our foes
Were not so fearful to me on her side
As one mass said in Scotland — that withstood
The man to his face I lov'd, her father's son,
Then master'd by the pity of her, and made
Through that good mind not good — who then but I
Was tax'd of wrongful will, and for hard heart
Miscall'd of men? And now, sirs, if her prayer
Were just and reasonable, and unjust I
That bade shut ears against it — if the mass
Hath brought forth innocent fruit, and in this land
Wherein she came to stablish it again
Hath stablish'd peace with honor — if in her
It hath been found no seed of shame, and she
That lov'd and serv'd it seem now in men's sight

No hateful thing nor fearful — if she stand
Such a queen proven as should prove honorable
The rule of women, and in her that thing
Be shown forth good that was call'd evil of me,
Blest and not curst — then have I sinn'd, and they
That would have cross'd me would have cross'd not God :
Whereof now judge ye. Hath she brought with her
Peace, or a sword ? and since her incoming
Hath the land sat in quiet, and the men
Seen rest but for one year ? or came not in
Behind her feet, right at her back, and shone
Above her crown'd head as a fierier crown,
Death, and about her as a raiment wrapt
Ruin ? and where her foot was ever turn'd
Or her right hand was pointed, hath there fallen
No fire, no cry burst forth of war, no sound
As of a blast blown of an host of men
For summons of destruction ? Hath God shown
For sign she had found grace in his sight, and we
For her sake favor, while she hath reign'd on us,
One hour of good, one week of rest, one day ?
Or hath he sent not for an opposite sign
Dissensions, wars, rumors of wars, and change,
Flight and return of men, terror with power,
Triumph with trembling ?
. . . . . .
God is not mock'd ; and ye shall surely know
What men were these, and what man he that spake
The things I speak now prophesying, and said
That if ye spare to shed her blood for shame,
For fear or pity of her great name or face,
God shall require of you the innocent blood
Shed for her fair face' sake, and from your hands
Wring the price forth of her bloodguiltiness.
Nay, for ye know it, nor have I need again
To bring it in your mind if God ere now
Have borne me witness ; in that dreary day
When men's hearts fail'd them for pure grief and fear
To see the tyranny that was, and rule
Of this queen's mother, where was no light left
But of the fires wherein his servants died,
I bade those lords that clave in heart to God
And were perplex'd with trembling and with tears
Lift up their hearts, and fear not ; and they heard
What some now hear no more, the word I spake
Who have been with them, as their own souls know,
In their most extreme danger ; Cowper Moor,
Saint Johnston, and the Crags of Edinburgh,
Are recent in my heart ; yea, let these know,
That dark and dolorous night wherein all they
With shame and fear were driven forth of this town
Is yet within my mind ; and God forbid
That ever I forget it. What, I say,
Was then my exhortation, and what word
Of all God ever promis'd by my mouth
Is fallen in vain, they live to testify
Of whom not one that then was doom'd to death
Is perish'd in that danger ; and their foes,
How many of these hath God before their eyes
Plague-stricken with destruction! lo the thanks
They render him, now to betray his cause
Put in their hands to stablish ; even that God's
That kept them all the darkness through to see
Light, and the way that some now see no more,
But are gone after light of the fen's fire
And walk askant in slippery ways ; but ye
Know if God's hand have ever when I spake
Writ liar upon me, or with adverse proof
Turn'd my free speech to shame ; for in my lips

He put a word, and knowledge in my heart,
When I was fast bound of his enemies' hands
An oarsman on their galleys, and beheld
From off the sea whereon I sat in chains
The walls wherein I knew that I there bound
Should one day witness of him ; and this pledge
Hath God redeem'd not ? Nay then, in God's name,
If that false word fell unfulfill'd of mine,
Heed ye not now nor hear me when I say
That for this woman's sake shall God cut off
The hand that spares her as the hand that shields,
And make their memory who take part with her
As theirs who stood for Baal against the Lord
With Ahab's daughter ; for her reign and end
Shall be like Athaliah's, as her birth
Was from the womb of Jezebel, that slew
The prophets, and made foul with blood and fire
The same land's face that now her seed makes foul
With whoredoms and with witchcrafts ; yet they say
Peace, where is no peace, while the adulterous blood
Feeds yet with life and sin the murderous heart
That hath brought forth a wonder to the world
And to all time a terror ; and this blood
The hands are clean that shed, and they that spare
In God's just sight spotted as foul as Cain's.
If then this guilt shall cleave to you or no,
And to your children's children, for her sake,
Choose ye ; for God needs no man that is loth
To serve him, and no word but his own work
To bind and loose their hearts who hear and see
Such things as speak what I lack words to say.

SAPPHO

FROM "ON THE CLIFFS"

Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song,
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Name above all names that are lights above,
We have lov'd, prais'd, pitied, crown'd, and done thee wrong,
O thou past praise and pity ; thou the sole
Utterly deathless, perfect only and whole
Immortal, body and soul.
For over all whom time hath overpast
The shadow of sleep inexorable is cast,
The implacable sweet shadow of perfect sleep
That gives not back what life gives death to keep ;
Yea, all that liv'd and lov'd and sang and sinn'd
Are all borne down death's cold, sweet, soundless wind
That blows all night and knows not whom its breath,
Darkling, may touch to death :
But one that wind hath touch'd and changed not, — one
Whose body and soul are parcel of the sun ;
One that earth's fire could burn not, nor the sea
Quench ; nor might human doom take hold on thee ;
All praise, all pity, all dreams have done thee wrong,
All love, with eyes love-blinded from above ;
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song.

Hast thou none other answer then for me
Than the air may have of thee,
Or the earth's warm woodlands girdling with green girth
Thy secret, sleepless, burning life on earth,
Or even the sea that once, being woman crown'd
And girt with fire and glory of anguish round,
Thou wert so fain to seek to, fain to crave

If she would hear thee and save
And give thee comfort of thy great green grave?
Because I have known thee always who thou art,
Thou knowest, have known thee to thy heart's own heart,
Nor ever have given light ear to storied song
That did thy sweet name sweet unwitting wrong,
Nor ever have call'd thee nor would call for shame,
Thou knowest, but inly by thine only name,
Sappho — because I have known thee and lov'd, hast thou
None other answer now?
As brother and sister were we, child and bird,
Since thy first Lesbian word
Flam'd on me, and I knew not whence I knew,
This was the song that struck my whole soul through,
Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge more keen,
Even when I knew not, — even ere sooth was seen, —
When thou wast but the tawny sweet wing'd thing
Whose cry was but of spring.

HOPE AND FEAR

Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,
Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer
Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can ope,
And makes for joy the very darkness dear
That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that fear
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
What once being known leaves time no power to appal;
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
The kind wise word that falls from years that fall —
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
Pass, follow'd one with love and each with wonder:
The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
Cloth'd with loud words and mantled in the might
Of darkness and magnificence of night;
And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,
Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
And found in love of loving-kindness light.
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
Still following Righteousness with deep desire
Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
The light of little children, and their love.

HERTHA

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and Whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-color'd fruit of my branches,
I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;

Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn ;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird ; before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go ;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves ; I am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is miss'd
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kiss'd
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate ;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high ?"
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him; find thou but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashion'd thee,
Child, underground ?
Fire that impassion'd thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou known of or found ?

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown on my breast to the skies ?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me ?
Hath the wilderness told it thee ?
Hast thou learnt of the sea ?
Hast thou commun'd in spirit with night ? have the winds taken counsel with thee ?

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now ?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the mountains and thou ?

What is here, dost thou know it ?
What was, hast thou known ?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made ;
Though her children forsake her,
Allur'd or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not for all that have pray'd.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night ;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith,
Give thou as I gave thee,
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee ;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free ;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
Souls overcast,
Were the lights ye see vanish meant
Alway to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshining the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow call'd God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
That swells to the sky
With frondage red-fruited,
The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off: they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark:
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipp'd as suns till the sunrise shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-color'd hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faith ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses ador'd,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, wing'd with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown gray from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;
Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.
No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearl'd
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

THE ROUNDEL

A ROUNDEL is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere,
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear
A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—
Love, laughter or mourning, remembrance of rapture or fear—
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear
Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain caught,
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,
A roundel is wrought.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Wall'd round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep, square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the gray, bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense, hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touch'd not of Time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be press'd of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die — but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whiten'd,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whisper'd, the eyes that had lighten'd,
Love was dead.

Or they lov'd their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end — but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretch'd out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO MAZZINI AT GENOA

Italia, mother of the souls of men,
Mother divine,
Of all that serv'd thee best with sword or pen,
All sons of thine,
Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best
Before thee stands:
The head most high, the heart found faithfulest,
The purest hands.

Above the fume and foam of time that flits,
The soul, we know,
Now sits on high where Alighieri sits
With Angelo.

Nor his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly speech
Enough to say
What this man was, whose praise no thought may reach,
No words can weigh.

Since man's first mother brought to mortal birth
Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this One.

Of God nor man was ever this thing said:
That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, that his dead
Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and slain,
With fast-seal'd eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise:

And all the world was bright with her through him:
But dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds bedim,
Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt and are not: He is here
The sunlike man.

City superb, that hadst Columbus first
For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nurst
This mightier One.

Glory be his forever, while this land
Lives and is free,
As with controlling breath and sovereign hand
He bade her be.

Earth shows to heaven the names by thousands told
That crown her fame:
But highest of all that heaven and earth behold
Mazzini's name.

John Payne

CADENCES

I

(MINOR)

THE ancient memories buried lie,
And the olden fancies pass;
The old sweet flower-thoughts wither and fly,
And die as the April cowslips die,
That scatter the bloomy grass.

All dead, my dear! And the flowers are dead,
And the happy blossoming spring;
The winter comes with its iron tread,
The fields with the dying sun are red,
And the birds have ceas'd to sing.

I trace the steps on the wasted strand
Of the vanish'd springtime's feet:
Wither'd and dead is our Fairyland,
For Love and Death go hand in hand
Go hand in hand, my sweet!

II

(MAJOR)

OH, what shall be the burden of our rhyme,
And what shall be our ditty when the blossom's on the lime?
Our lips have fed on winter and on weariness too long:
We will hail the royal summer with a golden-footed song!

O lady of my summer and my spring,
We shall hear the blackbird whistle and the brown sweet throstle sing,
And the low clear noise of waters running softly by our feet,
When the sights and sounds of summer in the green clear fields are sweet.

We shall see the roses blowing in the green,
The pink-lipp'd roses kissing in the golden summer sheen;
We shall see the fields flower thick with stars and bells of summer gold,
And the poppies burn out red and sweet across the corn-crown'd wold.

The time shall be for pleasure, not for pain;
There shall come no ghost of grieving for the past betwixt us twain;
But in the time of roses our lives shall grow together,
And our love be as the love of gods in the blue Olympic weather.

SIBYL

THIS is the glamour of the world antique:
The thyme-scents of Hymettus fill the air,
And in the grass narcissus-cups are fair.
The full brook wanders through the ferns to seek
The amber haunts of bees; and on the peak
Of the soft hill, against the gold-marged sky,
She stands, a dream from out the days gone by.
Entreat her not. Indeed, she will not speak!
Her eyes are full of dreams; and in her ears
There is the rustle of immortal wings;
And ever and anon the slow breeze bears
The mystic murmur of the songs she sings.
Entreat her not: she sees thee not, nor hears
Aught but the sights and sounds of bygone springs.

THORGERDA

Lo, what a golden day it is !
  The glad sun rives the sapphire deeps
Down to the dim pearl-floor'd abyss
  Where, cold in death, my lover sleeps ;

Crowns with soft fire his sea-drench'd hair,
  Kisses with gold his lips death-pale,
Lets down from heaven a golden stair,
  Whose steps methinks his soul doth scale.

This is my treasure. White and sweet,
  He lies beneath my ardent eyne,
With heart that nevermore shall beat,
  Nor lips press softly against mine.

How like a dream it seems to me,
  The time when hand in hand we went
By hill and valley, I and he,
  Lost in a trance of ravishment !

I and my lover here that lies
  And sleeps the everlasting sleep,
We walk'd whilere in Paradise ;
  (Can it be true ?) Our souls drank deep

Together of Love's wonder-wine :
  We saw the golden days go by,
Unheeding, for we were divine ;
  Love had advanced us to the sky.

And of that time no traces bin,
  Save the still shape that once did hold
My lover's soul, that shone therein,
  As wine laughs in a vase of gold.

Cold, cold he lies, and answers not
  Unto my speech ; his mouth is cold
Whose kiss to mine was sweet and hot
  As sunshine to a marigold.

And yet his pallid lips I press ;
  I fold his neck in my embrace ;
I rain down kisses none the less
  Upon his unresponsive face :

I call on him with all the fair
  Flower-names that blossom out of love ;
I knit sea-jewels in his hair ;
  I weave fair coronals above

The cold, sweet silver of his brow :
  For this is all of him I have ;
Nor any Future more than now
  Shall give me back what Love once gave.

For from Death's gate our lives divide ;
  His was the Galilean's faith :
With those that serve the Crucified,
  He shar'd the chance of Life and Death.

And so my eyes shall never light
  Upon his star-soft eyes again ;
Nor ever in the day or night,
  By hill or valley, wood or plain,

Our hands shall meet afresh. His voice
  Shall never with its silver tone
The sadness of my soul rejoice,
  Nor his breast throb against my own.

His sight shall never unto me
  Return whilst heaven and earth remain :
Though Time blend with Eternity,
  Our lives shall never meet again, —

Never by gray or purple sea,
  Never again in heavens of blue,
Never in this old earth — ah me !
  Never, ah never ! in the new.

For me, he treads the windless ways
  Among the thick star-diamonds,
Where in the middle æther blaze
  The Golden City's pearl gate-fronds ;

Sitteth, palm-crown'd and silver-shod,
  Where in strange dwellings of the skies
The Christians to their Woman-God
  Cease nevermore from psalmodies.

And I, I wait, with haggard eyes
  And face grown awful for desire,
The coming of that fierce day's rise
  When from the cities of the fire

The Wolf shall come with blazing crest,
  And many a giant arm'd for war ;
When from the sanguine-streaming West,
  Hell-flaming, speedeth Naglfar.

LOVE'S AUTUMN

Yes, love, the Spring shall come again,
  But not as once it came :
Once more in meadow and in lane
  The daffodils shall flame,
The cowslips blow, but all in vain ;
  Alike, yet not the same.

The roses that we pluck'd of old
  Were dew'd with heart's delight ;

Our gladness steep'd the primrose-gold
  In half its lovely light :
The hopes are long since dead and cold
  That flush'd the wind-flowers' white.

Oh, who shall give us back our Spring ?
  What spell can fill the air
With all the birds of painted wing
  That sang for us whilere ?
What charm reclothe with blossoming
  Our lives, grown blank and bare ?

What sun can draw the ruddy bloom
  Back to hope's faded rose ?
What stir of summer re-illume
  Our hearts' wreck'd garden-close ?
What flowers can fill the empty room
  Where now the nightshade grows ?

'T is but the Autumn's chilly sun
  That mocks the glow of May ;
'T is but the pallid bindweeds run
  Across our garden way,
Pale orchids, scentless every one,
  Ghosts of the summer day.

Yet, if it must be so, 't is well :
  What part have we in June ?
Our hearts have all forgot the spell
  That held the summer noon ;
We echo back the cuckoo's knell,
  And not the linnet's tune.

What shall we do with roses now,
  Whose cheeks no more are red ?
What violets should deck our brow,
  Whose hopes long since are fled ?
Recalling many a wasted vow
  And many a faith struck dead.

Bring heath and pimpernel and rue,
  The Autumn's sober flowers :
At least their scent will not renew
  The thought of happy hours,
Nor drag sad memory back unto
  That lost sweet time of ours.

Faith is no sun of summertide,
  Only the pale, calm light
That, when the Autumn clouds divide,
  Hangs in the watchet height, —
A lamp, wherewith we may abide
  The coming of the night.

And yet, beneath its languid ray,
  The moorlands bare and dry
Bethink them of the summer day
  And flower, far and nigh,
With fragile memories of the May,
  Blue as the August sky.

These are our flowers : they have no scent
  To mock our waste desire,
No hint of bygone ravishment
  To stir the faded fire :
The very soul of sad content
  Dwells in each azure spire.

I have no violets : you laid
  Your blight upon them all :
It was your hand, alas ! that made
  My roses fade and fall,
Your breath my lilies that forbade
  To come at Summer's call.

Yet take these scentless flowers and pale,
  The last of all my year :
Be tender to them ; they are frail :
  But if thou hold them dear,
I 'll not their brighter kin bewail,
  That now lie cold and sere.

SONGS' END

The chime of a bell of gold
  That flutters across the air,
The sound of a singing of old,
The end of a tale that is told,
  Of a melody strange and fair,
  Of a joy that has grown despair :

For the things that have been for me
  I shall never have them again ;
The skies and the purple sea,
And day like a melody,
  And night like a silver rain
  Of stars on forest and plain.

They are shut, the gates of the day ;
  The night has fallen on me :
My life is a lightless way ;
I sing yet, while as I may !
  Some day I shall cease, maybe :
  I shall live on yet, you will see.

Robert Bridges

POOR WITHERED ROSE

Poor wither'd rose and dry,
  Skeleton of a rose,
Risen to testify
  To love's sad close :

Treasur'd for love's sweet sake,
  That of joy past
Thou mightst again awake
  Memory at last.

Yet is thy perfume sweet ;
  Thy petals red
Yet tell of summer heat,
  And the gay bed :

Yet, yet recall the glow
  Of the gazing sun,
When at thy bush we two
  Join'd hands in one.

But, rose, thou hast not seen,
  Thou hast not wept,
The change that pass'd between
  Whilst thou hast slept.

To me thou seemest yet
  The dead dream's thrall ;
While I live and forget
  Dream, truth, and all.

Thou art more fresh than I,
  Rose, sweet and red :
Salt on my pale cheeks lie
  The tears I shed.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO

I will not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this ?
  Can it be summ'd up so,
  Quit in a single kiss ?
  I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
  As the soft south can blow
  And toss the feather'd seeds,
  Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might ;
  Or were he reckon'd slow
  To bring the false to light,
  Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
  Have watch'd us so below
  With all their million eyes,
  I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
  Now rising late, and now
  Because she set too soon,
  And shall I let thee go ?

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
  Pluck'd ere their buds could blow,
  To seal our sacrament ?
  I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands :
  Thou sayest farewell, and, lo !
  I have thee by the hands,
  And will not let thee go.

UPON THE SHORE

Who has not walk'd upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceas'd to blow ?

The horses of the strong southwest
Are pastur'd round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frighten'd birds, that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea ;

Whereon the timid ships steal out
And laugh to find their foe asleep,
That lately scatter'd them about,
And drave them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chas'd
Break into phalanx, line, and band :
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep,
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea ;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
And still I watch their fleecy trains,
That, piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest ?
Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country so well thou knowest,
Already arriv'd, am inhaling the odorous air ;
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;
Nor is aught, from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd, grandest
Peak that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assur'd in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

ELEGY

I HAVE lov'd flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents :
A honeymoon delight, —
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour : —
My song be like a flower !

I have lov'd airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere : —
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb !
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'T was thine love's tender sense
To feast ; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

THOU DIDST DELIGHT MY EYES

THOU didst delight my eyes :
Yet who am I ? nor first
Nor last nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize ;
Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear :
Ah ! little praise ; thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice

Makes all ears glad that hear ;
And short my joy : but yet,
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me ?
How shall I say ? The moon,
That pour'd her midnight noon
Upon his wrecking sea ; —
A sail, that for a day
Has cheer'd the castaway.

AWAKE, MY HEART !

Awake, my heart, to be lov'd, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She, too, that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart to be lov'd, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her, — if this could be, —
She cometh herself, O heart, to be lov'd, to thee ;
For thee would unasham'd herself forsake :
Awake to be lov'd, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake! The land is scatter'd with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree ;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake :
Awake, O heart, to be lov'd, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come, more ador'd, O ador'd, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be lov'd, awake, awake ! "

O YOUTH WHOSE HOPE IS HIGH

O youth whose hope is high,
Who doth to truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly
Through tempest, flood and fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire, —

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine eager cry
Be number'd and expire.

SO SWEET LOVE SEEMED

So sweet love seem'd that April morn,
When first we kiss'd beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell — let truth be told —
That love will change in growing old ;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 't will come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drown'd,
I wonder, bath'd in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

ASIAN BIRDS

In this May-month, by grace
of heaven, things shoot apace.
The waiting multitude
of fair boughs in the wood, —
How few days have array'd
their beauty in green shade !

What have I seen or heard?
  it was the yellow bird
Sang in the tree: he flew
  a flame against the blue;
Upward he flash'd. Again,
  hark! 't is his heavenly strain,

Another! Hush! Behold,
  many, like boats of gold,
From waving branch to branch
  their airy bodies launch.
What music is like this,
  where each note is a kiss?

The golden willows lift
  their boughs the sun to sift:
Their silken streamers screen
  the sky with veils of green,
To make a cage of song,
  where feather'd lovers throng.

How the delicious notes
  come bubbling from their throats!
Full and sweet, how they are shed
  like round pearls from a thread!
The motions of their flight
  are wishes of delight.

Hearing their song, I trace
  the secret of their grace.
Ah, could I this fair time
  so fashion into rhyme,
The poem that I sing
  would be the voice of spring.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

THE FAIR MAID AND THE SUN

O SONS of men, that toil, and love with tears!

Know ye, O sons of men, the maid who dwells
Between the two seas at the Dardanelles?
  Her face hath charm'd away the change of years,
And all the world is filled with her spells.

No task is hers forever, but the play
Of setting forth her beauty day by day:
  There in your midst, O sons of men that toil,
She laughs the long eternity away.

The chains about her neck are many-pearl'd,
Rare gems are those round which her hair is curl'd;
  She hath all flesh for captive, and for spoil,
The fruit of all the labor of the world.

She getteth up and maketh herself bare,
And letteth down the wonder of her hair
  Before the sun; the heavy golden locks
Fall in the hollow of her shoulders fair.

She taketh from the lands, as she may please,
All jewels, and all corals from the seas;
  She layeth them in rows upon the rocks;
Laugheth, and bringeth fairer ones than these.

Five are the goodly necklaces that deck
The place between her bosom and her neck;
  She passeth many a bracelet o'er her hands;
And, seeing she is white without a fleck,

And seeing she is fairer than the tide,
And of a beauty no man can abide,
  Proudly she standeth as a goddess stands,
And mocketh at the sun and sea for pride:

And to the sea she saith: "O silver sea,
Fair art thou, but thou art not fair like me;
  Open thy white-tooth'd, dimpled mouths and try;
They laugh not the soft way I laugh at thee."

And to the sun she saith: "O golden sun,
Fierce is thy burning till the day is done!
  But thou shalt burn mere grass and leaves, while I
Shall burn the hearts of men up every one."

O fair and dreadful is the maid who dwells
Between the two seas at the Dardanelles, —
As fair and dread as in the ancient years;
And still the world is filled with her spells.

O sons of men, that toil, and love with tears!

HAS SUMMER COME WITHOUT THE ROSE?

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seem'd true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seem'd true the summer through,
But all prov'd false to me.
World, is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death — or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place, desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips lov'd to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me;
Come back with any face,
Summer! — do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place, —
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot, —
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

AT HER GRAVE

I HAVE stay'd too long from your grave, it seems;
Now I come back again.
Love, have you stirr'd down there in your dreams
Through the sunny days or the rain?
Ah, no! the same peace: you are happy so;
And your flowers, how do they grow?

Your rose has a bud: is it meant for me?
Ah, little red gift put up
So silently, like a child's present, you see
Lying beside your cup!
And geranium leaves, — I will take, if I may,
Two or three to carry away.

I went not far. In yon world of ours
Grow ugly weeds. With my heart,
Thinking of you and your garden of flowers,
I went to do my part,
Plucking up, where they poison the human wheat,
The weeds of cant and deceit.

'T is a hideous thing I have seen, and the toil
Begets few thanks, much hate;
And the new crop only will find the soil
Less foul, — for the old 't is too late.
I come back to the only spot I know
Where a weed will never grow.

SILENCES

'T IS a world of silences. I gave a cry
In the first sorrow my heart could not withstand;
I saw men pause, and listen, and look sad,
As though no answer in their hearts they had;
Some turn'd away, some came and took my hand,
For all reply.

I stood beside a grave. Years had pass'd by;
Sick with unanswer'd life I turn'd to death,
And whisper'd all my question to the grave,
And watch'd the flowers desolately wave,
And grass stir on it with a fitful breath,
For all reply.

I rais'd my eyes to heaven; my prayer went high
Into the luminous mystery of the blue;
My thought of God was purer than a flame,
And God it seem'd a little nearer came,
Then pass'd; and greater still the silence grew,
For all reply.

But you! If I can speak before I die,
I spoke to you with all my soul, and when
I look at you 't is still my soul you see.
Oh, in your heart was there no word for me?
All would have answer'd had you answer'd then
With even a sigh.

IF SHE BUT KNEW

If she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh?

If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear?
If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb?
Could she content herself with sighing?
Would she not come?

Philip Bourke Marston

A GREETING

Rise up, my song! stretch forth thy wings and fly
With no delaying, over shore and deep!
Be with my lady when she wakes from sleep;
Touch her with kisses softly on each eye;
And say, before she puts her dreaming by:
"Within the palaces of slumber keep
One little niche wherein sometimes to weep
For one who vainly toils till he shall die!"
Yet say again, a sweeter thing than this:
"His life is wasted by his love for thee."
Then, looking o'er the fields of memory,
She 'll find perchance, o'ergrown with grief and bliss,
Some flower of recollection, pale and fair,
That she, through pity, for a day may wear.

A VAIN WISH

I would not, could I, make thy life as mine;
Only I would, if such a thing might be,
Thou shouldst not, love, forget me utterly;
Yea, when the sultry stars of summer shine
On dreaming woods, where nightingales repine,
I would that at such times should come to thee
Some thought not quite unmix'd with pain, of me, —
Some little sorrow for a soul's decline.
Yea, too, I would that through thy brightest times,
Like the sweet burden of remember'd rhymes,
That gentle sadness should be with thee, dear;
And when the gates of sleep are on thee shut,
I would not, even then, it should be mute,
But murmur, shell-like, at thy spirit's ear.

LOVE'S MUSIC

Love held a harp between his hands, and, lo!
The master hand, upon the harp-strings laid
By way of prelude, such a sweet tune play'd
As made the heart with happy tears o'erflow;

Then sad and wild did that strange music grow,
And, — like the wail of woods by storm gusts sway'd,
While yet the awful thunder's wrath is stay'd,
And earth lies faint beneath the coming blow, —
Still wilder wax'd the tune ; until at length
The strong strings, strain'd by sudden stress and sharp
Of that musician's hand intolerable,
And jarr'd by sweep of unrelenting strength,
Sunder'd, and all the broken music fell.
Such was Love's music, — lo, the shatter'd harp !

THE ROSE AND THE WIND

DAWN

The Rose

When, think you, comes the Wind,
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind ?
Lo, how the Lily sleeps ! her sleep is light ;
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white !
Will the Wind come ?

The Beech

Perchance for you too soon.

The Rose

If not, how could I live until the noon ?
What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay ?
Why comes he not at breaking of the day ?

The Beech

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

The Rose

You know I cannot.

The Beech

Nay, then, do not weep.

(*After a pause*)

Your lover comes, be happy now, O Rose !
He softly through my bending branches goes.
Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

The Rose

Already my flush'd heart grows faint with bliss ;
Love, I have long'd for you through all the night.

The Wind

And I to kiss your petals warm and bright.

The Rose

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me ; it is well.
Nay, have no fear, the Lily will not tell.

MORNING

The Rose

'T was dawn when first you came ; and now the sun
Shines brightly and the dews of dawn are done.
'T is well you take me so in your embrace ;
But lay me back again into my place,
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

The Wind

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

The Rose

'T is you, Love, who seem changed ; your laugh is loud,
And 'neath your stormy kiss my head is bow'd.
O Love, O Wind, a space will you not spare ?

The Wind

Not while your petals are so soft and fair.

The Rose

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see, —
O Love, O Wind, will you not pity me ?

EVENING

The Beech

O Wind, a word with you before you pass ;
What did you to the Rose that on the grass
Broken she lies and pale, who lov'd you so ?

The Wind

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

HOW MY SONG OF HER BEGAN

God made my lady lovely to behold, —
Above the painter's dream he set her face,
And wrought her body in divinest grace;
He touch'd the brown hair with a sense of gold;
And in the perfect form He did enfold
What was alone as perfect, the sweet heart;
Knowledge most rare to her He did impart;
And fill'd with love and worship all her days.
And then God thought Him how it would be well
To give her music; and to Love He said,
"Bring thou some minstrel now that he may tell
How fair and sweet a thing My hands have made."
Then at Love's call I came, bow'd down my head,
And at His will my lyre grew audible.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF BONCHURCH

The churchyard leans to the sea with its dead, —
It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
When the winter's anger is all but fled;
The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward, —
The old land, with its hills and its graves, —
As they gradually slide to the waves,
With the wind blowing on them from leaward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them, —
The sepulchre vast and strange?
Do they long for the days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

Or love they their night with no moonlight,
With no starlight, no dawn to its gloom?
Do they sigh: "'Neath the snow, or the bloom
Of the wild things that wave from our night,
We are warm, through winter and summer;
We hear the winds rave, and we say:
'The storm-wind blows over our heads,
But we here are out of its way'"?

Do they mumble low, one to another,
With a sense that the waters that thunder
Shall ingather them all, draw them under:
"Ah, how long to our moving, my brother?
How long shall we quietly rest here,
In graves of darkness and ease?
The waves, even now, may be on us,
To draw us down under the seas!"

Do they think 't will be cold when the waters
That they love not, that neither can love them,
Shall eternally thunder above them?
Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,
That people the bright sea-regions
And play with the young sea-kings?
Have they dread of their cold embraces,
And dread of all strange sea-things?

But their dread or their joy, — it is bootless:
They shall pass from the breast of their mother;
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,
In a place that is radiant and fruitless;
And the folk that sail over their heads
In violent weather
Shall come down to them, haply, and all
They shall lie there together.

GARDEN FAIRIES

Keen was the air, the sky was very light,
Soft with shed snow my garden was, and white,
And, walking there, I heard upon the night
Sudden sound of little voices,
Just the prettiest of noises.

It was the strangest, subtlest, sweetest sound :
It seem'd above me, seem'd upon the ground,
Then swiftly seem'd to eddy round and round,
Till I said : "To-night the air is
Surely full of garden fairies."

And all at once it seem'd I grew aware
That little, shining presences were there, —
White shapes and red shapes danced upon the air ;
Then a peal of silver laughter,
And such singing followed after

As none of you, I think, have ever heard.
More soft it was than call of any bird,
Note after note, exquisitely deferr'd,
Soft as dew-drops when they settle
In a fair flower's open petal.

"What are these fairies?" to myself I said ;
For answer, then, as from a garden's bed,
On the cold air a sudden scent was shed, —
Scent of lilies, scent of roses,
Scent of Summer's sweetest posies.

And said a small, sweet voice within my ear :
"We flowers, that sleep through winter, once a year
Are by our flower queen sent to visit here,
That this fact may duly flout us, —
Gardens can look fair without us.

"A very little time we have to play,
Then must we go, oh, very far away,
And sleep again for many a long, long day,
Till the glad birds sing above us,
And the warm sun comes to love us.

"Hark what the roses sing now, as we go ;"
Then very sweet and soft, and very low, —
A dream of sound across the garden snow, —
Came the chime of roses singing
To the lily-bell's faint ringing.

ROSES' SONG

"Softly sinking through the snow,
To our winter rest we go,
Underneath the snow to house
Till the birds be in the boughs,
And the boughs with leaves be fair,
And the sun shine everywhere.

"Softly through the snow we settle,
Little snow-drops press each petal.
Oh, the snow is kind and white, —
Soft it is, and very light ;
Soon we shall be where no light is,
But where sleep is, and where night is, —
Sleep of every wind unshaken,
Till our Summer bids us waken."

Then toward some far-off goal that singing drew ;
Then altogether ceas'd ; more steely blue
The blue stars shone ; but in my spirit grew
Hope of Summer, love of Roses,
Certainty that Sorrow closes.

LOVE AND MUSIC

I LISTEN'D to the music broad and deep :
I heard the tenor in an ecstasy
Touch the sweet, distant goal ; I heard the cry
Of prayer and passion ; and I heard the sweep
Of mighty wings, that in their waving keep
The music that the spheres make endlessly ; —
Then my cheek shiver'd, tears made blind mine eye ;
As flame to flame I felt the quick blood leap,
And, through the tides and moonlit winds of sound,
To me love's passionate voice grew audible.
Again I felt thy heart to my heart bound,
Then silence on the viols and voices fell ;
But, like the still, small voice within a shell,
I heard Love thrilling through the void profound.

NO DEATH

I SAW in dreams a mighty multitude, —
Gather'd, they seem'd, from North, South, East, and West,
And in their looks such horror was exprest
As must forever words of mine elude.
As if transfix'd by grief, some silent stood,
While others wildly smote upon the breast,
And cried out fearfully, "No rest, no rest!"
Some fled, as if by shapes unseen pursued.
Some laugh'd insanely. Others, shrieking, said :
"To think but yesterday we might have died ;

For then God had not thundered, 'Death is dead!'"
They gash'd themselves till they with blood were red.
"Answer, O God; take back this curse!" they cried,
But "Death is dead," was all the voice replied.

AT THE LAST

BECAUSE the shadows deepen'd verily, —
Because the end of all seem'd near, forsooth, —
Her gracious spirit, ever quick to ruth,
Had pity on her bond-slave, even on me.
She came in with the twilight noiselessly,
Fair as a rose, immaculate as Truth;
She lean'd above my wreck'd and wasted youth;
I felt her presence, which I could not see.
"God keep you, my poor friend," I heard her say;
And then she kiss'd my dry, hot lips and eyes.
Kiss *thou* the next kiss, quiet Death, I pray;
Be instant on this hour, and so surprise
My spirit while the vision seems to stay;
Take thou the heart with the heart's Paradise.

HER PITY

THIS is the room to which she came that day, —
Came when the dusk was falling cold and gray, —
Came with soft step, in delicate array,

And sat beside me in the firelight there;
And, like a rose of perfume rich and rare,
Thrill'd with her sweetness the environing air.

We heard the grind of traffic in the street,
The clamorous calls, the beat of passing feet,
The wail of bells that in the twilight meet.

Then I knelt down, and dar'd to touch her hand, —
Those slender fingers, and the shining band
Of happy gold wherewith her wrist was spann'd.

Her radiant beauty made my heart rejoice;
And then she spoke, and her low, pitying voice
Was like the soft, pathetic, tender noise

Of winds that come before a summer rain:
Once leap'd the blood in every clamorous vein;
Once leap'd my heart, then, dumb, stood still again.

AFTER SUMMER

WE 'll not weep for summer over, —
No, not we:
Strew above his head the clover, —
Let him be!

Other eyes may weep his dying,
Shed their tears
There upon him, where he 's lying
With his peers.

Unto some of them he proffer'd
Gifts most sweet;
For our hearts a grave he offer'd, —
Was this meet?

All our fond hopes, praying, perish'd
In his wrath, —
All the lovely dreams we cherish'd
Strew'd his path.

Shall we in our tombs, I wonder,
Far apart,
Sunder'd wide as seas can sunder
Heart from heart,

Dream at all of all the sorrows
That were ours, —
Bitter nights, more bitter morrows;
Poison-flowers

Summer gather'd, as in madness,
Saying, "See,
These are yours, in place of gladness, —
Gifts from me"?

Nay, the rest that will be ours
Is supreme,
And below the poppy flowers
Steals no dream.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

All things are changed save thee, — thou art the same,
Only perchance more dear, as one friend grows
When other friends have turn'd away. Who knows
With what strange joy thou didst my life inflame
Before I took upon my lips the name
Which vows me to thy service? Come thou close;
For to thy feet to-day my being flows,
As when, a boy, for comforting I came.
Thou, whose transfiguring touch makes speech divine, —
Whose eyes are deeper than deep seas or skies, —
Warm with thy fire this heart, these lips of mine,
Lighten the darkness with thy luminous eyes,
Till all the quivering air about me shine,
And I have gain'd my spirit's Paradise.

IF YOU WERE HERE

A SONG IN WINTER

O Love, if you were here
  This dreary, weary day, —
If your lips, warm and dear,
  Found some sweet word to say, —
Then hardly would seem drear
  These skies of wintry gray.

But you are far away, —
  How far from me, my dear!
What cheer can warm the day?
  My heart is chill with fear,
Pierced through with swift dismay;
  A thought has turn'd Life sere:

If you from far away
  Should come not back, my dear;
If I no more might lay
  My hand on yours, nor hear
That voice, now sad, now gay,
  Caress my listening ear;

If you from far away
  Should come no more, my dear, —
Then with what dire dismay
  Year joined to hostile year
Would frown, if I should stay
  Where memories mock and jeer!

But I would come away
  To dwell with you, my dear;
Through unknown worlds to stray, —
  Or sleep; nor hope, nor fear,
Nor dream beneath the clay
  Of all our days that were.

AT LAST

Rest here, at last,
The long way overpast;
Rest here, at home, —
  Thy race is run,
  Thy dreary journey done,
Thy last peak clomb.

'Twixt birth and death,
What days of bitter breath
Were thine, alas!
  Thy soul had sight
  To see by day, by night,
Strange phantoms pass.

Thy restless heart
In few glad things had part,
But dwelt alone,
  And night and day,
  In the old way,
Made the old moan.

But here is rest
For aching brain and breast,
Deep rest, complete,
  And nevermore,
  Heart-weary and foot-sore,
Shall stray thy feet, —

Thy feet that went,
With such long discontent,
Their wonted beat
  About thy room,
  With its deep-seated gloom,
Or through the street.

Death gives them ease;
Death gives thy spirit peace;
Death lulls thee, quite.
  One thing alone
  Death leaves thee of thine own, —
Thy starless night.

DRAMATISTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

(*See also:* ROBERT BROWNING, BUCHANAN, LADY CURRIE, LORD DE TABLEY, SWINBURNE, LORD TENNYSON)

Tom Taylor

FROM "THE FOOL'S REVENGE"

THE JESTER AND HIS DAUGHTER

SCENE. — A room in the house of BERTUCCIO.

[BERTUCCIO *stands for a moment fondly contemplating* FIORDELISA. *He steps forward.*

Ber. My own!

Fio. [*Turning suddenly, and flinging herself into his arms with a cry of joy.*] My father!

Ber. [*Embracing her tenderly.*] Closer, closer yet!
Let me feel those soft arms about my neck,
This dear cheek on my heart! No — do not stir —
It does me so much good! I am so happy —
These minutes are worth years!

Fio. My own dear father!

Ber. Let me look at thee, darling — why, thou growest
More and more beautiful! Thou 'rt happy here?
Hast all that thou desirest — thy lute — thy flowers?
She loves her poor old father? — Blessings on thee —
I know thou dost — but tell me so.

Fio. I love you —
I love you very much! I am so happy
When you are with me. Why do you come so late,
And go so soon? Why not stay always here?

Ber. Why not! Why not! Oh, if I could! To live
Where there 's no mocking, and no being mock'd:
No laughter, but what 's innocent; no mirth
That leaves an after bitterness like gall.

Fio. Now, you are sad! There 's that black ugly cloud
Upon your brow — you promis'd, the last time,
It never should come when we were together.
You know, when you 're sad, I 'm sad too.

Ber. My bird!
I 'm selfish even with thee — let dark thoughts come,
That thy sweet voice may chase them, as they say
The blessed church-bells drive the demons off.

Fio. If I but knew the reason of your sadness,
Then I might comfort you; but I know nothing —
Not even your name.

Ber. I 'd have no name for thee
But "father."

Fio. In the convent at Cesena,
Where I was rear'd, they us'd to call me orphan.
I thought I had no father, till you came.
And then they needed not to say I had one;
My own heart told me that.

Ber. I often think
I had done well to have left thee there, in the peace
Of that still cloister. But it was too hard!
My empty heart so hunger'd for my child,
For those dear eyes that look no scorn for me,
That voice that speaks respect and tenderness,
Even for me! — My dove — my lily-flower —
My only stay in life! — O God! I thank thee
That thou hast left me this at least!
[*He weeps.*

Fio. Dear father!
You 're crying now — you must not cry — you must not —
I cannot bear to see you cry.

Ber. Let be!
'T were better than to see me laugh.
Fio. But wherefore?
You say you are so happy here, and yet
You never come but to weep bitter tears.
And I can but weep, too, — not knowing why.
Why are you sad? Oh, tell me — tell me all!
Ber. I cannot. In this house I am thy father;
Out of it, what I am boots not to say;
Hated, perhaps, or envied — fear'd, I hope,
By many — scorn'd by more — and lov'd by none.
In this one innocent corner of the world
I would but be to thee a father — something
August and sacred!
Fio. And you are so, father.
Ber. I love thee with a love strong as the hate
I bear for all but thee. Come, sit beside me,
With thy pure hand in mine — and tell me still,
"I love you," and "I love you," — only that.
Smile on me — so! — thy smile is passing sweet!
Thy mother used to smile so once — O God!
I cannot bear it. Do not smile — it wakes
Memories that tear my heart-strings. Do not look
So like thy mother, or I shall go mad!
Fio. Oh, tell me of my mother!
Ber. [*Shuddering.*] No, no, no!
Fio. She 's dead?
Ber. Yes.
Fio. You were with her when she died?
Ber. No! — leave the dead alone — talk of thyself —
Thy life here. Thou heed'st well my caution, girl,
Not to go out by day, nor show thyself
There at the casement.
Fio. Yes; some day, I hope,
You will take me with you, but to see the town;
'T is so hard to be shut up here alone —
Ber. Thou hast *not* stirr'd abroad?
Fio. Only to vespers —
You said I might do that with good Brigitta;
I never go forth or come in alone.
Ber. That 's well. I grieve that thou shouldst live so close.
But if thou knewest what poison 's in the air,
What evil walks the streets; how innocence
Is a temptation, beauty but a bait
For desperate desires! — no man, I hope,
Has spoken to thee?
Fio. Only one.
Ber. Ha! who?
Fio. I know not — 't was against my will.
Ber. You gave
No answer?
Fio. No — I fled.
Ber. He follow'd you?
Fio. A gracious lady gave me kind protection,
And bade her train guard me safe home. Oh, father,
If you had seen how good she was, how gently
She sooth'd my fears, — for I was sore afraid, —
I 'm sure you 'd love her.
Ber. Did you learn her name?
Fio. I ask'd it, first, to set it in my prayers,
And then that *you* might pray for her.
Ber. Her name? [*Aside.*] *I* pray!
Fio. The Countess Malatesta.
Ber. [*Aside.*] Count Malatesta's wife protect my child!
You have not seen her since?
Fio. No, though she urged me
So hard to come to her; and ask'd my name;
And who my parents were; and where I liv'd.
Ber. You did not tell her?
Fio. Who my parents were?
How could I, when I must not know myself?
Ber. Patience, my darling; trust thy father's love,
That there is reason for this mystery!
The time may come when we may live in peace,
And walk together free, under free heaven;
But that cannot be here — nor now!
Fio. Oh, when —
When shall that time arrive?
Ber. When what I live for
Has been achiev'd!
Fio. What *you* live for?
Ber. Revenge!

Fio. Oh, do not look so, father!
Ber. Listen, girl.
You ask'd me of your mother; it is time
You should know why all questioning of her
Racks me to madness. Look upon me, child;
Misshapen as I am, there once was one,
Who seeing me despis'd — mock'd, lonely, poor —
Lov'd me, I think, most for my misery;
Thy mother, like thee — just so pure — so sweet.
I was a public notary in Cesena;
Our life was humble, but so happy: thou
Wert in thy cradle then, and many a night
Thy mother and I sate hand in hand together,
Watching thine innocent smiles, and building up
Long plans of joy to come!
Fio. Alas! she died!
Ber. Died! There are deaths 't is comfort to look back on:
Hers was not such a death. A devil came
Across our quiet life, and mark'd her beauty,
And lusted for her; and when she scorn'd his offers,
Because he was a noble, great and strong,
He bore her from my side — by force — and after
I never saw her more: they brought me news
That she was dead!
Fio. Ah me!
Ber. And I was mad
For years and years, and when my wits came back, —
If e'er they came, — they brought one haunting purpose,
That since has shap'd my life, — to have revenge!
Revenge upon her wronger and his order;
Revenge in kind; to quit him — wife for wife!
Fio. Father, 't is not for me to question with you;
But think! — revenge belongeth not to man,
It is God's attribute — usurp it not!
Ber. Preach abstinence to him that dies of hunger;
Tell the poor wretch who perishes of thirst
There 's danger in the cup his fingers clutch:
But bid me not forswear revenge. No word!
Thou know'st now why I mew thee up so close;
Keep thee out of the streets; shut thee from eyes
And tongues of lawless men — for in these days
All men are lawless. 'T is because I fear
To lose thee, as I lost thy mother.
Fio. Father,
I 'll pray for her.
Ber. Do — and for me; good night!
Fio. Oh, not so soon — with all these sad, dark thoughts,
These bitter memories. You need my love:
I 'll touch my lute for you, and sing to it.
Music, you know, chases all evil angels.
Ber. I must go: 't is grave business calls me hence —
[*Aside*] 'T is time that I was at my post. — My own,
Sleep in thine innocence. Good! Good night!
Fio. But let me see you to the outer door.
Ber. Not a step further, then. God guard this place,
That here my flower may grow, safe from the blight
Of look or word impure, — a holy thing
Consecrate to my service and my love!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(FROM "PUNCH")

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain, —

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he liv'd to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes: he had liv'd to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand, —
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights, —

The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the maz'd wanderer's tracks,

The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling bear, —
Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destin'd work to do,
And liv'd to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report liv'd through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood, —
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seem'd to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplex'd and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.

Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurs'd! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

John Westland Marston

FROM "MARIE DE MERANIE"

THE PARTING OF KING PHILIP AND MARIE

SCENE.—A Room in the Palace. MARIE alone.

Marie. Another night, and yet no tidings come.
Day follows day to mock me in its round.
O Time! that to all senseless things dost bear
Succor and comfort,—the reviving heat
And freshening dew to tree and flower and weed,—
Why dost thou pass the famish'd heart and smile?

Enter ANNE.

Anne. Dear lady!
Marie. [*Eagerly.*] Anne! Well? No; your face is void!
You have no tidings for me.
Anne. Alas! none.
Marie. We must be patient, Anne. I cannot think
The Council will bereave me of my lord.
Anne. Heaven touch their hearts with gentleness!
Marie. Amen!
Anne. And keep the king—[*Faltering.*
Marie. Why falter? Prayers should breathe
Trust, and not fear.
Anne. Heaven keep King Philip faithful
And worthy of your love.
Marie. I will not say
Amen to that. To pray he may be faithful
Were to misdoubt he is so.
Anne. All men, being tempted,
Are prone to fall; most prone, ambitious kings.
Marie. What dost thou mean?
Anne. By thoughts on ill that may be
To shield your heart from worse.
Marie. Worse? What were worse
Than treachery in my lord? Rash girl, that word
Stretches to woe so infinite, it fathoms
An ocean of despair! Uncrown me, slay me,
Honors and life must end. Not love! The grave
Is as a port where it unlades its wealth
For immortality. But rob or taint
The merchandise of love—then let the bark
Drift helmless o'er the seas, or strike the shoals!
They can but wreck a ruin.
Anne. Pardon, madam.
I would not thus have mov'd you; but—
Marie. Be silent!
Thy look doth herald thoughts my soul repels.
He did desert me once. You see I read you.
No, Anne! His love was changeless, but he quell'd it
For duty and his country. O shame, shame!
Listening thy treason, I adopt it. Go!—
Nay, not unkindly. This suspense disturbs me.
Leave me awhile. There, there!
[*Taking her hand,* ANNE *goes out.*
Another night!

It cannot last forever. Even now
The unregarding messenger despatch'd
To bear my doom his onward course may speed.
They could not part us, Philip, had they seen
Our happy solitude, our inner world
Of secret, holy, all-sufficing bliss.
They guess it not, nor feel it. At their knees,
Lock'd in my arms, I should have told them this,
And forced my heart an avenue to theirs
Through all their wiles, for hearts must answer hearts;
But mine was dumb, and how could theirs reply?
Woe's me! Who comes?

Enter PHILIP.

Philip — my lord! — Say, say,
May I embrace thee? — may I call thee mine? —
Am I thy wife?
Phil. Yes; in the sight of Heaven.
Marie. And not of earth? A doom told in a breath;
Brief, but so cold that it hath froze the fount
Whence sorrow gushes!
Phil. I am dear to thee?
Marie. What! is there hope? If not, encourage none.
Phil. Why should we be the slaves of Rome?
Marie. Thou wilt
Resist his mandate? Yet thy kingdom, love?
Phil. Dearest, most faithful! We may still remain
Bound to each other, and the Papal curse
Pass from the realm.
Marie. How? Haste thee to disclose.
Phil. The Council has pronounced no sentence.
Marie. Yet
Thou art return'd!
Phil. Like to a criminal
I stood before the conclave. Every day
Brought some new contumely. The weight I bore
Of strain'd suspense and nice indignity
Was pleasant pastime for them; and they linger'd,
Protracting their enjoyment, and inviting
The universe to look on haughty Philip
Crouch'd at their stools, and learn from thence how Rome
Would deal with rebel kings!
Marie. And yet you bore it?
Phil. It was the Church's aim to judge my cause,
To plant its insolent foot upon my neck,
Humbling all crowns in mine. I look'd for this;
I bore it long. At last scorn heap'd on scorn
Turn'd patience to revolt.
Marie. [*After a short pause.*] And then? How then?
Phil. [*Avoiding her look.*] Marie! I said within my soul, my pomp,
My title, all my gilded shows of power,
Were not the links that bound thy love to mine.
Was I right there?
Marie. Can Philip ask that question?
Phil. Her trust doth sting me more than could reproach.
Too late, too late! all must be told! [*Aside.*
Marie. What follow'd?
Phil. I will not hear your judgment, lords, I cried:
Not mov'd by you, but of my sovereign will,
I have resolv'd that Marie shall resign
The throne and empty state she never priz'd,
And Ingerburge to her lost dignities
Be straight restor'd. 'T is all that Denmark seeks;
Therefore dissolve the interdict!
Marie. *Thou* saidst this? —
Heard I aright?
Phil. [*Confused.*] Marie, thou didst.
Marie. And Philip
Could of his proper will cast Marie out!
I thought — I thought you said we should not part.
Phil. Part? — never, never! Part!
Marie. But have you not own'd Ingerburge your wife?
I am no longer queen.
Phil. But for all this
We must not part.
Marie. Husband — I pray your pardon;
I can't forget you were so — torture not
My mind with this perplexity! How is 't
I can be thine, and Ingerburge thy wife?

Phil. [*After a pause.*] She is but so in name; thou wilt retain
The empire of my heart.
Marie. Ha! how the light —
The cruel light I could not see before —
Bursts on my sight! No; 't is some hideous dream.
Although I see, I shall not touch thy hand.
[*Takes his hand as if to assure herself.*
It is reality! And yet — forgive me!
A subtle tempter through my o'erwrought brain
Would stab my trust in thee. He shall not, love!
Even now I 'm calmer. Pray, repeat the words, —
The words you spake but now.
Phil. I said, my own,
Though Ingerburge might bear the name of queen,
Thou only shouldst rule Philip —
Marie. Pause awhile.
Though Ingerburge might bear the name of queen,
I only should rule Philip —
[*Signs to him to proceed.*
Phil. Thou shouldst share
His hours of love — thou only; thou shouldst be —
[*Hesitating, and averting his head.*
Marie. His paramour! O God! although his voice
Was sham'd from speech, this is the thing he means. [*She turns from him.*
Phil. Thou wouldst not go?
Marie. I am already gone!
We measure distance by the heart.
Phil. Yet hear me!
Marie. The Duke de Méran's daughter listens, sir. [*She sits.*
Phil. [*About to kneel.*] If this humility may aught —
Marie. No knee!
Respect so far my woe's reality,
As to put by these pageant semblances.
Phil. Oh! has this grief no remedy?
Marie. None, none.
The faith of love no hand can wound but that
Was pledged to guard it. Then what hand can staunch?
We strive no more with doom; the sad mistake
May be endur'd, but not retriev'd. No, no!
Phil. By heaven, you do me wrong! 'T is not in man
To conquer destiny. I made you queen.
Marie. You made me queen! I made you more than king.
When my eyes rais'd their worship to thy face,
I saw no crown. I ask'd not if thy hand
Clos'd on a sceptre; but mine press'd it close,
Because it rent the shackles of the slave.
'T was not thy grandeur won me. Had the earthquake
Engulfed thine empire, — had frowning Fate
Lower'd on thine arms and scourged thee from the field,
A fugitive; if on thy forehead Rome
Had grav'd her curse, and all thy kind recoil'd
In horror from thy side, — I yet had cried,
There is no brand upon thy heart; let that,
In the vast loneliness, still beat to mine!
Phil. [*Falling at her feet.*] You had; you had! the dust is on my head!
Sweet saint! thou 'rt of a higher brood than we,
Hast right to spurn me from thee.
Marie. Rise! The feet,
By thorns on life's rough path so often pierced,
Are little like to spurn a stumbling brother.
Phil. [*Rising.*] Forgive, forgive me, Marie!
Marie. You repent?
'T was but delusion. You will be again
The Philip I ador'd! That hope shall bless me
When we are far apart. And now forever
In this dark world farewell! Another land
I seek, but ne'er shall find another home.
Shield him, all holy powers! Philip —
[*Extending her hand.*
Phil. Go, go;
I was not worthy thee!
Marie. Not thus, not thus!
Phil. But one embrace. It is the last, the last! [*They embrace.*
Go, Marie!
[MARIE *goes to the door. She reverts her head. They regard each other in silence for a few moments, after which* MARIE *slowly disappears.*

Phil. [*After a pause, sinking into a chair.*]
I'm alone on earth! She's gone,
And what is left me?
[*The roll of drums is heard without.*
[*He suddenly rises.*] Ha! that clamor speaks
In stern reply; a summons to the field!
Fate, that denies me love, has left me vengeance.
Friends fail me, foemen swarm my coasts.
'T is well!
Now, fiend of war, I am devote to thee!
[*He rushes out.*

William Gorman Wills

CROMWELL AND HENRIETTA MARIA

FROM THE STAGE TEXT OF "CHARLES THE FIRST"

SCENE. — Whitehall Palace. CROMWELL discovered seated.

Cromwell. On me and on my children!
So said the voice last night! A lying dream!
This blood — this blood on me and on my children.
It is my wont to feel more heartiness
When face to face with action. But this deed
Doth wrap itself in doubt and fearfulness.
Do I best to confront him at this hour,
Even when yon scaffold waiteth for its victim,
And his pale face doth look like martyrdom?
I will not. Out upon my sinking heart!
The standard-bearer fainteth, and my followers
Grow slack. I'll hie me to them —
And yet, if by the granting him his life
He abdicate — no shifts — he abdicate!
Then — then this offer of the Prince of Wales —
This young Charles Stuart — he in our absolute power,
As he doth promise if we spare his father.
Why, if he come — I had not thought of that —
Both son and father given to our hands:
Then have we scotch'd the snake!

Enter an Attendant, *who hands* CROMWELL *a letter.*

Attend. My Lord-General — from the King! [*Exit* Attendant.
Crom. [*Reads the letter.*] "*Declines to see me!*"
Well — well —
"*His last hour disturb'd!*"
It shall be thy last hour.
"*As touching the Prince of Wales' noble offering of himself for me. Look back on my past life, and thou art answer'd!*"
Past life! Full of deceit and subtle carriage.
"*I pardon thee and all mine enemies, and may Heaven pardon them!*"
What now doth stay to rend away this patch
On our new garment?
England! one hour — gray tyranny is dead!
And in this hand thy future destiny.

Enter QUEEN.

Madam, my daughter hardly did prevail
That I should grant you this last interview.
It must be brief and private, or I warn you
I cannot answer for your safe return.
Queen. [*Aside.*] *Sainte Vierge, aidez-moi!* This is the man who holds
My husband's life within his hands. Ah! could I — *Sainte Marie, inspirez-moi, mettez votre force dans mes prières!*
I see him as the drowning swimmer sees
The distant headland he can never reach.
Sir, do not go. I wish to speak to you.
Crom. Madam, I wait.
Queen. Oh, sir! the angels wait and watch your purpose:
Unwritten history pauses for your deed,
To set your name within a shining annal,
Or else to brand it on her foulest page!
Crom. Madam, 't is not for me to answer you.
And for unwritten history — thou nor I
Can brief it in our cause; 't will speak the truth.
England condemns the King, and he shall die!

Queen. Oh, pity! pity! Hast a human heart?
How canst thou look at me so cruelly?
I look for pity on thy stubborn cheek
As I might place a mirror to dead lips
To find one stain of breath.
The brightest jewel ever set in crown
Were worthless to the glisten of one tear
Upon thy lid — one faint hope-star of mercy.
Be merciful! a queen doth kneel to thee.
Crom. Not to me! Nor am I now
A whit more mov'd because thou art a queen!
Queen. I am no queen; but a poor stricken woman,
On whom this dreadful hour is closing in.
[*Chimes. The half-hour.*
Dost hear the clock? Each second quivering on
Is full of horror for both thee and me:
Endless remorse thy doom, and sorrow mine.
Crom. Madam, no more. I shall have no remorse
For an unhappy duty well perform'd.
Queen. Thou call'st it duty; but all heaven and earth
Shall raise one outraged cry and call it murder;
It shall be written right across the clouds
In characters of blood till Heaven hath judged it.
Crom. Nay, you forget! the righteous cause doth prosper.
If this be crime, the hand of Heaven not in it,
Then had thy husband flourish'd; on our side
God's heavy judgment fallen, shame and slaughter.
Queen. God speaketh not in thunder when he judges,
But in the dying moans of those we treasure,
And in the silence of our broken hearts!
Thou hast a daughter, and her cheek is pale;
Her days do balance between life and death,
Whether they wither or abide with thee.
Let him be cruel who hath none to love;
But let that father tremble who shall dare
Widow another's home! She loves the King.
Take now his sacred life, and hie thee home.
Smile on her, call her to thee, she will linger.
Ask for thy welcome, she will give it thee!
A shudder as she meets thee at the door:
A cry as thou wouldst think to touch her lips;
A sickening at thy guilty hands' caress!
The haunting of a mute reproach shall dwell
Forever in her eyes till they be dead!
Crom. [*Moved.*] Silence! You speak you know not what. No more!
Thou voice within, why dost thou seem so far?
Shine out, thou fiery pillar! Bring me up
From the dead wilderness —
Queen. Oh! yield not to that voice, hearken to mercy,
And I will join my prayers to thine henceforth
That thy Elizabeth may live for thee.
Crom. Madam, I came here with intent of mercy,
And with a hope of life.
Queen. Of life — of life!
Crom. I offer'd him his life — he scorn'd my offer.
Queen. No — no — he shall not. I am somewhat faint;
The hope thou showest striketh me like lightning.
Life! didst thou say his life? Ask anything.
Crom. If he would abdicate and quit the kingdom.
Queen. And he shall do it. I will answer for it.
Give me but breathing-time to move him, sir.
Crom. Stay, madam. If we spare your husband's life
Your son has offer'd to submit his person
Into our hands, and set his sign and seal
To any proposition we demand.
Queen. "Thou strikest a fountain for me in the rock,
And ere my lips can touch it, it is dry!"
My husband first must abdicate, and then my son —
What was the answer of the King to thee?
Crom. He doth refuse our mercy, and elects
To carry to his death the name of King.
Queen. When all was lost at Newark, and thy King
Was bought and sold by his own countrymen,
'T was thou who with a fawning cozenage

Lur'd thy good master to undo himself,
To doubt where all his hope was to confide,
And blindly trust where every step was fatal!
'T was thou, when the repenting Parliament
Were fain for reconcilement, brought thy soldiers —
Thou (jealous stickler for the Commons' rights)
Arrested every true man in the house,
And pack'd the benches with thy regicides!
Crom. What, madam, is the purpose of this railing?
Queen. Thou think'st to make the mother a decoy,
And, holding the lost father in thy grip,
Secure the son who yet may punish thee!
[*Chimes. Three quarters.*
Crom. Madam, the clock! say, what dost thou intend?
Queen. To choke my sighs, to hide each bitter tear,
To keep a calm and steadfast countenance,
To mask my anguish from his Majesty.
Crom. So! it were well; and then —
Queen. Then we will both be faithful to ourselves,
Even unto death!
Crom. Will you not, madam, use your influence?
Queen. Never! My husband, sir, shall die a KING!
Crom. Thou shadow of a King, then art thou doom'd!
I wash mine hands of it. [*Aside.*
What melancholy doth raven on my heart?
Thou child of many prayers, Elizabeth! —
I 'll to the Generals. Fairfax relents.
That not will I. My hand is on the plough;
I will not look behind. [*Exit* CROMWELL.

William Schwenck Gilbert

FROM "PYGMALION AND GALATEA"

SCENE. — PYGMALION'S Studio, containing a Statue of GALATEA, before which curtains are drawn.

Pygmalion. "The thing is but a statue after all!"
Cynisca little thought that in those words
She touch'd the key-note of my discontent.
True, I have powers denied to other men;
Give me a block of senseless marble — well,
I 'm a magician, and it rests with me
To say what kernel lies within its shell;
It shall contain a man, a woman — child —
A dozen men and women if I will.
So far the gods and I run neck and neck;
Nay, so far I can beat them at their trade!
I am no bungler — all the men *I* make
Are straight-limb'd fellows, each magnificent
In the perfection of his manly grace:
I make no crook-backs — all my men are gods,
My women goddesses — in outward form.
But there 's my tether! I can go so far,
And go no farther! At that point I stop,
To curse the bonds that hold me sternly back;
To curse the arrogance of those proud gods,
Who say, "Thou shalt be greatest among man,
And yet infinitesimally small!"
Galatea. Pygmalion!
Pyg. Who called?
Gal. Pygmalion!
[PYGMALION *tears away curtain and discovers* GALATEA *alive.*
Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!
Gal. Pygmalion!
Pyg. It speaks!
I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!
Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand — both hands — how soft and warm!
Whence came I? [*Descends.*
Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal!
Gal. That pedestal? Ah, yes! I recollect
There was a time when it was part of me.
Pyg. That time has passed forever: thou art now

A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.
Gal. Where am I, then ?
Pyg. Why, born into the world
By miracle !
Gal. Is this the world ?
Pyg. It is.
Gal. This room ?
Pyg. This room is portion of a house ;
The house stands in a grove ; the grove itself
Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.
Gal. And is Athens, then, the world ?
Pyg. To an Athenian — yes.
Gal. And I am one ?
Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.
Gal. But how came I to be ?
Pyg. Well — let me see.
Oh — you were quarried in Pentelicus ;
I modell'd you in clay — my artisans
Then rough'd you out in marble — I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
And made you what you are — in all but life ;
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not give !
Gal. Then this is life ?
Pyg. It is.
Gal. And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone ? I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone :
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness ;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold, immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more !
Then, by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen — darkly and imperfectly, yet seen —
The walls surrounding me, and I alone.
That pedestal — that curtain — then a voice
That call'd on Galatea ! At that word,
Which seem'd to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before came evident ;
Sounds that had humm'd around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless, seem'd to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand ;
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow
That seem'd to thaw my marble into flesh.
Its cold, hard substance throbb'd with active life ;
My limbs grew supple, and I mov'd — I liv'd !
Liv'd in the ecstacy of new-born life !
Liv'd in the love of him that fashion'd me !
Liv'd in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude, — thoughts that resolv'd themselves
Into one word, that word Pygmalion !
[*Kneels to him.*
Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman — perfect in thy loveliness !
Gal. What is that word ? Am I a woman ?
Pyg. Yes.
Gal. Art thou a woman ?
Pyg. No, I am a man.
Gal. What *is* a man ?
Pyg. A being strongly fram'd
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert ;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest ;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh ;
To fight and die for her, that she may live !
Gal. [*After a pause.*] I 'm glad I am a woman.
Pyg. So am I. [*They sit.*
Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear ?
Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
Gal. With whom, then, wouldst thou fight ?
Pyg. With any man
Whose deed or word gave Galatea pain.
Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world ?
Pyg. There are, indeed !
Gal. And other women ?
Pyg. [*Taken aback.*] Yes.
Though for a moment I 'd forgotten it !
Yes, other women.
Gal. And for all of these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight ?
Pyg. It is man's duty, if he 's call'd upon,

To fight for all: he works for those he loves.
Gal. Then by thy work I know thou lovest me.
Pyg. Indeed, I love thee!
[*Embraces her.*
Gal. With what kind of love?
Pyg. I love thee [*recollecting himself and releasing her*] as a sculptor loves his work!
[*Aside.*] There 's a diplomacy in that reply.
Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I 've done no work,
Yet I do love thee: say, what love is mine?
Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I 'll answer thee.
Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.
A sense that I am made *by* thee *for* thee;
That I 've no will that is not wholly thine;
That I 've no thought, no hope, no enterprise
That does not own *thee* as its sovereign;
That I have life, that I may live for thee,
That I am thine — that thou and I are one!
What kind of love is that?
Pyg. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with!
Gal. And why, Pygmalion?
Pyg. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except indeed
From one who is, or is to be, his wife!
Gal. Then *I* will be thy wife!
Pyg. That may not be;
I have a wife — the gods allow but one.
Gal. Why did the gods, then, send me here to thee?
Pyg. I cannot say — unless to punish me
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer.
I pray'd that thou shouldst live — I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!
Gal. Yet thou lovest me?
Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?
Gal. Then I am beautiful?
Pyg. Indeed thou art.
Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that 's impossible.
Pyg. Not so indeed.
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!
[*Hands her a mirror.*
Gal. How beautiful! I 'm very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I 'm a woman?
Pyg. There 's no doubt of that!
Gal. Oh happy maid, to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!
Pyg. Hush, Galatea! in thine innocence
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.
Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion? Then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pyg. Well, Galatea, it 's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They *think* it, but they keep it to themselves.
Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pyg. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features — lovely in themselves —
And in the marble made them lovelier still.
Gal. [*Disappointed.*] Oh! then I 'm not original?
Pyg. Well — no —
That is — thou hast indeed a prototype;
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life the difference is manifest.
Gal. I 'm very glad I am lovelier than she.
And am I better?
Pyg. That I do not know.
Gal. Then she has faults?
Pyg. But very few indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults!
Gal. [*After a pause.*] Tell me some faults and I 'll commit them now.
Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
Though, for that matter, it 's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk,
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why, I could sin all day! But tell me, love,
Is this great fault, that I'm committing now,
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?
Pyg. Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.
Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault?
Pyg. Where is the mortal that could answer "No"?
Gal. Why, then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee?
Pyg. Very much.
Gal. I am glad of that.
I like thy wife.
Pyg. And why?
Gal. Our tastes agree.
We love Pygmalion well, and, what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.
Pyg. [*Aside.*] I doubt it much!
Gal. Is she within?
Pyg. No, she is not within.
Gal. But she'll come back?
Pyg. Oh, yes, she will come back.
Gal. How pleas'd she'll be to know, when she returns,
That there was some one here to fill her place!
Pyg. [*Dryly.*] Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleas'd.
Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting! Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?
Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
Gal. How very wonderful!
So clever!
Pyg. And so very useful.
Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.
Pyg. The art will come in time.
My wife will *not* be pleas'd; there — that's the truth.
Gal. I do not think that I *shall* like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.
Pyg. Well —
Gal. What did she say
When last she left thee?
Pyg. Humph! Well, let me see:
Oh! true, she gave thee to me as my wife, —
Her solitary representative;
She fear'd I should be lonely till she came,
And counsell'd me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.
Gal. That's right.
Pyg. But when she spoke
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference!
Gal. It's a strange world!
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him, too!
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness!
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And, when that stone is brought to life, be dumb!
It's a strange world — I cannot fathom it!
Pyg. [*Aside.*] Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
[*Aloud.*] Come, Galatea — till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.
Gal. [*Astonished and alarmed.*] Send me not hence,
Pygmalion — let me stay.
Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.
Gal. [*Resignedly.*] Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we *shall* meet again? — and very soon?
Pyg. Yes, very soon.
Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?
Pyg. I do not know.
[*Aside.*] Why should I hide the truth from her? [*Aloud.*] Alas!
I may not see thee then.
Gal. Pygmalion!
What fearful words are these?
Pyg. The bitter truth.
I may not love thee — I must send thee hence.

Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see,
I am thy work, thou hast created me;
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! only and unalterably thine!
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone. Alas!
I do not know these things — I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee!
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her. Alas!
I do not know these things — I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge —
To love thee, and to make thee love again!

[*During this speech* PYGMALION *has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms, and embraces her.*

Herman Charles Merivale

ÆTATE XIX

NINETEEN! of years a pleasant number;
And it were well
If on his post old Time would slumber
For Isabel:

If he would leave her, fair and girlish,
Untouch'd of him
Forgetting once his fashions churlish,
Just for a whim!

But no, not he; ashore, aboard ship,
Sleep we, or wake,
He lays aside his right of lordship
For no man's sake;

But all untiring girds his loins up
For great and small;
And, as a miser sums his coins up,
Still counts us all.

As jealous as a nine-days' lover,
He will not spare,
'Spite of the wealth his presses cover,
One silver hair;

But writes his wrinkles far and near in
Life's every page,
With ink invisible, made clear in
The fire of age.

Child! while the treacherous flame yet shines not
On thy smooth brow,
Where even Envy's eye divines not
That writing now,

In this brief homily I read you
There should be found
Some wholesome moral, that might lead you
To look around,

And think how swift, as sunlight passes
Into the shade,
The pretty picture in your glass is
Foredoom'd to fade.

But, 'faith, the birthday genius quarrels
With moral rhyme,
And I was never good at morals
At any time;

While with ill-omens to alarm you
'T were vain to try, —
To show how little mine should harm you,
Your mother's by!

And what can Time hurt me, I pray, with,
If he insures
Such friends to laugh regrets away with
As you — and yours?

READY, AY, READY

OLD England's sons are English yet,
Old England's hearts are strong;
And still she wears her coronet
Aflame with sword and song.
As in their pride our fathers died,
If need be, so die we;
So wield we still, gainsay who will,
The sceptre of the sea.

England, stand fast ; let hand and heart be steady ;
Be thy first word thy last, — Ready, ay, ready !

We 've Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,
We 've Nelsons yet unknown ;
The pulses of the Lion Heart
Beat on through Wellington.
Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old,
Strong foe and steadfast friend,
And, still unto thy motto true,
Defy not, but defend.
England, stand fast ; let heart and hand be steady ;
Be thy first word thy last, — Ready, ay, ready !

Men whisper'd that our arm was weak,
Men said our blood was cold,
And that our hearts no longer speak
The clarion-note of old ;
But let the spear and sword draw near
The sleeping lion's den,
His island shore shall start once more
To life with armed men.
England, stand fast ; let heart and hand be steady ;
Be thy first word thy last, — Ready, ay, ready !

THAISA'S DIRGE

THAISA fair, under the cold sea lying,
Sleeps the long sleep denied to her by Earth ;
We, adding sighs unto the wild winds' sighing,
With all our mourning under-mourn her worth :
The white waves toss their crested plumes above her,
Round sorrowing faces with the salt spray wet ;
All are her lovers that once learn'd to love her,
And never may remember to forget ;
Shells for her pillow Amphitrite bringeth,
And sad nymphs of the dank weed weave her shroud ;
Old Triton's horn her dirge to Ocean singeth,
Whose misty caverns swell the echo loud ;
And, while the tides rock to and fro her bier,
What was Thaisa lies entombed here.

Augusta Webster

SONGS FROM DRAMAS

NEWS TO THE KING

"NEWS to the king, good news for all,"
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
"News of the battle," the heralds call,
"We have won the field ; we have taken the town ;
We have beaten the rebels and crush'd them down."
And the dying lie with the dead.

"Who was my bravest ?" quoth the king,
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
"Whom shall I honor for this great thing ?"
"Threescore were best, where none were worst ;
But Walter Wendulph was aye the first."
And the dying lie with the dead.

"What of my husband ?" quoth the bride,
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
"Comes he to-morrow ? how long will he bide ?"
"Put off thy bridegear, busk thee in black ;
Walter Wendulph will never come back."
And the dying lie with the dead.

'TWEEN EARTH AND SKY

SEEDS with wings, between earth and sky
Fluttering, flying ;
Seeds of a lily with blood-red core
Breathing of myrrh and of giroflore :
Where winds drop them, there must they lie,
Living or dying.

Some to the garden, some to the wall,
Fluttering, falling;
Some to the river, some to earth:
Those that reach the right soil get birth;
None of the rest have liv'd at all.
Whose voice is calling—

"Here is soil for wing'd seeds that near,
Fluttering, fearing,
Where they shall root and burgeon and spread.
Lacking the heart-room the song lies dead:
Half is the song that reaches the ear,
Half is the hearing"?

DAY IS DEAD

DAY is dead, and let us sleep,
Sleep a while or sleep for aye;
'T were the best if we unknew
While to-morrow dawn'd and grew;
It may bring us time to weep:
We were glad to-day.
Joy for a little while is won,
Joy is ending while begun;
Then the setting of the sun;
Afterwards is long to rue.

TELL ME NOT OF MORROWS, SWEET

TELL me not of morrows, sweet;
All to-day is fair, and ours,
Thine and mine;
Mar not Now with needing more.
Neither speak of yesterdays;
Lose not Now with backward gaze,
Lingering on what went before.
Watch for all to-day's new flowers,
Mine and thine,
Else to-day were incomplete.

Nay, but speak of morrows, sweet;
Lest to-day seem loss of ours,
Thine and mine,
Leaving nought to come again.
Nay, but speak of yesterdays,
Lest, forgetting trodden ways,
We have trodden them in vain.
Make one love-time of all hours,
Mine and thine,
Else to-day were incomplete.

THE DEATHS OF MYRON AND KLYDONE

FROM "IN A DAY"

SCENE.—A lighted Hall. Soft music playing without. A Bed placed in an alcove among flowers.

Enter MYRON, OLYMNIOS, RUFUS, LYSIS, *and others.*

Myr. Move me that jasmine further from the bed:
The perfume's sweetest coming faint through air.
That's well. And shut the nearest casement close:
The breeze is almost chill. Throw that one wide:
Let waking stars peep at their mimics here.
Now, Rufus, art thou ready?
Ruf. 'T is, Art thou?
Myr. Give me the cup, good Lysis. Pure wine first.
I drink to the Good Genius [*drinks*], whom, perchance,
I shall know presently by some nearer name.
Now, Lysis, that blent wine whose name is Sleep. [*Drinks.*
[*To Rufus.*] So, thou hast seen me drink, and know'st what draught,
Who saw'st it mix'd; no need methinks to watch.
Go, prithee, try again my vintage wine:
I doubt thou wilt not ask to taste *this* brew.
Ruf. No, 'faith! my thirst can wait a wholesomer tap.
I am sorry for thee, too.
Myr. Well, go, my man;
Thou canst come by-and-by and see 't was sure.
[*Exeunt all but* MYRON, OLYMNIOS, *and* LYSIS.
Now quick, boy! fetch Klydone.
[*Exit* LYSIS.
'T is most strange
How death that is of all we know most sure,
Of all we know seems most impossible.
I shall not live an hour; my mind grants that,
But grants it as a stage of argument,
Gives it but such belief as when, being told
"So many fathomless miles to reach that star,"
We learn the count unquestioning it for true,
But cannot shape conception of its reach.

I cannot, quick life still within my veins,
I cannot feel a faith that presently
My cold oblivious body shall lie there,
Void of the soul, an ended nothingness.
Olymn. Thou art too young, and death unnatural.
Myr. Klydone thinks all death unnatural.
Olymn. If nature stood for perfectness, it were.
And therein is the better after-hope:
For perfectness must be, since we conceive it,
And, not being here, 't is in some second life.
Myr. I 'll think my soul shall, like the sunward swallows,
Having known but summer here, renew it there.
Klydone comes not.
Olymn. That 's for want of wings.
Myr. I would she had them, to flee hence and rest.
'T is a wild, long journey. Ah, poor child, poor child!
May the gods send her happy.
Olymn. If they will;
Pray rather they may send her as is best.
Myr. Let her not brood upon my death too much,
And most of all persuade her from remorse;
Tell her 't was destin'd, had she never spoken;
Hush her from her own blame till, by-and-by,
It takes the strangeness of unworded thoughts
That fade like bodiless ghosts beyond our ken.
Olymn. No, Myron. Self-blame 's a shrewd counsellor;
I will not help Klydone from that good.
Myr. She is such a woman as some griefs could kill.
Olymn. Better to die by an ennobling grief
Than to live cheerful in too low content.
Myr. But spare her, if it be but for my sake.
Olymn. Whom dost thou ask? I spare not nor chastise;
That 's God's to do, who makes our self his means:
Her sorrowing or her comfort lie in her.

Enter LYSIS.

Lys. Klydone, sir, Klydone — [*Stops.*
Myr. Comes she not?
Tell her to make more speed, for I grow heavy.
Lys. She comes; she bade them carry her; she 's half dead.
Myr. I am awake, I think. Say it again. Half dead?
Lys. She took the poison at due time;
She said 't was at due time by thine own count;
She said thou shouldst have call'd her in an hour,
And she was ready then: but 't was too long,
More than an hour, and so she must go first
That did but mean to follow thee afterwards.
Olymn. Well, 't is her right.
Myr. Is it a message, boy?
Lys. She said it by gasps; then bade me, if she died,
Tell it thee for her, and thou 'dst know and pardon.
She is coming.
Myr. She go first! Klydone die!
Olymnios, hast thou heard?
Olymn. I blame her not;
Nor weep her going with thee. 'T is the best.
Myr. I would have had her live: she hated death.
But we go hand in hand, husband and wife.
Lysis, go bid them hasten, lest she sleep,
Or I, past waking, ere she come to me.

Enter Servants *carrying* KLYDONE *on a couch.*

A Servant. 'T is over. She still breath'd a minute since;
But now 't is over.
Second Serv. 'T was but just "Too soon!"
As if she sigh'd in sleep; then only breath'd,
And now 't is over.
Myr. Oh, how fair she lies!
She should have kept that smile to look on me.
Sweet, canst thou see me still? How fair she is!
Smile on, Klydone, death has wedded us.
Wife, wilt thou love me there, whither we go? [*Exit* OLYMNIOS.

Lys. Master, she stirr'd.
Myr. 'T was but my breath, my boy,
That mov'd that straying gossamer of her hair.
[*To the* Servants.] Come, lift her gently, lay her on the bed.
So.
Olymn. [*Without.*] Both ! oh, both !
A Servant. Hark ! 'T was a fall.
Go see. [*Exeunt some* Servants.
Myr. Where is Olymnios ?

Reënter a Servant.

What 's the noise we heard ?
Serv. Olymnios, master.
Myr. Yes ?
Serv. He died and fell.
Myr. When sorrow swells these iron-pent hearts they break.
Go, all of you. Keep stillness, wake me not.
I have room beside thee, love. [*Lies down on the bed.*] Go now, my friends.
Lysis, not thou. Sit where I do not see thee.
Send hence that music, and thou, sing me asleep.
Is it moonlight yet ?
Lys. Yes.
Myr. Throw the curtains back.
Put out those lights. Now sing until I sleep. [*Exeunt* Servants.
No dirges, boy ; that song Klydone lov'd,
Philomel and the aloe flower, sing that.
Lys. [*Sings.*]
Joy that 's half too keen and true
Makes us tears.
Oh the sweetness of the tears !
If such joy at hand appears,
Snatch it, give thine all for it :
Joy that is so exquisite,
Lost, comes not new.
(One blossom for a hundred years.)

Grief that 's fond, and dies not soon,
Makes delight.
Oh the pain of the delight !
If thy grief be Love's aright,
Tend it close and let it grow :
Grief so tender not to know
Loses Love's boon.
(Sweet Philomel sings all the night.)
Myr. [*Drowsily.*] Fair dreams, Klydone.
Waken me at dawn. [*Sleeps.*

ELEGANTIÆ

Frederick Locker-Lampson

(FREDERICK LOCKER)

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY

THIS relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died ?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste ;
What an arm ! . . . what a waist
For an arm !

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala,
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love ;
They are parting ! Do they move ?
Are they dumb ?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come ! "

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips !
Whisper me,

Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I may n't
Marry thee ?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime !
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once sham'd the swarthy crow :
By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine :
Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit, —
Would she not ?

Ah, perishable clay !
Her charms had dropp'd away
One by one ;
But if she heav'd a sigh
With a burden, it was, " Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overpast,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and worn
Are at rest.

Oh, if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'T will all the better please
Grandpapa.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

A Widow, — she had only one !
A puny and decrepit son ;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all, —
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Though friends were fewer :
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much :
She has, — He gave it tenderly, —
Much faith, and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

ON AN OLD MUFF

Time has a magic wand !
What is this meets my hand,
Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
Cover'd with fluff ?
Faded, and stiff, and scant ;
Can it be ? no, it can't, —
Yes, I declare, it 's Aunt
Prudence's muff !

Years ago, twenty-three,
Old Uncle Doubledee
Gave it to Aunty P.
Laughing and teasing :
" Prue of the breezy curls,
Whisper those solemn churls,
What holds a pretty girl's
Hand without squeezing ? "

Uncle was then a lad
Gay, but, I grieve to add,
Sinful, if smoking bad
Baccy 's a vice :
Glossy was then this mink
Muff, lined with pretty pink
Satin, which maidens think
" Awfully nice ! "

I seem to see again
Aunt in her hood and train
Glide, with a sweet disdain,
Gravely to Meeting :
Psalm-book, and kerchief new,
Peep'd from the Muff of Prue ;
Young men, and pious too,
Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped
Then ; from this Muff, it 's said,
Tracts she distributed :
Converts (till Monday !),

Lur'd by the grace they lack'd,
Follow'd her. One, in fact,
Ask'd for — and got — his tract
Twice of a Sunday!

Love has a potent spell;
Soon this bold ne'er-do-well,
Aunt's too susceptible
Heart undermining,
Slipp'd, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff, — triple-corner'd ones,
Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd: soon the jade
Fled (to oblige her blade!)
Whilst her friends thought that they'd
Lock'd her up tightly:
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct, flaw
Sadder I never saw.
Faith still I've in the law
Of compensation.
Once Uncle went astray,
Smok'd, jok'd, and swore away;
Sworn by he's now, by a
Large congregation.

Changed is the Child of Sin;
Now he's (he once was thin)
Grave, with a double chin, —
Blest be his fat form!
Changed is the garb he wore,
Preacher was never more
Priz'd than is Uncle for
Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
Mortals of slender wits,
Then beg this Muff and its
Fair Owner pardon:
All's for the best, indeed
Such is my simple creed:
Still I must go and weed
Hard in my garden.

TO MY MISTRESS

Countess, I see the flying year,
And feel how Time is wasting here:
Ay, more, he soon his worst will do,
And garner all your roses too.

It pleases Time to fold his wings
Around our best and fairest things;
He'll mar your blooming cheek, as now
He stamps his mark upon my brow.

The same mute planets rise and shine
To rule your days and nights as mine:
Once I was young and gay, and, see . . .
What I am now you soon will be.

And yet I boast a certain charm
That shields me from your worst alarm;
And bids me gaze, with front sublime,
On all these ravages of Time.

You boast a gift to charm the eyes,
I boast a gift that Time defies:
For mine will still be mine, and last
When all your pride of beauty's past.

My gift may long embalm the lures
Of eyes — ah, sweet to me as yours!
For ages hence the great and good
Will judge you as I choose they should.

In days to come, the peer or clown,
With whom I still shall win renown,
Will only know that you were fair
Because I chanced to say you were.

Proud Lady! Scornful beauty mocks
At aged heads and silver locks;
But think awhile before you fly,
Or spurn a poet such as I.

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

The characters of great and small
Come ready-made, we can't bespeak one;
Their sides are many, too, and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life,
Some love their hobby till it flings them.
How many love a pretty wife
For love of the *éclat* she brings them!

A little to relieve my mind
I've thrown off this disjointed chatter,
But more because I'm disinclin'd
To enter on a painful matter:
Once I was bashful; I'll allow
I've blush'd for words untimely spoken;
I still am rather shy, and now . . .
And now the ice is fairly broken.

We all have secrets : you have one
  Which may n't be quite your charming spouse's ;
We all lock up a skeleton
  In some grim chamber of our houses ;
Familiars, who exhaust their days
  And nights in probing where our smart is,
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
  Are "silent, unassuming *parties*."

We hug this phantom we detest,
  Rarely we let it cross our portals ;
It is a most exacting guest :
  Now, are we not afflicted mortals ?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
  As Dives rich, and brave as Hector, —
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
  On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
  So hoarding is his ruling passion :
Some gloomy souls anticipate
  A waistcoat straiter than the fashion !
She childless pines, that lonely wife,
  And secret tears are bitter shedding ;
Hector may tremble all his life,
  And die, — but not of that he 's dreading.

Ah me, the World ! — how fast it spins !
  The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles ;
They shriek, they stir it for our sins,
  And we must drain it for our troubles.
We toil, we groan ; the cry for love
  Mounts up from this poor seething city,
And yet I know we have above
  A Father infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
  Where sunbeams play, where shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
  Its ghastly carnival ; but hearken !
How dry the rattle of the bones !
  That sound was not to make you start meant :
Stand by ! Your humble servant owns
  The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

Robert Barnabas Brough

MY LORD TOMNODDY

My Lord Tomnoddy 's the son of an Earl ;
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl :
His Lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there 's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He 's rather uncertain about the "d's ;"
But what does it matter, if three or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son ?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went ;
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads, he broke —
Authorities wink'd — young men will joke !
He never peep'd inside of a book :
In two years' time a degree he took,
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy came out in the world :
Waists were tighten'd and ringlets curl'd.
Virgins languish'd, and matrons smil'd —
'T is true, his Lordship is rather wild ;
In very queer places he spends his life ;
There 's talk of some children by nobody's wife —
But we must n't look close into what is done
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down —
There 's a vacant seat in the family town !
('T is time he should sow his eccentric oats) —
He has n't the wit to apply for votes :
He cannot e'en learn his election speech,
Three phrases he speaks, a mistake in each !
And then breaks down — but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
(The House is a bore) so, it 's on the cards !
My Lord 's a Lieutenant at twenty-three,
A Captain at twenty-six is he :
He never drew sword, except on drill ;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill ;
A full-blown Colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son !

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four ;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place :
Her Majesty's councils his words will grace.
Office he 'll hold, and patronage sway ;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away ;
And what are his qualifications ? — ONE !
He 's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

Charles Stuart Calverley

COMPANIONS

A TALE OF A GRANDFATHER

I KNOW not of what we ponder'd
  Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wander'd
  Tow'rd the pool by the lime-tree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers
  And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure :
  Was it regal as Juno's own ?
Or only a trifle bigger
  Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faëry Queen, and are seen, I ween,
  By mortals in dreams alone ?

What her eyes were like I know not :
  Perhaps they were blurr'd with tears ;
And perhaps in yon skies there glow not
  (On the contrary) clearer spheres.
No ! as to her eyes I am just as wise
  As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly :"
  But which was she, brunette or blonde ?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
  Or as straight as a beadle's wand ?
That I fail'd to remark : it was rather dark
  And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that repos'd so snugly
  In mine, — was it plump or spare ?
Was the countenance fair or ugly ?
  Nay, children, you have me there !
My eyes were p'haps blurr'd ; and besides I'd heard
  That it 's horribly rude to stare.

And I, — was I brusque and surly ?
  Or oppressively bland and fond ?
Was I partial to rising early ?
  Or why did we twain abscond,
When nobody knew, from the public view
  To prowl by a misty pond ?

What pass'd, what was felt or spoken, —
  Whether anything pass'd at all, —
And whether the heart was broken
  That beat under that shelt'ring shawl, —
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt), — has gone,
  Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor ?
  Or her uncle ? I can't make out ;
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
  For myself, I 'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were,
  And what this is all about.

BALLAD

PART I

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door,
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before ;
  And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper he pip'd on the hill-top high,
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked "Why ?"
  And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard ;
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,
  The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)

She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

PART II

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she did n't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gaz'd at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem;
And as to the meaning, it 's what you please.

ON THE BRINK

I WATCH'D her as she stoop'd to pluck
A wild flower in her hair to twine;
And wish'd that it had been my luck
To call her mine;

Anon I heard her rate with mad,
Mad words her babe within its cot,
And felt particularly glad
That it had not.

I knew (such subtle brains have men!)
That she was uttering what she should n't;
And thought that I would chide, and then
I thought I would n't.

Few could have gaz'd upon that face,
Those pouting coral lips, and chided:
A Rhadamanthus, in my place,
Had done as I did.

For wrath with which our bosoms glow
Is chain'd there oft by Beauty's spell;
And, more than that, I did not know
The widow well.

So the harsh phrase pass'd unreprov'd:
Still mute — (O brothers, was it sin?) —
I drank, unutterably mov'd,
Her beauty in.

And to myself I murmur'd low,
As on her upturn'd face and dress
The moonlight fell, "Would she say No, —
By chance, or Yes?"

She stood so calm, so like a ghost,
Betwixt me and that magic moon,
That I already was almost
A finish'd coon.

But when she caught adroitly up
And sooth'd with smiles her little daughter;
And gave it, if I 'm right, a sup
Of barley-water;

And, crooning still the strange, sweet lore
Which only mothers' tongues can utter,
Snow'd with deft hand the sugar o'er
Its bread-and-butter;

And kiss'd it clingingly (ah, why
Don't women do these things in private?) —
I felt that if I lost her, I
Should not survive it.

And from my mouth the words nigh flew, —
The past, the future, I forgat 'em, —
"Oh, if you 'd kiss me as you do
That thankless atom!"

But this thought came ere yet I spake,
And froze the sentence on my lips :
"They err who marry wives that make
Those little slips."

It came like some familiar rhyme,
Some copy to my boyhood set ;
And that 's perhaps the reason I 'm
Unmarried yet.

Would she have own'd how pleas'd she was,
And told her love with widow's pride ?
I never found out that, because
I never tried.

Be kind to babes and beasts and birds,
Hearts may be hard though lips are coral ;
And angry words are angry words :
And that 's the moral.

Joseph Ashby-Sterry

A MARLOW MADRIGAL

Oh, Bisham Banks are fresh and fair,
And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
Enchanting is the scene !
I love the music of the weir,
As swift the stream runs down,
For oh, the water 's deep and clear
That flows by Marlow town !

When London 's getting hot and dry,
And half the season 's done,
To Marlow you should quickly fly,
And bask there in the sun.
There pleasant quarters you may find, —
The "Angler" or the "Crown"
Will suit you well, if you're inclin'd
To stay in Marlow town.

I paddle up to Harleyford,
And sometimes I incline
To cushions take with lunch aboard,
And play with rod and line ;
For in a punt I love to laze,
And let my face get brown ;
And dream away the sunny days
By dear old Marlow town.

I go to luncheon at the Lawn,
I muse, I sketch, I rhyme ;
I headers take at early dawn,
I list to All Saints' chime.
And in the river, flashing bright,
Dull care I strive to drown, —
And get a famous appetite
At pleasant Marlow town.

So when no longer London life
You feel you can endure,
Just quit its noise, its whirl, its strife,
And try the "Marlow cure."
You 'll smooth the wrinkles on your brow,
And scare away each frown, —
Feel young again once more, I vow,
At quaint old Marlow town.

Here Shelley dream'd and thought and wrote,
And wander'd o'er the leas ;
And sung and drifted in his boat
Beneath the Bisham trees.
So let *me* sing, although I 'm no
Great poet of renown,
Of hours that much too quickly go
At good old Marlow town !

A PORTRAIT

In sunny girlhood's vernal life
She caused no small sensation,
But now the modest English wife
To others leaves flirtation.
She 's young still, lovely, debonair,
Although sometimes her features
Are clouded by a thought of care
For those two tiny creatures.

Each tiny, toddling, mottled mite
Asserts with voice emphatic,
In lisping accents, "Mite is right," —
Their rule is autocratic :
The song becomes, that charm'd mankind,
Their musical narcotic,
And baby lips than Love, she 'll find,
Are even more despotic.

Soft lullaby when singing there,
And castles ever building,

Their destiny she 'll carve in air,
  Bright with maternal gilding :
Young Guy, a clever advocate,
  So eloquent and able !
A powder'd wig upon his pate,
  A coronet for Mabel !

THE LITTLE REBEL

PRINCESS of pretty pets,
Tomboy in trouserettes,
Eyes are like violets,
    Gleefully glancing !
Skin like an otter sleek,
Nose like a baby Greek,
Sweet little dimple-cheek,
    Merrily dancing !

Lark-like, her song it trills
Over the dale and hills.
Hark, how her laughter thrills !
    Joyously joking :
Yet, should she feel inclin'd,
I fancy you will find,
She, like all womankind,
    Oft is provoking.

Often she stands on chairs,
Sometimes she unawares
Slyly creeps up the stairs,
    Secretly hiding :
Then will this merry maid —
She is of nought afraid —
Come down the balustrade,
    Saucily sliding !

Books she abominates,
But see her go on skates,
And over five-barr'd gates
    Fearlessly scramble !
Climbing up apple-trees,
Barking her supple knees,
Flouting mamma's decrees,
    Out for a ramble.

Now she is good as gold,
Then she is pert and bold,
Minds not what she is told,
    Carelessly tripping.
She is an April miss,
Bounding to grief from bliss ;
Often she has a kiss, —
    Sometimes a whipping !

Naughty but best of girls,
Through life she gayly twirls,
Shaking her sunny curls,
    Careless and joyful.
Ev'ry one on her dotes,
Carolling merry notes,
Pet in short petticoats,
    Truly tomboyful !

William John Courthope

FROM "THE PARADISE OF BIRDS"

BIRDCATCHER'S SONG

WHEN at close of winter's night
  All the insect world 's a-wing ;
When anemones are white ;
  When the first Lent lilies spring ;
When the birds their troths do plight,
  And all feather'd lovers sing ;
Eggs of golden plovers reach
In London town a shilling each.

Sweet it is to see the gold
  Brightening on the cowslip tall ;
Sweet to hear on lonely wold
  Birds by dawn their lovers call ;
Sweet to smell the freshening mould ;
  But far sweeter than them all,
Flowers, sweet breath, or songs of lovers,
Are shilling eggs of golden plovers.

Bid them pay, and men will buy
  For their palate magic taste ;
Shift the prices, woman's eye
  Leaves the diamond, likes the paste ;
If the market run not high,
  Heavenly nectar may go waste;
But each shilling paid discovers
Fresh flavor in the eggs of plovers.

ODE — TO THE ROC

O UNHATCH'D Bird, so high preferr'd,
  As porter of the Pole,

Of beakless things, who have no wings,
  Exact no heavy toll.
If this my song its theme should wrong,
  The theme itself is sweet;
Let others rhyme the unborn time,
  I sing the Obsolete.

And first, I praise the nobler traits
  Of birds preceding Noah,
The giant clan, whose meat was Man,
  Dinornis, Apteryx, Moa.
These, by the hints we get from prints
  Of feathers and of feet,
Excell'd in wits the later tits,
  And so are obsolete.

I sing each race whom we displace
  In their primeval woods,
While Gospel Aid inspires Free-Trade
  To traffic with their goods.
With Norman Dukes the still Sioux
  In breeding might compete;
But where men talk the tomahawk
  Will soon grow obsolete.

I celebrate each perish'd State;
  Great cities plough'd to loam;
Chaldæan kings; the Bulls with wings;
  Dead Greece, and dying Rome.
The Druids' shrine may shelter swine,
  Or stack the farmer's peat;
'T is thus mean moths treat finest cloths,
  Mean men the obsolete.

Shall nought be said of theories dead?
  The Ptolemaic system?
Figure and phrase, that bent all ways
  Duns Scotus lik'd to twist 'em?
Averrhoes' thought? and what was taught
  In Salamanca's seat?
Sihons and Ogs? and showers of frogs?
  Sea-serpents obsolete?

Pillion and pack have left their track;
  Dead is "the Tally-ho;"
Steam rails cut down each festive crown
  Of the old world and slow;
Jack-in-the-Green no more is seen,
  Nor Maypole in the street;
No mummers play on Christmas-day;
  St. George is obsolete.

O fancy, why hast thou let die
  So many a frolic fashion?
Doublet and hose, and powder'd beaux?
  Where are thy songs, whose passion
Turn'd thought to fire in knight and squire,
  While hearts of ladies beat?
Where thy sweet style, ours, ours erewhile?
  All this is obsolete.

In Auvergne low potatoes grow
  Upon volcanoes old;
The moon, they say, had her young day,
  Though now her heart is cold;
Even so our earth, sorrow and mirth,
  Seasons of snow and heat,
Check'd by her tides in silence glides
  To become obsolete.

The astrolabe of every babe
  Reads, in its fatal sky,
"Man's largest room is the low tomb—
  Ye all are born to die."
Therefore this theme, O Birds, I deem
  The noblest we may treat;
The final cause of Nature's laws
  Is to grow obsolete.

IN PRAISE OF GILBERT WHITE

If Transmigration e'er compel
  A bird to live with human heart,
I pray that bird have choice to dwell
  From human ills apart.

When swallows through the world went forth,
  And watch'd affairs in every nation,
They found for ever, south and north,
  Vanity and Vexation.

So let him dwell not in the Town—
  There Trade and Penury roar and weep:
But 'neath the silence of a down
  Disturb'd by grazing sheep.

There, like his brook, his life shall glide,
  Far from State-party, plot, and treason,
Nor feel the flow of Fortune's tide,
  Beyond the change of season.

There he shall Learning woo, and Art,
  Without a rival to unthrone;
Nor seek to pain another's heart,
  Since he may please his own.

Books he shall read in hill and tree ;
The flowers his weather shall portend,
The birds his moralists shall be,
And everything his friend.

Such man in England I have seen ;
He mov'd my heart with fresh delight ;
And had I not the swallow been,
I had been Gilbert White.

Sir Frederick Pollock

THE SIX CARPENTERS' CASE

(*1 Smith, L. C. 133, 7th Ed.*)

THIS case befell at four of the clock
(now listeneth what I shall say),
and the year was the seventh of James the First,
on a fine September day.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio.*

It was Thomas Newman and five his feres
(three more would have made them nine),
and they entered into John Vaux's house,
that had the Queen's Head to sign.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio.*

They called anon for a quart of wine
(they were carpenters all by trade),
and they drank about till they drank it out,
and when they had drunk they paid.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio.*

One spake this word in John Ridding's ear
(white manchets are sweet and fine) :
"Fair sir, we are fain of a penn'orth of bread
and another quart of wine."
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio.*

Full lightly thereof they did eat and drink
(to drink is iwis no blame).
"Now tell me eight pennies," quoth Master Vaux ;
but they would not pay the same.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio.*

"Ye have trespassed with force and arms, ye knaves
(the six be too strong for me),
but your tortious entry shall cost you dear,
and that the King's Court shall see.
The birds on the bough sing loud and nought low,
your trespass was wrought *ab initio.*"

Sed per totam curiam 't was well resolved
(note, reader, this difference)
that in mere not doing no trespass is,
and John Vaux went empty thence.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
no trespass was here *ab initio.*

"THE LAND OF WONDER-WANDER"

Edward Lear

THE JUMBLIES

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did ;
In a sieve they went to sea ;
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turn'd round and round,
And every one cried, "You 'll be drown'd !"
They call'd aloud, "Our sieve ain't big :
But we don't care a button ; we don't care a fig :
In a sieve we 'll go to sea !"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sail'd away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sail'd so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh ! won't they be soon upset, you know :
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long ;
And, happen what may, it 's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did ;
The water it soon came in :
So, to keep them dry, they wrapp'd their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat :
And they fasten'd it down with a pin.
And they pass'd the night in a crockery-jar ;
And each of them said, "How wise we are !
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sail'd away ;
And, when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown,
"O Timballoo ! how happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar !
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sail'd to the Western Sea, they did, —
To a land all cover'd with trees :
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees ;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese :

And in twenty years they all came back, —
In twenty years or more ;
And every one said, "How tall they 've grown !
For they 've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast ;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live :
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

William Brighty Rands

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine ;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine ;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse ;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gypsy for half a crown ;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady, —
The world would be Upside-down !
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-out !

Chorus

Ba-ba, black wool,
Have you any sheep ?
Yes, sir, a packfull,
Creep, mouse, creep !
Four-and-twenty little maids
Hanging out the pie,
Out jump'd the honey-pot,
Guy Fawkes, Guy !
Cross latch, cross latch,
Sit and spin the fire ;
When the pie was open'd,
The bird was on the brier !

POLLY

Brown eyes,
Straight nose ;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes ;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys ;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's ;

Little rages,
Obvious arts ;
(Three her age is,)
Cakes, tarts ;

Falling down
Off chairs ;
Breaking crown
Down stairs ;

Catching flies
On the pane ;
Deep sighs, —
Cause not plain ;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses ;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
" Mercy 's sake,
Quiet, dear ! "

New shoes,
New frock,
Vague views
Of what 's o'clock,

When it 's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what it said ;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares ;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away ;
Yet may God
Hear her pray !

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly ;
Goodnight ! —
That 's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me !

DRESSING THE DOLL

THIS is the way we dress the Doll : —
You may make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you give her a crook with a pastoral hook,
But this is the way we dress the Doll.

Chorus

Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll.

First, you observe, her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk ;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.

Chorus

Now these are the bodies : she has two,
One of pink, with rouches of blue,
And sweet white lace ; be careful, do !
And one of green, with buttons of sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I mean,
With lace on the border in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her !

Chorus

Then, with black at the border, jacket
And this — and this — she will not lack it ;
Skirts ? Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place,
(Stays that lace have had their days
And made their martyrs) ; likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in !
It 's not the one that 's made for her wedding :
That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign,
Three times three and nine times nine :
These are only her usual clothes.
Look, there 's a wardrobe ! gracious knows
It 's pretty enough, as far as it goes !

So you see the way we dress the Doll :
You might make her a shepherdess, the Doll,
If you gave her a crook with pastoral hook,
With sheep, and a shed, and a shallow brook,
And all that, out of the poetry-book.

Chorus

Bless the Doll, you may press the Doll,
But do not crumple and mess the Doll !
This is the way we dress the Doll ;
If you had not seen, could you guess the Doll ?

I SAW A NEW WORLD

I SAW a new world in my dream,
Where all the folks alike did seem :
There was no Child, there was no Mother,
There was no Change, there was no Other.

For everything was Same, the Same ;
There was no praise, there was no blame ;
There was neither Need nor Help for it ;
There was nothing fitting or unfit.

Nobody laugh'd, nobody wept ;
None grew weary, so none slept ;
There was nobody born, and nobody wed ;
This world was a world of the living-dead.

I long'd to hear the Time-Clock strike
In the world where people were all alike ;
I hated Same, I hated Forever ;
I long'd to say Neither, or even Never.

I long'd to mend, I long'd to make ;
I long'd to give, I long'd to take ;
I long'd for a change, whatever came after,
I long'd for crying, I long'd for laughter.

At last I heard the Time-Clock boom,
And woke from my dream in my little room ;
With a smile on her lips my Mother was nigh,
And I heard the Baby crow and cry.

And I thought to myself, How nice it is
For me to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen, and clocks can strike,
And none of the people are made alike ;

Where Love wants this, and Pain wants that,
Where all our hearts want Tit for Tat
In the jumbles we make with our heads and our hands,
In a world that nobody understands,
But with work, and hope, and the right to call
Upon Him who sees it and knows us all !

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson

("LEWIS CARROLL")

JABBERWOCKY

'T WAS brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son !
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch !
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch ! "

He took his vorpal sword in hand :
Long time the manxome foe he sought —
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came !

One, two ! One, two ! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack !
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy !
O frabjous day ! Callooh ! Callay ! "
He chortled in his joy.

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

FROM "THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK"

THE BAKER'S TALE

THEY rous'd him with muffins — they rous'd him with ice —
They rous'd him with mustard and cress —
They rous'd him with jam and judicious advice —
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offer'd to tell ;
And the Bellman cried "Silence ! Not even a shriek ! "
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme ! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they call'd "Ho ! " told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor — "
"Skip all that ! " cried the Bellman in haste.
"If it once becomes dark, there 's no chance of a Snark —
We have hardly a minute to waste ! "

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
"And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was nam'd)
Remark'd, when I bade him farewell — "
"Oh, skip your dear uncle ! " the Bellman exclaim'd,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remark'd to me then," said that mildest of men,
"'If your Snark be a Snark, that is right :
Fetch it home by all means — you may serve it with greens,
And it 's handy for striking a light.

"'You may seek it with thimbles — and seek it with care ;
You may hunt it with forks and hope ;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share ;
You may charm it with smiles and soap —' "

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried,
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"'But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'

"It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
When I think of my uncle's last words:
And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this—" "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied, "Let me say it once more.
It is this, it is this that I dread!

"I engage with the Snark—every night after dark—
In a dreamy, delirious fight:
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away—
And the notion I cannot endure!"

OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND

A BOAT, beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July;

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear;—

Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die,
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantom-wise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream,
Lingering in the golden gleam,—
Life, what is it but a dream?

III

CLOSE OF THE ERA

(INTERMEDIARY PERIOD)

1875–1894

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE
DIED OCTOBER 6, 1892

IMPRESSION

In these restrained and careful times
Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes;
Ah! for that reckless fire men had
When it was witty to be mad,

When wild conceits were piled in scores,
And lit by flaring metaphors,
When all was crazed and out of tune, —
Yet throbbed with music of the moon.

If we could dare to write as ill
As some whose voices haunt us still,
Even we, perchance, might call our own
Their deep enchanting undertone.

We are too diffident and nice,
Too learnèd and too over-wise,
Too much afraid of faults to be
The flutes of bold sincerity.

For, as this sweet life passes by,
We blink and nod with critic eye;
We 've no words rude enough to give
Its charm so frank and fugitive.

The green and scarlet of the Park,
The undulating streets at dark,
The brown smoke blown across the blue,
This colored city we walk through; —

The pallid faces full of pain,
The field-smell of the passing wain,
The laughter, longing, perfume, strife,
The daily spectacle of life; —

Ah! how shall this be given to rhyme,
By rhymesters of a knowing time?
Ah! for the age when verse was glad,
Being godlike, to be bad and mad.

EDMUND GOSSE.

1894.

CLOSE OF THE ERA

(INTERMEDIARY PERIOD)

RECENT POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN

Austin Dobson

A DEAD LETTER

I

I DREW it from its china tomb ; —
  It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
  That dust and days had lent it.

An old, old letter, — folded still !
  To read with due composure,
I sought the sun-lit window-sill,
  Above the gray enclosure,

That glimmering in the sultry haze,
  Faint flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,
  Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place ! You 'd surely say
  Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
  To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,
  With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shapes ; and still
  The lipless dolphin spurted ;

Still in his wonted state abode
  The broken-nosed Apollo ;
And still the cypress-arbor showed
  The same umbrageous hollow.

Only, — as fresh young Beauty gleams
  From coffee-colored laces, —
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
  The fresher modern traces ;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
  Upon the lawn were lying ;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
  Round which the swifts were flying ;

And, tossed beside the Guelder rose,
  A heap of rainbow knitting,
Where, blinking in her pleased repose,
  A Persian cat was sitting.

" A place to love in, — live, — for aye,
  If we too, like Tithonus,
Could find some God to stretch the gray
  Scant life the Fates have thrown us ;

" But now by steam we run our race,
  With buttoned heart and pocket ;
Our Love 's a gilded, surplus grace, —
  Just like an empty locket !

" ' The time is out of joint.' Who will,
  May strive to make it better ;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
  And this old dusty letter."

II

" Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
  For Father 's gone to *Chorley Fair* with *Sam*,
And Mother 's storing Apples, — *Prue* and *Me*
  Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam :
But we shall meet before a Week is gone, —
' 'T is a long Lane that has no turning,' *John !*

"Only till Sunday next, and then you 'll wait
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken Stile —
We can go round and catch them at the Gate,
All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile ;
Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he 'll go on,
And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy, John !*

"*John*, she 's so smart, — with every ribbon new,
Flame-colored Sack, and Crimson Padesoy ;
As proud as proud ; and has the Vapours too,
Just like My Lady ; — calls poor *Sam* a Boy,
And vows no Sweet-heart 's worth the Thinking-on
Till he 's past Thirty . . . I know better, *John !*

"My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much
Before we knew each other, I and you ;
And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger-touch,
Gives me enough to think a Summer through.
See, for I send you Something ! There, 't is gone !
Look in this corner, — mind you find it, *John !*"

III

This was the matter of the note, —
A long-forgot deposit,
Dropped in an Indian dragon's throat,
Deep in a fragrant closet,

Piled with a dapper Dresden world, —
Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses, —
Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,
And great jars filled with roses.

Ah, heart that wrote ! Ah, lips that kissed !
You had no thought or presage
Into what keeping you dismissed
Your simple old-world message !

A reverent one. Though we to-day
Distrust beliefs and powers,
The artless, ageless things you say
Are fresh as May's own flowers,

Starring some pure primeval spring,
Ere Gold had grown despotic, —
Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
Or Love a mere exotic !

I need not search too much to find
Whose lot it was to send it,
That feel upon me yet the kind,
Soft hand of her who penned it ;

And see, through twoscore years of smoke,
In by-gone, quaint apparel,
Shine from yon time-black Norway oak
The face of Patience Caryl, —

The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed ;
The gray gown, primly flowered ;
The spotless, stately coif whose crest
Like Hector's horse-plume towered ;

And still the sweet half-solemn look
Where some past thought was clinging,
As when one shuts a serious book
To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you ! Of those you were,
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow, —
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
As Point and Flanders yellow ;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,
Their placid temples shading,
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul ! You died unwed —
Despite this loving letter.
And what of John ? The less that 's said
Of John, I think, the better.

A RONDEAU TO ETHEL

(*Who wishes she had lived —*
"In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.")

"In teacup-times" ! The style of dress
Would suit your beauty, I confess ;
Belinda-like, the patch you 'd wear ;
I picture you with powdered hair, —
You 'd make a charming Shepherdess !

And I — no doubt — could well express
SIR PLUME'S complete conceitedness, —
Could poise a clouded cane with care
"In teacup-times"!

The parts would fit precisely — yes:
We should achieve a huge success!
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustan air;
But . . . could I love you more, or less, —
"In teacup-times"?

"WITH PIPE AND FLUTE"

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd, —
The rolling river slowlier ran.

Ah! would, — ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;
And, from Beersheba unto Dan,
Apollo's self might pass unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred; —
Not so it fared, when time began,
With pipe and flute!

A GAGE D'AMOUR

Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis,
——— *miraris?* — HORACE, iii, 8.

CHARLES, — for it seems you wish to know, —
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers, —
With tragic air, I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue;
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that Some-one used to wear.
Hinc illæ lacrimæ, — so spare
Your cynic question.

Some-one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet, trifling though my act appears,
Your Sternes would make it ground for tears; —
One can't disturb the dust of years,
And smile serenely.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers, — let them be sacred still;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,
Charles, when I held yon yellow lace;
For, from its dusty hiding-place,
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned to me.

We shut our heart up nowadays,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity;
Alas, — a nothing starts the spring;
And lo, the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its lover's ditty.

Laugh, if you like. The boy in me, —
The boy that was, — revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she,
Of old, was tender.
Once more we trod the Golden Way, —
That mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray
As young, or slender.

She twirled the flimsy scarf about
Her pretty head, and stepping out,
Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose
And Gladstone's measure.

Well, well, the wisest bend to Fate.
My brown old books around me wait,
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
Its wonted station.
Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
I pour libation.

THE CRADLE

How steadfastly she worked at it !
  How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be-mother's wit
  That little rosy nest !

How longingly she 'd hung on it ! —
  It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
  A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
  Ere bleak December fled ;
That rosy nest he never prest . . .
  Her coffin was his bed.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE

A SKETCH IN A CEMETERY

Out from the City's dust and roar,
You wandered through the open door ;
Paused at a plaything pail and spade
Across a tiny hillock laid ;
Then noted on your dexter side
Some moneyed mourner's "love or pride ;"
And so, — beyond a hawthorn-tree,
Showering its rain of rosy bloom
Alike on low and lofty tomb, —
You came upon it — suddenly.

How strange ! The very grasses' growth
Around it seemed forlorn and loath ;
The very ivy seemed to turn
Askance that wreathed the neighbor urn.
The slab had sunk ; the head declined,
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No name ; you traced a "6," — a "7," —
Part of "affliction" and of "Heaven ;"
And then, in letters sharp and clear,
You read — O Irony austere ! —
"*Tho' lost to Sight, to Mem'ry dear.*"

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

Monsieur the Curé down the street
  Comes with his kind old face, —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
  And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
  And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville* ;"
He smiles as he goes to the *fleuriste* Rose,
  And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
  Where the noisy fish-wives call ;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
  As she knits in her dusky stall.

There 's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
  And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
  In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There 's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
  Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
  And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
  To the furrier's daughter Lou ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
  And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu' !*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
  And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
  And a nod to the Sacristan : —

For ever through life the Curé goes
  With a smile on his kind old face —
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
  And his green umbrella-case.

"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE !"

Si viellesse pouvait !

Scene. — A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.
Monsieur Vieuxbois. Babette.

M. Vieuxbois [*turning querulously*].

Day of my life ! Where *can* she get ?
Babette ! I say ! Babette ! — Babette !

BABETTE [*entering hurriedly*].

Coming, M'sieu' ! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud, he won't be well for weeks !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been ?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows : —
April ! . . . Ville-d'Avray ! . . . Ma'am'-
selle Rose !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah ! I am old, — and I forget.
Was the place growing green, Babette ?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness ! — yes, M'sieu' !
And then the sky so blue ! — so blue ! —
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang !
[*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*
This poor Ma'am'selle !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You 're a good girl, Babette, but she, —
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet ;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains . . .
Where 's the draught ?
[*She gives him a cup.*
Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette ; —
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE [*sings*].

Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed ; —
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head.

M. VIEUXBOIS [*drowsily*].

She was an Angel . . . Once she
laughed . . .
What, was I dreaming ?
Where 's the draught ?

BABETTE [*showing the empty cup*].

The draught, M'sieu' ?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget !
I am so old ! But sing, Babette !

BABETTE [*sings*].

One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow ;
One was the Wife that died
Long, — long ago ;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know ?

M. VIEUXBOIS [*murmuring*].

Ah, Paul ! . . . old Paul ! . . . Eulalie too !
And Rose . . . And O ! . . . the sky so blue !

BABETTE [*sings*].

One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild ;
One had my Father's face ;
One was a Child :
All of them bent to me, —
Bent down and smiled !

He is asleep !

M. VIEUXBOIS [*almost inaudibly*].

How I forget !
I am so old . . . Good night, Babette !

ON A FAN

THAT BELONGED TO THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

CHICKEN-SKIN, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue ;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou !*
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew, —
This was the Pompadour's fan !

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the Œil de Bœuf through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke, — to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue, —
This was the Pompadour's fan !

Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous !*

Matters of state and of might,
  Things that great ministers do ;
  Things that, may be, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began ;
  Here was the sign and the cue, —
This was the Pompadour's fan !

ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew ?
  Weavings of plot and of plan ?
— But where is the Pompadour, too ?
  This was the Pompadour's Fan !

"O NAVIS"

SHIP, to the roadstead rolled,
  What dost thou ? — O, once more
Regain the port. Behold !
  Thy sides are bare of oar,
  Thy tall mast wounded sore
Of Africus, and see,
  What shall thy spars restore ! —
Tempt not thy tyrant sea !

What cable now will hold
  When all drag out from shore !
What god canst thou, too bold,
  In time of need implore !
  Look ! for thy sails flap o'er,
Thy stiff shrouds part and flee,
  Fast — fast thy seams outpour, —
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

What though thy ribs of old
  The pines of Pontus bore !
Not now to stern of gold
  Men trust, or painted prore !
  Thou, or thou count'st it store
A toy of winds to be,
  Shun thou the Cyclads' roar,—
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

ENVOY

Ship of the State, before
  A care, and now to me
A hope in my heart's core, —
  Tempt not the tyrant sea !

"O FONS BANDUSIÆ"

O BABBLING Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
  To-morrow shall a kid be thine
  With swelled and sprouting brows for sign, —
Sure sign ! — of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear !
Not less, alas ! his life-blood dear
  Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
  O babbling Spring !

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer, —
  The wandering flock. This verse of mine
  Will rank thee one with founts divine ;
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,
  O babbling Spring !

FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS

O SINGER of the field and fold,
Theocritus ! Pan's pipe was thine, —
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mould,
The bee-hives, and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold !

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old, —
The beechen bowl made glad with wine . . .
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told, —
Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,
O Singer of the field and fold !

And round thee, ever-laughing, rolled
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine . . .
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us ! Our songs are cold ;
Our Northern suns too sadly shine : —
O Singer of the field and fold,
Thine was the happier Age of Gold !

TO A GREEK GIRL

WITH breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come, —
  Across the years with nymph-like head,
  And wind-blown brows unfilleted ;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
  In lines of unspoiled symmetry ;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
  With pulse of Spring, Autonoë !

Where'er you pass, — where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow ;
  Where'er you go, — where'er you pass,
  There comes a gladness on the grass ;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread, —
  Blithe airs that blow from down and sea ;
You wake in me a Pan not dead, —
  Not wholly dead ! — Autonoë !

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreathe the rustic garden-god ;
  How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
  With you to weave a basket-braid ;
To watch across the stricken chords
  Your rosy-twinkling fingers flee ;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
  With woodland pipe, Autonoë !

In vain, — in vain ! The years divide :
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide,
  I sit and fill my painful reams,
  And see you only in my dreams ; —
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
  From under-lands of Memory, —
A dream of Form in days of Thought, —
  A dream, — a dream, Autonoë !

ARS VICTRIX

IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Yes ; when the ways oppose —
  When the hard means rebel,
Fairer the work out-grows, —
  More potent far the spell.

O Poet, then, forbear
  The loosely-sandalled verse,
Choose rather thou to wear
  The buskin — strait and terse ;

Leave to the tiro's hand
  The limp and shapeless style ;
See that thy form demand
  The labor of the file.

Sculptor, do thou discard
  The yielding clay, — consign
To Paros marble hard
  The beauty of thy line ; —

Model thy Satyr's face
  For bronze of Syracuse ;
In the veined agate trace
  The profile of thy Muse.

Painter, that still must mix
  But transient tints anew,
Thou in the furnace fix
  The firm enamel's hue ;

Let the smooth tile receive
  Thy dove-drawn Erycine ;
Thy Sirens blue at eve
  Coiled in a wash of wine.

All passes. Art alone
  Enduring stays to us ;
The Bust outlasts the throne, —
  The Coin, Tiberius ;

Even the gods must go ;
  Only the lofty Rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow, —
  Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel, then, or write ;
  But, that the work surpass,
With the hard fashion fight, —
  With the resisting mass.

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

The ladies of St. James's
  Go swinging to the play ;
Their footmen run before them,
  With a "Stand by ! Clear the way !"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
  She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
  Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
  Wear satin on their backs ;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
  With candles all of wax :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
  She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
  Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's !
  They are so fine and fair,
You 'd think a box of essences
  Was broken in the air :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
  The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
  Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's !
They 're painted to the eyes ;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her color comes and goes ;
It trembles to a lily, —
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's !
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's !
They have their fits and freaks ;
They smile on you — for seconds,
They frown on you — for weeks :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep ;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida — for Phyllida
Is all the world to me !

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO . . . ESQ. OF . . . WITH A LIFE OF THE LATE INGENIOUS MR. WM. HOGARTH

DEAR Cosmopolitan, — I know
I should address you a *Rondeau*,
Or else announce what I 've to say
At least *en Ballade fratriseé ;*
But No : for once I leave Gymnasticks,
And take to simple *Hudibrasticks*,
Why should I choose another Way,
When this was good enough for GAY ?

You love, my FRIEND, with me I think,
That Age of Lustre and of Link ;
Of *Chelsea* China and long "s"es,
Of Bag-wigs and of flowered Dresses ;
That Age of Folly and of Cards,
Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bards ;
— No H-LTS, no K-G-N P-LS were then
Dispensing Competence to Men ;
The gentle Trade was left to Churls,
Your frowsy TONSONS and your CURLLS ;
Mere Wolves in Ambush to attack
The AUTHOR in a Sheep-skin Back ;
Then SAVAGE and his Brother-Sinners
In *Porridge Island* div'd for Dinners ;
Or doz'd on *Covent Garden* Bulks,
And liken'd Letters to the Hulks ; —
You know that by-gone Time, I say,
That aimless easy-moral'd Day,
When rosy Morn found MADAM still
Wrangling at *Ombre* or *Quadrille*,
When good SIR JOHN reel'd Home to Bed,
From *Pontack's* or the *Shakespear's Head ;*
When TRIP *convey'd* his Master's Cloaths,
And took his Titles and his Oaths ;
While BETTY, in a cast *Brocade*,
Ogled MY LORD at Masquerade ;
When GARRICK play'd the guilty *Richard*,
Or mouth'd *Macbeth* with Mrs. PRITCHARD;
When FOOTE grimaced his snarling Wit ;
When CHURCHILL bullied in the Pit ;
When the CUZZONI sang —
But there !
The further Catalogue I spare,
Having no Purpose to eclipse
That tedious Tale of HOMER'S Ships ; —
This is the MAN that drew it all
From *Pannier Alley* to the *Mall*,
Then turn'd and drew it once again
From *Bird - Cage - Walk* to *Lewknor's Lane ;* —
Its Rakes and Fools, its Rogues and Sots ;
Its brawling Quacks, its starveling Scots ;
Its Ups and Downs, its Rags and Garters,
Its HENLEYS, LOVATS, MALCOLMS, CHARTRES,
Its Splendor, Squalor, Shame, Disease ;
Its *quicquid agunt Homines ;* —
Nor yet omitted to pourtray
Furens quid possit Foemina ; —
In short, held up to ev'ry Class
NATURE'S unflatt'ring looking-Glass ;
And, from his Canvas, spoke to All
The Message of a JUVENAL.

Take Him. His Merits most aver :
His weak Point is — his Chronicler !

"IN AFTER DAYS"

In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days !

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying — "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none ? — Then let my memory die
In after days !

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

TO MANON

COMPARING HER TO A FALCON

Brave as a falcon and as merciless,
With bright eyes watching still the world, thy prey,
I saw thee pass in thy lone majesty,
Untamed, unmated, high above the press.
The dull crowd gazed at thee. It could not guess
The secret of thy proud aërial way,
Or read in thy mute face the soul which lay
A prisoner there in chains of tenderness.
— Lo, thou art captured. In my hand to-day
I hold thee, and awhile thou deignest to be
Pleased with my jesses. I would fain beguile
My foolish heart to think thou lovest me. See,
I dare not love thee quite. A little while
And thou shalt sail back heavenwards. Woe is me !

TO THE SAME

ON HER LIGHTHEARTEDNESS

I would I had thy courage, dear, to face
This bankruptcy of love, and greet despair
With smiling eyes and unconcerned embrace,
And these few words of banter at "dull care."
I would that I could sing and comb my hair
Like thee the morning through, and choose my dress,
And gravely argue what I best should wear,
A shade of ribbon or a fold of lace.
I would I had thy courage and thy peace,
Peace passing understanding ; that mine eyes
Could find forgetfulness like thine in sleep ;
That all the past for me like thee could cease
And leave me cheerfully, sublimely wise,
Like David with washed face who ceased to weep.

LAUGHTER AND DEATH

There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must die ?

GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock, which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I LIKE the hunting of the hare
  Better than that of the fox;
I like the joyous morning air,
  And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
  The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields
  Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
  Of the unsuspicious morn;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
  As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
  From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,
  For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride,
  When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
  And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
  In silence after me;
There 's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
  Old Slut and Margery,—
A score of names well used, and dear,
  The names my childhood knew;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
  Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
  Better than that of the fox;
The new world still is all less fair
  Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
  Than these dear manors give;
I take my pleasures without change,
  And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbors to their thought;
  My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
  In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves
  The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
  My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
  The meuse where she sits low;
The road she chose to-day was run
  A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
  The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
  And bounded by my wall;

Nor has the world a better thing,
  Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
  Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare;
  It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
  With dead men passed away.

To these, as homeward still I ply
  And pass the churchyard gate,
Where all are laid as I must lie,
  I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare;
  New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were,
  In the days e'er I was born.

Frank T. Marzials

DEATH AS THE TEACHER OF LOVE-LORE

'T WAS in mid autumn, and the woods were still.
A brooding mist from out the marshlands lay
Like age's clammy hand upon the day,
Soddening it; — and the night rose dank and chill.
I watched the sere leaves falling, falling, till
Old thoughts, old hopes, seemed fluttering too away,
And then I sighed to think how life's decay,
And change, and time's mischances, Love might kill.
Sudden a shadowy horseman, at full speed
Spurring a pale horse, passed me swiftly by,
And mocking shrieked, "Thy love is dead indeed,
Haste to the burial!" — With a bitter cry
I swooned, and wake to wonder at my creed,
Learning from Death that Love can never die.

DEATH AS THE FOOL

IN the high turret chamber sat the sage,
Striving to wring its secret from the scroll
Of time; — and hard the task, for roll on roll
Was blurred with blood and tears, or black with age.
So that at last a hunger seized him, a rage
Of richer lore than our poor life can dole,
And loud he called on Death to dower his soul
With the great past's unrifled heritage.
And lo, a creaking step upon the stair,
A croak of song, a jingle, — and Death came in
Mumming in motley with a merry din
And jangle of bells, and droning this refrain,
"God help the fools who count on death for gain."
So had the sage death-bell and passing-prayer.

TWO SONNET-SONGS

I

The Sirens sing.

HIST, hist, ye winds, ye whispering wavelets hist,
Their toil is done, their teen and trouble are o'er,
Wash them, ye waves, in silence to the shore,
Waft them, ye winds, with voices hushed and whist.
Hist, waves and winds, here shall their eyes be kist
By love, and sweet love-slumber, till the roar
Of forepast storms, now stilled, for evermore,
Die on their dream-horizons like dim mist.
What of renown, ye winds, when storms are done?
A faded foam-flower on a wearying wave.
All toil is but the digging of a grave.
Here let them rest awhile ere set the sun,
And sip the honey'd moments one by one —
So fleet, so sweet, so few to squander or save.

II

Orpheus and the Mariners make answer.

FLEET, fleet and few, ay, fleet the moments fly —
(*Lash to light live foam, ye oars, the dreaming seas*),
And shall we lie in swine-sloth here at ease —
(*Dip, dip, ye oars, and dash the dark seas by*),
In swine-sloth here while death is stealing nigh —
(*Sweep, oars, sweep, here ripples and sparkles the breeze*),
And work is ours to drain to the last lees?
(*Drive oars and winds, we will dare and do ere we die*).
And if no sound of voice nor any call
Break the death-silence bidding us all hail,
And, even among the living, Fame should fail
To shrill our deeds, yet whatsoe'er befall,
As men who fought for good not guerdon at all,
Peal the glad Pæan! (*Steady oars and sail.*)

George Cotterell

AN AUTUMN FLITTING

My roof is hardly picturesque —
It lacks the pleasant reddish brown
Of the tiled house-tops out of town,
And cannot even hope to match
The modest beauty of the thatch :
Nor is it Gothic or grotesque —
No gable breaks, with quaint design,
Its hard monotony of line,
And not a gargoyle on the spout
Brings any latent beauty out :
Its only charm — I hold it high —
Is just its nearness to the sky.

But yet it looks o'er field and tree,
And in the air
One breathes up there
A faint, fresh whiff suggests the sea.
And that is why, this afternoon,
The topmost slates above the leads
Were thick with little bobbing heads,
And frisking tails, and wings that soon
Shall spread, ah me !
For lands where summer lingers fair,
Far otherwhere.
I heard a muttering,
Saw a fluttering,
Pointed wings went skimming past,
White breasts shimmered by as fast,
Wheel and bound and spurt and spring —
All the air seemed all on wing.
Then, like dropping clouds of leaves,
Down they settled on the eaves —
All the swallows of the region,
In a number almost legion —
Frisked about, but did not stop
Till they reached the ridge atop.

Then what chirping, what commotion !
What they said I have no notion,
But one cannot err in stating
There was very much debating.
First a small loquacious swallow
Seemed to move a resolution ;
And another seemed to follow,
Seconding the subject-matter
With a trick of elocution.
After that the chirp and chatter
Boded some more serious end, meant
For a quarrelsome amendment ;
Bobbing heads and flapping wings,
Eloquent of many things,
Gathered into lively rows,
"Pros" and "cons" and "ayes" and "noes."
As the clatter reached my ears,
Now it sounded like "hear, hears" ;
But again a note of faction,
With a clash of beaks in action,
Gave an aspect to the scene
Not exactly quite serene.
Fretful clusters flew away,
All too much incensed to stay ;
Wheeled about, then took a tack,
Halted and came darting back.
Others, eager to be heard,
Perched upon the chimney-top,
Chirped, as they would never stop,
Loud and fluent every bird.

But the turmoil passed away :
How it happened I can't say, —
All I know is, there was peace.
Whether some more thoughtful bird
Said the quarrelling was absurd,
And implored that it should cease ;
Whether what appeared contention
Was a difference not worth mention,
Just some mere exchange of words
Not uncommon among birds,
I have only my own notion,
You may make a nearer guess ;
All at once the noise was over,
Not a bird was now a rover,
Some one seemed to put the motion,
And the little heads bobbed "Yes."

Oh, that sudden resolution,
So unanimously carried !
Would they 'd longer talked and tarried,
With their fiery elocution !
What it bodes I cannot doubt ;
They were planning when to go,
And they have settled it, I know ;
Some chill morning, when the sun
Does not venture to shine out,
I shall miss them — overnight
They will all have taken flight,
And the summer will be gone.

IN THE TWILIGHT

Far off? Not far away
Lies that fair land;
Shut from the curious gaze by day,
Hidden, but close at hand:
Let us seek it who may.

Lie by me and hold me, sweet,
Clasp arms and sink;
There needs no weariness of the feet,
Neither to toil nor think;
Almost the pulse may cease to beat.

Eyes made dim, and breathing low,
Hand locked in hand,
Goodly the visions that come and go,
Glimpses of that land
Fairer than the eyes can know.

Is it not a land like ours?
Nay, much more fair;
Sweeter flowers than earthly flowers
Shed their fragance there,
Fade not with the passing hours.

Soft are all the airs that blow,
Breathing of love;
Dreamily soft the vales below,
The skies above,
And all the murmuring streams that flow.

There are daughters of beauty, the host
Of nymphs of old time;
All the loves of the poets who boast
Of their loves in their rhyme, —
Loves won, and the sadder loves lost:

Fair, passionless creatures of thought,
Most fair, most calm;
The joy of whose beauty has brought
To the soul its own balm;
Not desire that cometh to naught.

The dreams that were dreamed long ago
Lie treasured there still;
For the things that the dreamers foreknow
The years shall fulfil,
The fleet years and slow.

Dreams, memories, hopes that were bright,
And hearts that were young;
All the stars and the glories of night,
All the glories of song, —
They are there, in that land of delight.

Wilt thou seek that land then, sweet?
Yea, love, with thee;
Fleet, as thy soul's wings are fleet,
Shall our passage be:
Soft, on wings of noiseless beat.

Bid my wings with thine expand;
So may we glide
Into the stillness of that land,
Lovingly side by side,
Hopefully hand in hand.

Andrew Lang

BALLADES

TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER

ἐσορῶν τὰν Σικελὰν ἐς ἅλα. — Id. viii. 56.

Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, leave the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:

And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world — so must it be —
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea !

ENVOY

Master, — when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea !

OF THE BOOK-HUNTER

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly,
He book-hunts, though December freeze ;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees, —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies ;
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears,
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto evermore is *Spes !*
But ah ! the fabled treasure flees ;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease, —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs !

ENVOY

Prince, all the things that tease and please, —
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears,
What are they but such toys as these, —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs ?

OF BLUE CHINA

There 's a joy without canker or cark,
There 's a pleasure eternally new,
'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of china that 's ancient and blue ;
Unchipp'd, all the centuries through
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashion'd it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew), —
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew ?
They snorted, they snapp'd, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here 's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang ;
'T is a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic ; your "tongue has a tang,"
But — a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

OF LIFE

" 'Dead and gone,' — a sorry burden of the Ballad of Life." — Death's Jest Book.

Say, fair maids, maying
In gardens green,
In deep dells straying,
What end hath been
Two Mays between
Of the flowers that shone
And your own sweet queen ? —
"They are dead and gone !"

Say, grave priests, praying
In dule and teen,
From cells decaying
What have ye seen
Of the proud and mean,
Of Judas and John,
Of the foul and clean ? —
"They are dead and gone !"

Say, kings, arraying
Loud wars to win,
Of your manslaying
What gain ye glean?
"They are fierce and keen,
But they fall anon,
On the sword that lean, —
They are dead and gone!"

ENVOY

Through the mad world's scene
We are drifting on,
To this tune, I ween,
"They are dead and gone!"

OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE

HERE I 'd come when weariest!
Here the breast
Of the Windberg 's tufted over
Deep with bracken; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover;
In the cover
Deep below, the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover, —
Here should failure be confest;
Ends my quest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ROMANCE

MY Love dwelt in a Northern land.
A gray tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
The woven forest boughs between!

And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches gray;
About the coming of the light,
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ægæan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again, —
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And, through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

SAN TERENZO

MID April seemed like some November day,
When through the glassy waters, dull as lead,
Our boat, like shadowy barques that bear the dead,
Slipped down the long shores of the Spezian bay,
Rounded a point, — and San Terenzo lay
Before us, that gay village, yellow and red,
The roof that covered Shelley's homeless head, —
His house, a place deserted, bleak and gray.
The waves broke on the doorstep; fishermen
Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again.

Deep in the ilex woods we wandered free,
When suddenly the forest glades were stirred
With waving pinions, and a great sea bird
Flew forth, like Shelley's spirit, to the sea!

SCYTHE SONG

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 't is the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

MELVILLE AND COGHILL

(THE PLACE OF THE LITTLE HAND)

DEAD, with their eyes to the foe,
Dead, with the foe at their feet;
Under the sky laid low
Truly their slumber is sweet,
Though the wind from the Camp of the Slain Men blow,
And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Dead, for they chose to die
When that wild race was run;
Dead, for they would not fly,
Deeming their work undone,
Nor cared to look on the face of the sky,
Nor loved the light of the sun.

Honor we give them and tears,
And the flag they died to save,
Rent from the raid of the spears,
Wet from the war and the wave,
Shall waft men's thoughts through the dust of the years,
Back to their lonely grave!

PARAPHRASES

ERINNA

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

BRIEF is Erinna's song, her lowly lay,
Yet there the Muses sing;
Therefore her memory doth not pass away,
Hid by Night's shadowy wing!
But we, — new countless poets, — heaped and hurled
All in oblivion lie;
Better the swan's chant than a windy world
Of rooks in the April sky!

TELLING THE BEES

ANONYMOUS

NAIADS, and ye pastures cold,
When the bees return with spring,
Tell them that Leucippus old
Perished in his hare-hunting,
Perished on a winter night.
Now no more shall he delight
In the hives he used to tend,
But the valley and the height
Mourn a neighbor and a friend.

HELIODORE DEAD

MELEAGER

TEARS for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears and ill to shed
Over and o'er.
Tears for my lady dead,
Sighs do we send,
Long love rememberèd,
Mistress and friend.
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead.
Go tears, and go lament!
Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went,
Down through the gloom.
Ah, for my flower, my love,
Hades hath taken!
Ah for the dust above,
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of all things born,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that all men mourn,
Gently to rest!

A SCOT TO JEANNE D'ARC

Dark Lily without blame,
Not upon us the shame,
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true;
They, by the Maiden's side,
Victorious fought and died;
One stood by thee that fiery torment through,
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,
And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see,
In artist's imagery,
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing
Was in an Archer's hand
From the leal Northern land.

THREE PORTRAITS OF PRINCE CHARLES

1731

Beautiful face of a child,
Lighted with laughter and glee,
Mirthful, and tender, and wild,
My heart is heavy for thee!

1744

Beautiful face of a youth,
As an eagle poised to fly forth
To the old land loyal of truth,
To the hills and the sounds of the North:
Fair face, daring and proud,
Lo! the shadow of doom, even now,
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,
Rests on the grace of thy brow!

1773

Cruel and angry face,
Hateful and heavy with wine,
Where are the gladness, the grace,
The beauty, the mirth that were thine?

Ah, my Prince, it were well, —
Hadst thou to the gods been dear, —
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain
On the fair White Rose of Renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain,
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!
More than thy marble pile,
With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
To the endless dirge of the sea!
But the Fates deemed otherwise;
Far thou sleepest from home,
From the tears of the Northern skies,
In the secular dust of Rome.
A city of death and the dead,
But thither a pilgrim came,
Wearing on weary head
The crowns of years and fame:
Little the Lucrine lake
Or Tivoli said to him,
Scarce did the memories wake
Of the far-off years and dim,
For he stood by Avernus' shore.
But he dreamed of a Northern glen,
And he murmured, over and o'er,
"*For Charlie and his men:*"
And his feet, to death that went,
Crept forth to St. Peter's shrine,
And the latest Minstrel bent
O'er the last of the Stuart line.

ÆSOP

He sat among the woods; he heard
The sylvan merriment; he saw
The pranks of butterfly and bird,
The humors of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog, —
In all the life of moor and fen, —
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,
He read similitudes of men.

"Of these, from those," he cried, "we come,
Our hearts, our brains descend from these."
And, lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,
But answered out of brakes and trees:

"Not ours," they cried; "Degenerate,
If ours at all," they cried again,
"Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,
Who strive and toil; strange race of men.

"For *we* are neither bond nor free,
For *we* have neither slaves nor kings;

But near to Nature's heart are we,
And conscious of her secret things.

"Content are we to fall asleep,
And well content to wake no more;
We do not laugh, we do not weep,
Nor look behind us and before:

"But were there cause for moan or mirth,
'T is *we*, not you, should sigh or scorn,
Oh, latest children of the Earth,
Most childish children Earth has born."

. . . . . .

They spoke, but that misshapen slave
Told never of the thing he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave,
In likenesses of beast and bird!

ON CALAIS SANDS

On Calais Sands the gray began,
Then rosy red above the gray;
The morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May!

The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands must man with man
Wash honor clean in blood to-day;
On spaces wet from waters wan
How white the flashing rapiers play, —
Parry, riposte! and lunge! The fray
Shifts for a while, then mournful stands
The Victor: life ebbs fast away
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands a little space
Of silence, then the plash and spray,
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
To touch these lips that ne'er said "Nay,"
To dally with the helpless hands,
Till the deep sea in silence lay
On Calais Sands!

Between the lilac and the may
She waits her love from alien lands;
Her love is colder than the clay
On Calais Sands!

William Canton

KARMA

In the heart of the white summer mist lay
a green little piece of the world;
And the tops of the beeches were lost in
the mist, and the mist ringed us
round;
All the low leaves were silvered with dew,
and the herbage with dew was im-
pearled;
And the turmoil of life was but vaguely
divined through the mist as a sound.

In the heart of the mist there was warmth,
for the soil full of sun was aglow,
Like a fruit when it colors, — and fragrance
from flowers, and a scent from the
soil;
And a lamb in the grass, in the flowers,
in the dew, nibbled, whiter than
snow;
And the white summer mist was a fold for
us both against sorrow and toil.

From the fields in the mist came a bleating,
a sound as of longing and need:
But the lamb from the grass in its lit-
tle green heaven never lifted its
head:
It was innocent, whiter than snow; it
was glad in the flowers, took no
heed;
But the sound from the fields in the mist
made me grieve as for one that is
dead.

And behold! 't was a dream I had dreamed,
and a voice made me wake with a
start,
Saying: "Hark! once again in the flesh
shall ye twain live your life for a
span;

But since whiteness of snow is as nought
in mine eyes without pity of heart,
Lo! the lamb shall be born as a wolf, with
a wolf's heart, but thou as a man!"

LAUS INFANTIUM

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better
way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing
here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though, when God saw all his works
were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'T was said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as
they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a
thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were
born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks
scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in
you;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down
and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass, —
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure
and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

A NEW POET

I write. He sits beside my chair,
And scribbles, too, in hushed delight;
He dips his pen in charmèd air:
What is it he pretends to write?

He toils and toils; the paper gives
No clue to aught he thinks. What then?
His little heart is glad; he lives
The poems that he cannot pen.

Strange fancies throng that baby brain.
What grave, sweet looks! What earnest
eyes!
He stops — reflects — and now again
His unrecording pen he plies.

It seems a satire on myself, —
These dreamy nothings scrawled in air,
This thought, this work! Oh tricksy elf,
Wouldst drive thy father to despair?

Despair! Ah, no; the heart, the mind
Persists in hoping, — schemes and
strives
That there may linger with our kind
Some memory of our little lives.

Beneath his rock i' the early world
Smiling the naked hunter lay,
And sketched on horn the spear he hurled,
The urus which he made his prey.

Like him I strive in hope my rhymes
May keep my name a little while, —
O child, who knows how many times
We two have made the angels smile!

John Hartley

TO A DAISY

Ah! I 'm feared thou 's come too sooin,
Little daisy!
Pray whativer wor ta doin'?
Are ta crazy?
Winter winds are blowin' yet.
Tha 'll be starved, mi little pet!

Did a gleam o' sunshine warm thee;
An' deceive thee?
Niver let appearance charm thee;
Yes, believe me,
Smiles tha 'lt find are oft but snares
Laid to catch thee unawares.

An' yet, I think it looks a shame
To talk sich stuff;
I 've lost heart, an' thou 'lt do t' same,
Ay, sooin enough!
An', if thou 'rt happy as tha art,
Trustin' must be t' wisest part.

Come ! I 'll pile some bits o' stoan
Round thi dwellin' ;
They may cheer thee when I 've goan, —
Theer 's no tellin' ;
An' when Spring's mild day draws near
I 'll release thee, niver fear !

An' if then thi pretty face
Greets me smilin',
I may come an' sit by th' place,
Time beguilin',
Glad to think I 'd paar to be
Of some use if but to thee !

Alexander Anderson

CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faught an' din ;
"Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither 's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak ;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
He aye sleeps next the wa' —
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece ;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But, ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
He 's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
He 'd bother half the toon ;
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude ?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon ;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at our wee lambs ;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm round Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that 's dear to me ;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Emily Henrietta Hickey

A SEA STORY

Silence. A while ago
Shrieks went up piercingly ;
But now is the ship gone down;
Good ship, well manned, was she.
There 's a raft that 's a chance of life for one,
This day upon the sea.

A chance for one of two ;
Young, strong, are he and he,
Just in the manhood prime,
The comelier, verily,
For the wrestle with wind and weather and wave,
In the life upon the sea.

One of them has a wife
And little children three ;
Two that can toddle and lisp,
And a suckling on the knee :

Naked they 'll go, and hunger sore,
If he be lost at sea.

One has a dream of home,
A dream that well may be :
He never has breathed it yet ;
She never has known it, she.
But some one will be sick at heart
If he be lost at sea.

"Wife and kids at home ! —
Wife, kids, nor home has he ! —
Give us a chance, Bill !" Then,
"All right, Jem !" Quietly
A man gives up his life for a man,
This day upon the sea.

BELOVED, IT IS MORN

Beloved, it is morn !
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born.
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is day !
And lovers work, as children play,
With heart and brain untired alway :
Dear love, look up and pray.
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night !
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white,
God keep thee in His sight !
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Walter Crane

A SEAT FOR THREE

WRITTEN ON A SETTLE

"A seat for three, where host and guest
May side-by-side pass toast or jest ;
And be their number two or three,
With elbow-room and liberty,
What need to wander east or west ?

"A book for thought, a nook for rest,
And meet for fasting or for fest,
In fair and equal parts to be
A seat for three.

"Then give you pleasant company,
For youth or elder shady tree ;
A roof for council or sequest,
A corner in a homely nest ;
Free, equal, and fraternally,
A seat for three."

ACROSS THE FIELDS

Across the fields like swallows fly
Sweet thoughts and sad of days gone by ;
From Life's broad highway turned away,
Like children, Thought and Memory play
Nor heed Time's scythe though grass be high.

Beneath the blue and shoreless sky
Time is but told when seedlings dry
By Love's light breath are blown, like spray,
Across the fields.

Now comes the scent of fallen hay,
And flowers bestrew the foot-worn clay,
And summer breathes a passing sigh
As westward rolls the day's gold eye,
And Time with Labor ends his day
Across the fields.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO A CAGED LINNET

THOU tiny solace of these prison days,
Too long already have I kept thee here ;
With every week thou hast become more dear —
So dear that I will free thee : fly thy ways.
Man, the alternate slave and tyrant, lays
Too soon on others what he hath to bear.
Thy cage is in my cage ; but, never fear,
The sun once more shall bathe thee with its rays.
Fly forth, and tell the sunny woods how oft
I think of them, and stretch my limbs in thought
Upon their fragrant mosses green and soft ;
And whistle all the whistlings God hath taught
Thy throat, to other songsters high aloft —
Not to a captive who can answer nought.

IZAAK WALTON TO RIVER AND BROOK

WHICH is more sweet, — the slow mysterious stream,
Where sleeps the pike throughout the long noon hours,
Which moats with emerald old cathedral towers,
And winds through tufted timber like the dream
That glides through summer sleep ; where white swans teem,
And dragonflies and broad-leaved floating flowers,
Where through the hanging boughs you see the mowers
Among the grasses whet their scythes that gleam ;
Or that blue brook where leaps the speckled trout,
That laughs and sings and dances on its way
Among a thousand bafflings in and out ;
Bubbling and gurgling through the livelong day
Between the stones, in riot, reel, and rout,
While rays of sun make rainbows in the spray ?

CHARLES II. OF SPAIN TO APPROACHING DEATH

MAKE way, my lords ! for Death now once again
Waits on the palace stairs. He comes to lay
His finger on my brow. Make way ! make way,
Ye whispering groups that scent an ending reign !
Death, if I make thee a grandee of Spain,
And give thee half my subjects, wilt thou stay
Behind the door a little, while I play
With life a moment longer ? I would fain.
Oh, who shall turn the fatal shadow back
On Ahaz' sundial now ? Who 'll cure the king
When Death awaits him, motionless and black ?
Upon the wall the inexorable thing
Creeps on and on, with horror in its track.
The king is dying. Bid the great bells ring.

TO MY TORTOISE CHRONOS

THOU vague dumb crawler with the groping head
As listless to the sun as to the showers,
Thou very image of the wingless Hours
Now creeping past me with their feet of lead :
For thee and me the same small garden bed
Is the whole world : the same half life is ours ;
And year by year, as Fate restricts my powers,
I grow more like thee, and the soul grows dead.
No, Tortoise : from thy like in days of old
Was made the living lyre ; and mighty strings
Spanned thy green shell with pure vibrating gold.
The notes soared up, on strong but trembling wings,
Through ether's lower zones ; then, growing bold,
Spurned earth for ever and its wingless things.

SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships ;
And gold doubloons, that from the drowned hand fell,
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell
With love's old gifts, once kissed by long-drowned lips ;
And round some wrought gold cup the sea-grass whips,
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,
Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell
And seek dim sunlight with their restless tips.
So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes ;
They lie deep, deep ; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS

The hollow sea-shell, which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parents ; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool ; this echo is a cheat as well, —
The hum of earthly instincts ; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

A FLIGHT FROM GLORY

Once, from the parapet of gems and glow,
An Angel said, "O God, the heart grows cold
On these eternal battlements of gold,
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.
Here sobs are never heard ; no salt tears flow ;
Here there are none to help — nor sick nor old ;
No wrong to fight, no justice to uphold :
Grant me Thy leave to live man's life below."
"And then annihilation ?" God replied.
"Yes," said the Angel, "even that dread price ;
For earthly tears are worth eternal night."
"Then go," said God. — The Angel opened wide
His dazzling wings, gazed back on Heaven thrice,
And plunged for ever from the walls of Light.

WHAT THE SONNET IS

Fourteen small broidered berries on the hem
Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold ;
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that rolled
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them ;
Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
With which Medea human fate foretold ;
Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry stem.
It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
To Beatrice ; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought ;
The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core ;
The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

ON HIS "SONNETS OF THE WINGLESS HOURS"

I wrought them like a targe of hammered gold
On which all Troy is battling round and round ;
Or Circe's cup, embossed with snakes that wound
Through buds and myrtles, fold on scaly fold ;

Or like gold coins, which Lydian tombs may hold,
Stamped with winged racers, in the old red ground ;
Or twined gold armlets from the funeral mound
Of some great viking, terrible of old.

I know not in what metal I have wrought ;
Nor whether what I fashioned will be thrust
Beneath the clouds that hide forgotten thought ;
But if it is of gold it will not rust ;
And when the time is ripe it will be brought
Into the sun, and glitter through its dust.

Alfred Perceval Graves

THE WHITE BLOSSOM 'S OFF THE BOG

THE white blossom 's off the bog and the leaves are off the trees,
And the singing birds have scattered across the stormy seas :
And oh ! 't is winter,
Wild, wild winter !
With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees.

How green the leaves were springing ! how glad the birds were singing !
When I rested in the meadow with my head on Patrick's knees !
And oh ! 't was spring-time,
Sweet, sweet spring-time !
With the daisies all dancing before in the breeze.

With the spring the fresh leaves they 'll laugh upon the trees,
And the birds they 'll flutter back with their songs across the seas,
But I 'll never rest again with my head on Patrick's knees ;
And for me 't will be winter,
All the year winter,
With the lonesome wind sighing for ever through the trees.

Frederika Richardson Macdonald

NEW YEAR'S EVE — MIDNIGHT

DEAD. The dead year is lying at my feet ;
In this strange hour the past and future meet ;
There is no present ; no land in the vast sea ;
Appalled, I stand here in Eternity.

Darkness upon me. On my soul it weighs ;
The gloom, that has crushed out the life of days
That once knew light, has crept into my heart ;
I have not strength to bid it thence depart.

Oh, what is Time ? and what is Life, the fire
That thrills my pulses with its large desire ?
Since at each step I rend a fragment of my soul,
And growth means dying, whither is the goal ?

The old, old question ! yet I do not shrink
From bitter truths ; I do not fear to drink
Even to the dregs the cup that tears may fill ;
I 'd know God's truth, though it were human ill.

I have cast down the idols in my mind
Which sought to comfort me for being blind ;
I need no pleasant lie to cheat the night,
I need God's Truth, that I may walk aright.

That, and that only! with unflinching eyes
I would tear through the secret of the skies;
Smile on, ye stars; in me there is a might
Which dares to scale your large empyreal height.

Yet — yet — how shall it be? Time sweeps me on,
And what one day I hold, the next is gone;
The very Heavens are changed! the face they wore,
A moment back, is lost to come no more.

My soul along the restless current drifts,
And to its sight the source of radiance shifts;
Wildly I strive some gleam of truth to save,
And cry, "God help me!" battling with the wave.

God help me? Well I know the prayer is vain,
Although it rush up to my lips again;
I know His help was given with the Breath
That leads me thus to struggle against death.

No further help. No help beyond the soul,
The fragment of Himself I hold in my control;
From heaven, no stronger aid to lead me through the fight:
In heaven, no higher aim to bind me to the Right.

Thus stand I on the brink of this new year,
Darkness upon me — not the work of fear.
Powerless I know to check the river's sweep,
Powerful alone my own soul's truth to keep.

George Barlow

THE DEAD CHILD

But yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars! We ask. The stars are mute.

But yesterday her doll was all in all;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call:
She dropped no toys to show the road she went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart!
She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

IF ONLY THOU ART TRUE

If only a single rose is left,
Why should the summer pine?
A blade of grass in a rocky cleft;
A single star to shine.
— Why should I sorrow if all be lost,
If only thou art mine?

If only a single bluebell gleams
Bright on the barren heath,
Still of that flower the Summer dreams,
Not of his August wreath.
— Why should I sorrow if thou art mine,
Love, beyond change and death?

If only once on a wintry day
The sun shines forth in the blue,
He gladdens the groves till they laugh as in May
And dream of the touch of the dew.
— Why should I sorrow if all be false,
If only *thou* art true?

THE OLD MAID

She gave her life to love. She never knew
What other women give their all to gain.
Others were fickle. She was passing true.
She gave pure love, and faith without a stain.

She never married. Suitors came and went :
The dark eyes flashed their love on one alone.
Her life was passed in quiet and content.
The old love reigned. No rival shared the throne.

Think you her life was wasted ? Vale and hill
Blossomed in summer, and white winter came ;
The blue ice stiffened on the silenced rill ;
All times and seasons found her still the same.

Her heart was full of sweetness till the end.
What once she gave, she never took away.
Through all her youth she loved one faithful friend :
She loves him now her hair is growing gray.

Frederic Edward Weatherly

LONDON BRIDGE

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go ;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp, and woe.
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along,
While, below, the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powdered and gay,
Rolleth my lady by ;
Rags-and-tatters, over the way,
Carries a heart as high.
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din through city skies,
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes,—
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go ;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know.
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun ?
Gone away with their songs and sorrow ;
Only the river still flows on.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

NANCY LEE

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho ! Yeo-ho !
There 's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
See there she stands an' waves her hands upon the quay,
And ev'ry day when I 'm away, she 'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow for Jack at Sea,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo-ho ! we go across the sea ;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor 's past, the breezes blow :
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho ! Yeo-ho !
'T is long ere we come back, I know ;
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be,
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet, for Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me ;
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !

The boa's'n pipes the watch below,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho ! Yeo-ho !
Then here 's a health afore we go,
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
A long long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea ;
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones where'er we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee ;
Yeo-ho ! lads ho ! Yeo-ho !
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo-ho ! we go across the sea ;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

A BIRD IN THE HAND

THERE were three young maids of Lee,
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee.
But these young maids they cannot find
A lover each to suit her mind;
The plain-spoke lad is far too rough,
The rich young lord is not rich enough,
And one is too poor and one too tall,
And one just an inch too short for them all.
"Others pick and choose and why not we ?"
"We can very well wait," said the maids of Lee.
There were three young maids of Lee,
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee.

There are three old maids of Lee,
And they are old as old can be,
And one is deaf, and one cannot see,
And they all are cross as a gallows tree,
These three old maids of Lee.
Now if any one chanced — 't is a chance remote —
One single charm in these maids to note,
He need not a poet nor handsome be,
For one is deaf and one cannot see ;
He need not woo on his bended knee,
For they all are willing as willing can be.
He may take the one, or the two, or the three,
If he 'll only take them away from Lee.
There are three old maids at Lee,
They are cross as cross can be,
And there they are, and there they 'll be
To the end of the chapter one, two, three,
These three old maids of Lee.

DOUGLAS GORDON

"Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon,
Row me o'er the strait, my love," said she,
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,
Beyond the little Kirk by the old, old trysting tree."
Never a word spoke Douglas Gordon,
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly,
And he set her at his side,
And away across the tide
They floated to the little Kirk,
And the old, old trysting tree.

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she,
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.
They told me you were false, Douglas Gordon,
And you never came to comfort me !"
And she saw the great tears rise,
In her lover's silent eyes,
As they drifted to the little Kirk,
And the old, old, trysting tree.

"And it's never, never, never, Douglas Gordon,
Never in this world that you may come to me,
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,
And kiss me for the love of all that used to be !"
Then he flung away his sail, his oars and rudder,
And he took her in his arms so tenderly,
And they drifted on amain,
And the bells may call in vain,
For she and Douglas Gordon
Are drowned in the sea.

DARBY AND JOAN

Darby dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on ;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I —
Ah ! lad, how you cheered me then,
Things will be better, sweet wife, again !
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby, dear, but my heart was wild
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered "Heav'n knows best !"
And my heart found rest;
Darby, dear, 't was your loving hand
Showed the way to the better land —
Ah ! lad, as you kiss'd each tear,
Life grew better, and Heaven more near :
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on ;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side —
Ah ! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then :
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Catherine C. Liddell

(C. C. FRASER-TYTLER)

JESUS THE CARPENTER

"Is n't this Joseph's son ?" — ay, it is He ;
Joseph the carpenter — same trade as me —
I thought as I 'd find it — I knew it was here —
But my sight 's getting queer.

I don't know right where as His shed must ha' stood —
But often, as I 've been a-planing my wood,
I 've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

He war n't that set up that He could n't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town ;
And I 'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I 've done
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I 'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key ?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,
(We 've been forty years wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I 've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it ? Ah, many say so,
But I think I 'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go :
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden —
Unexpected, you know !

THE POET IN THE CITY

The Poet stood in the sombre town,
And spake to his heart, and said,
"O weary prison, devised by man!
O seasonless place, and dead!"
His heart was sad, for afar he heard
The sound of the Spring's light tread.

He thought he saw in the pearly east
The pale March sun arise,
The happy housewife beneath the thatch,
With hand above her eyes,
Look out to the cawing rooks, that built
So near to the quiet skies.

Out of the smoke, and noise, and sin
The heart of the Poet cried:
"O God! but to be Thy laborer there,
On the gentle hill's green side,
To leave the struggle of want and wealth,
And the battle of lust and pride!"

He bent his ear, and he heard afar
The growing of tender things,
And his heart broke forth with the travailing earth,
And shook with the tremulous wings
Of sweet brown birds, that had never known
The dirge of the city's sins.

And later, — when all the earth was green
As the Garden of the Lord,
Primroses opening their innocent face,
Cowslips scattered abroad,
Bluebells mimicking summer skies,
And the song of the thrush outpoured, —

The changeless days were so sad to him,
That the Poet's heart beat strong,
And he struggled as some poor caged lark,
And he cried: "How long, how long?
I have missed a spring I can never see,
And the singing of birds is gone!"

But when the time of the roses came,
And the nightingale hushed her lay,
The Poet, still in the dusty town,
Went quietly on his way —
A poorer poet by just one Spring,
And a richer man by one suffering.

Edmund Gosse

LYING IN THE GRASS

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony, —
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Are mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red, —
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes ;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose :
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight ;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,
Come drifting down upon us from above,
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind ;
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar, —
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through :
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

What curled and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed,
With lotos-blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide !
This lute has out-sung Egypt ; all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead ;
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

THE PIPE-PLAYER

Cool, and palm-shaded from the torrid heat,
The young brown tenor puts his singing by,
And sets the twin pipe to his lips to try
Some air of bulrush-glooms where lovers meet;
O swart musician, time and fame are fleet,
Brief all delight, and youth's feet fain to fly!
Pipe on in peace! To-morrow must we die?
What matter, if our life to-day be sweet!
Soon, soon, the silver paper-reeds that sigh
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark-stoled bearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where must lie
Your swarthed and withered body, by and by
In perfumed darkness with the grains of wheat.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

1805–1875

A being cleaves the moonlit air,
With eyes of dew and plumes of fire,
New-born, immortal, strong and fair;
Glance ere he goes!
His feet are shrouded like the dead,
But in his face a wild desire
Breaks like the dawn that flushes red,
And like a rose.

The stars shine out above his path,
And music wakes through all the skies;
What mortal such a triumph hath,
By death set free?
What earthly hands and heart are pure
As this man's, whose unshrinking eyes
Gaze onward through the deep obscure,
Nor quail to see?

Ah! this was he who drank the fount
Of wisdom set in speechless things,
Who, patient, watched the day-star mount,
While others slept.
Ah! this was he whose loving soul
Found heart-beats under trembling wings,
And heard divinest music roll
Where wild springs leapt.
For poor dumb lips had songs for him
And children's dreamings ran in tune,
And strange old heroes, weird and dim,
Walked by his side.
The very shadows loved him well
And danced and flickered in the moon,
And left him wondrous tales to tell
Men far and wide.

And now no more he smiling walks
Through greenwood alleys full of sun,
And, as he wanders, turns and talks,
Though none be there;
The children watch in vain the place
Where they were wont, when day was done,
To see their poet's sweet worn face,
And faded hair.

Yet dream not such a spirit dies,
Though all its earthly shrine decay!
Transfigured under clearer skies,
He sings anew;
The frail soul-covering, racked with pain,
And scored with vigil, fades away,
The soul set free and young again
Glides upward through.

Weep not; but watch the moonlit air!
Perchance a glory like a star
May leave what hangs about him there,
And flash on us! . . .
Behold! the void is full of light,
The beams pierce heaven from bar to bar,
And all the hollows of the night
Grow luminous!

DE ROSIS HIBERNIS

Ambitious Nile, thy banks deplore
Their Flavian patron's deep decay;
Thy Memphian pilot laughs no more
To see the flower-boat float away;
Thy winter-roses once were twined
Across the gala-streets of Rome,
And thou, like Omphale, couldst bind
The vanquished victor in his home.

But if the barge that brought thy store
Had foundered in the Lybian deep,
It had not slain thy glory more,
Nor plunged thy rose in salter sleep;
Nor gods nor Cæsars wait thee now,
No jealous Pæstum dreads thy spring,

Thy flower enfolds no augur's brow,
  Nor gives thy poet strength to sing.

Yet, surely, when the winds are low,
  And heaven is all alive with stars,
Thy conscious roses still must glow
  Above thy dreaming nenuphars ;
They recollect their high estate,
  The Roman honors they have known,
And while they ponder Cæsar's fate
  They cease to marvel at their own.

THEOCRITUS

THE poplars and the ancient elms
  Make murmurous noises high in air ;
The noon-day sunlight overwhelms
  The brown cicalas basking there ;
But here the shade is deep, and sweet
  With new-mown grass and lentisk-shoots,
And far away the shepherds meet
    With noisy fifes and flutes.

Their clamor dies upon the ear ;
  So now bring forth the rolls of song,
Mouth the rich cadences, nor fear
  Your voice may do the poet wrong ;
Lift up the chalice to our lips, —
  Yet see, before we venture thus,
A stream of red libation drips
    To great Theocritus.

We are in Sicily to-day ;
  And, as the honeyed metre flows,
Battos and Corydon, at play,
  Will lose the syrinx, gain the rose ;
Soft Amaryllis, too, will bind
  Dark violets round her shining hair,
And in the fountain laugh to find
    Her sun-browned face so fair.

We are in Sicily to-day ;
  Ah ! foolish world, too sadly wise,
Why didst thou e'er let fade away
  Those ancient, innocent ecstasies ?
Along the glens, in checkered flight,
  Hither to-day the nymphs shall flee,
And Pan forsake for our delight
    The tomb of Helice.

WITH A COPY OF HERRICK

FRESH with all airs of woodland brooks
    And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
    This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
    And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say, —
    Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff, —
    Thorns of sweet briar ;
His benediction is a laugh,
    Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
    Unction distils ;
He hath a nimbus round his head
    Of daffodils.

THE VOICE OF D. G. R.

FROM this carved chair wherein I sit to-night,
The dead man read in accents deep and strong,
Through lips that were like Chaucer's, his great song
About the Beryl and its virgin light ;
And still that music lives in death's despite,
And though my pilgrimage on earth be long,
Time cannot do my memory so much wrong
As e'er to make that gracious voice take flight.
I sit here with closed eyes ; the sound comes back,
With youth, and hope, and glory on its track,
A solemn organ-music of the mind ;
So, when the oracular moon brings back the tide,
After long drought, the sandy channel wide
Murmurs with waves, and sings beneath the wind.

SONG FOR MUSIC

COUNT the flashes in the surf,
  Count the crystals in the snow,
Or the blades above the turf,
  Or the dead that sleep below !
  These ye count — yet shall not know, —
While I wake or while I slumber, —
  Where my thoughts and wishes go,
What her name, and what their number.

Ask the cold and midnight sea,
  Ask the silent-falling frost,
Ask the grasses on the lea,
  Or the mad maid, passion-crost!

  They may tell of posies tost
To the waves where blossoms blow not,
  Tell of hearts that staked and lost, —
But of me and mine they know not.

Théophile Marzials

A PASTORAL

FLOWER of the medlar,
  Crimson of the quince,
I saw her at the blossom-time,
  And loved her ever since!
She swept the draughty pleasance,
  The blooms had left the trees,
The whilst the birds sang canticles,
  In cherry symphonies.

Whiteness of the white rose,
  Redness of the red,
She went to cut the blush-rose buds
  To tie at the altar-head;
And some she laid in her bosom,
  And some around her brows,
And, as she passed, the lily-heads
  All becked and made their bows.

Scarlet of the poppy,
  Yellow of the corn,
The men were at the garnering,
  A-shouting in the morn;
I chased her to a pippin-tree, —
  The waking birds all whist, —
And oh! it was the sweetest kiss
  That I have ever kiss'd.

Marjorie, mint, and violets
  A-drying round us set,
'T was all done in the faïence-room
  A-spicing marmalet;
On one tile was a satyr,
  On one a nymph at bay,
Methinks the birds will scarce be home
  To wake our wedding-day!

TWICKENHAM FERRY

"AHOY! and O-ho! and it's who's for the ferry?"
  (The briar's in bud and the sun going down)
"And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
  And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town."
The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
  With just a soft tang in the turn of his tongue;
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
  And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town.

"Ahoy! and O-ho! and it's I'm for the ferry,"
  (The briar's in bud and the sun going down)
"And it's late as it is and I have n't a penny —
  Oh! how can I get me to Twickenham Town?"
She 'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she look'd sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry —
  "It's sure but you're welcome to Twickenham Town."

"Ahoy! and O-ho!" — You're too late for the ferry,
  (The briar's in bud and the sun has gone down)
And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady;
  It seems quite a journey to Twickenham Town.
"Ahoy! and O-ho!" you may call as you will;
The young moon is rising o'er Petersham Hill;
And, with Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
  There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.

MAY MARGARET

If you be that May Margaret
  That lived on Kendal Green,
Then where 's that sunny hair of yours
  That crowned you like a queen?
That sunny hair is dim, lad,
  They said was like a crown —
The red gold turned to gray, lad,
  The night a ship went down.

If you be yet May Margaret,
  May Margaret now as then,
Then where 's that bonny smile of yours
  That broke the hearts of men?
The bonny smile is wan, lad,
  That once was glad as day —
And oh! 't is weary smiling
  To keep the tears away.

If you be yet May Margaret,
  As yet you swear to me,
Then where 's that proud, cold heart of yours
  That sent your love to sea?
Ah! me, that heart is broken,
  The proud cold heart has bled
For one light word outspoken,
  For all the love unsaid.

Then Margaret, my Margaret,
  If all you say be true,
Your hair is yet the sunniest gold,
  Your eyes the sweetest blue.
And dearer yet and fairer yet
  For all the coming years —
The fairer for the waiting,
  The dearer for the tears!

LAST NIGHT

(FROM THE SWEDISH)

Last night the nightingale waked me,
  Last night when all was still;
It sang in the golden moonlight
  From out the woodland hill.
I opened the window gently,
  And all was dreamy dew —
And oh! the bird, my darling,
  Was singing, singing of you!

I think of you in the day-time;
  I dream of you by night —
I wake — would you were near me!
  And hot tears blind my sight.
I hear a sigh in the lime-tree,
  The wind is floating through,
And oh! the night, my darling,
  Is longing, longing for you.

Nor think I can forget you!
  I could not though I would!
I see you in all around me, —
  The stream, the night, the wood;
The flowers that sleep so gently,
  The stars above the blue,
Oh! heaven itself, my darling,
  Is praying, praying for you.

CARPE DIEM

To-day, what is there in the air
That makes December seem sweet May?
  There are no swallows anywhere,
  Nor crocuses to crown your hair,
And hail you down my garden way.

Last night the full moon's frozen stare
  Struck me, perhaps; or did you say
Really, — you 'd come, sweet friend and fair!
                To-day?

To-day is here: — come! crown to-day
  With Spring's delight or Spring's despair,
Love cannot bide old Time's delay: —
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
  And my whole life shall bloom and bear
                To-day.

Walter Herries Pollock

BELOW THE HEIGHTS

I sat at Berne, and watched the chain
  Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain,
  In stern majestic masses.

I waited till the evening light
  Upon their heads descended;
They caught it on their glittering height,
  And held it there suspended.

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
  How like a maiden's blushing,

Till all were hid in rosy light
That seemed from heaven rushing ;

The dead white snow was flushed with life,
As if a new Pygmalion
Had sought to find himself a wife
In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane ;
It lingered soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
Into their cold dead splendor.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
The rose so quickly faded.

A CONQUEST

I FOUND him openly wearing her token ;
I knew that her troth could never be broken ;
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword, —
He did the same, and he spoke no word ;
I faced him with his villainy ;
He laughed, and said, "She gave it me."
We searched for seconds, they soon were found ;
They measured our swords ; they measured the ground ;
They held to the deadly work too fast ;
They thought to gain our place at last.
We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood ;
The fair white snow was red with his blood ;
But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

FATHER FRANCIS

"I COME your sin-rid souls to shrive ;
Is this the way wherein ye live ?"
We lightly think of virtue,
Enjoyment cannot hurt you.

"Ye love. Hear then of chivalry,
Of gallant truth and constancy."
We find new loves the meetest,
And stolen kisses sweetest.

"Voices ye have. Then should ye sing
In praise of heaven's mighty king."
We deem it is our duty
To chant our darlings' beauty.

"Strait are the gates of worldly pleasure ;
The joy beyond no soul can measure."
Alas ! we are but mortal,
And much prefer the portal.

"Nay, sons : then must I leave ye so ;
But lost will be your souls, I trow."
Nay, Father, make you merry ;
Come, drawer, bring some sherry.

"Me drink ? Old birds are not unwary —
Still less — Ha — well — 't is fine canary."
Mark how his old blood prances —
A stoup for Father Francis !

"Your wine, my sons, is wondrous good,
And hath been long time in the wood."
Mark how his old eye dances —
More wine for Father Francis !

"A man, my sons — a man, I say,
Might well drink here till judgment-day."
Now for soft words and glances —
But where is Father Francis ?

"Heed me, my sons, I pray, no more ;
I always sleep upon the floor."
Alas ! for old wine's chances ;
A shutter for Father Francis !

Michael Field

FROM "CANUTE THE GREAT"

SCENE. — A room on the northern bank of the Thames.

Enter CANUTE.

Canute. She dared not wait my coming, and shall look
No more upon my face. — A vacancy,
A blank ! that scarf left trailing on the floor,
A shred too of her robe, — I must have trampled,
Have hurt her, as I thrust her off. A shred,

A tag, and is it thus that women suffer ?
We can inflict so little on such natures ;
We cannot make reprisals. Slavish tears
For Edric, and, — O Hel ! — a bloody gleam
Across her eyes, when I proclaimed the rights
Of Edmund's children. I am cut adrift,
Far, far from the great, civilizing God, —
Dull, speechless, unappraised.
[*A voice singing.*] Is that a child
At babble with his vespers ? — Silver sweet !
It minds me of the holy brotherhood,
Chanting adown the banks. As yesterday
I see all clear, how as they moved they chanted,
And made a mute procession in the stream.
[*Gazing abstractedly on the water.*]

Merrily sang the monks of Ely,
As Canute the king passed by.
Row to the shore, knights, said the king,
And let us hear the Churchmen sing.

Still are they singing ? It was Candlemas,
My queen sat splendid at the prow and listened
With heaving breast. 'T was then the passion seized me
To emulate, to let her know my ear
Had common pleasure with her, and I thrilled
The story out. The look she turned on me !
The choir shall sing this music. I resolved
In the glory of the verse to civilize
My blood, to sweeten it, to give it law,
To curb my wild thoughts with the rein of metre.
Row to the shore ! So pleasantly it ran,
A ripple on the wave. I grew ambitious
To be a scholar like King Alfred, gather
Wise men about me, in myself possess
A treasure, an enchantment. For an instant
I looked round royally, and felt a king.
The abbey-chant, the stream, the meadowland,
The willows glimmering in the sun ; — a poet
Wins things to come so close. A plash, a gurgle !
There 's a black memory for the river now ;
And hark ! strange, solemn, Latin words that toll,
And move on slowly to me . . . Up the stair.
Without the door. A wail, a litany !
Enter Child *singing.*
Child. Miserere mei, Deus, secundam magnam misericordiam tuam ;
Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam.
Can. How perfectly he sings the music ! Child,
Who art thou with that voice, those dying cheeks ?
Art thou an angel sent to wring my heart,
Or is it mortal woe ? Thine arms are full.
Child. Green, country herbs, they say, will staunch a wound,
And I have run about the fields and gathered
Those I could catch up quickly : — for the blood
Was leaping all the while. But here is clary,
The blessèd thistle, yarrow, sicklewort,
And all-heal red as gore. I knew a wood
So dark and cool, I crept for lily-leaves ;
Then it grew lonely, and I lost the way.
But, oh, you must not beat me ; it is done.
Father, I stabbed him, throw away the whip !
Now God will scourge me. So I plucked the flowers,
And sang for mercy in the holy words
Priest Sampson taught me, *Miserere !*
Can. This
Is Edric's child, the little murderer,
Who did my deed of treason. Edmund, turn
Those trustful eyes from off me.
Child. Take me back.
He will be dead . . . He fell, O father, fell,
And when I put my cheek against his side,
Gave a great pant. Let 's pray for him together.
Can you sing *Miserere ?* For I did it,
And then he looked . . . Once in the ivy-tod
I caught an owl, and hurt its wing. 'T was so
He looked. Oh, quickly tell me where he lies —
Next room ? or down the passage ? Do you know
He was my uncle, and was kissing me,

One, two, three, on my head.
Can. Cease! From these lips,
White, childish penitents, how awful sounds
The wild avowal of their treachery.
Child, it was I who struck your uncle's side,
Who falsely kissed him; it was I who set
Your father on this wickedness; 't was I
Who drove your frantic innocence to work
The sin of my conception. Can you learn
That I alone am guilty, and God's wrath
Will visit me with judgment?
Child. Come along,
And take me where he is. How can I go?
I do not know the path or time of day.
The leaves are fading. Can the blood flow long
Before it kills? I saw it spirt and jump;
I could not see it now. I ran and ran . . .
Perchance I stayed too long about the fields.
'T is dark; no trees and hedges. He is gone,
And I am damned forever; the fresh herbs
Could once have saved me.
Can. He is chill and fainting;
Give me these hands.
Child. I am not much afraid.
Before I struck at him my skin was hot;
Now dew is falling on me; it is cool.
Let me lie in your arms where I can look
Up at the sky. There 's some one . . . and he grows
So kindly. Oh, he smiles down all the way,
Quite golden in my eyes.
Can. He sees the moon.
How pale and cold he 's growing! All the flowers
Are slipping down. I cannot bear his weight.
'T is condemnation. There is just a spot
Here on his garment, one bright drop of blood,
Sprinkling his spirit; he is saved; on him
It is the very mark of Christ; on me
The blot that makes illegible my name
I' the book of life.
Child. If I should fall asleep,
It will not matter, for I could not see
The healing plants by night; besides, my eyes
Will open wide at morning. I must hold
The blessèd thistle in my hand, and pray;
And God may so forgive me. *Miserere!*
Can. The child is dying on my breast. He closes
His frightened eyes; the notes are on his lips,
His arm still round my shoulder.
. . . . . .
Sharply flows
The Thames now he is dead; the rush, the hum,
Are like a conscience haunting me without.
I cannot bear it. I will fling him forth
To the engulfing river, and forget him.
Rank, pagan impulse! I would learn the prayer,
Recall the gracious song, — and stormy sagas
Come hurtling through my brain. I am a stranger
To our sweet Saviour Christ; I cannot pray;
I love the slaughter of my enemies,
And to exact full vengeance. Little one,
Thou shalt have fair, white cere-cloth, and a circlet
Of purest gold. Now that I look on thee,
It grows soft in my heart as when they chanted
Across the stream, — *Canute the king passed by,* —
And listened. They shall sing about thy grave.
[*He bows himself over the child and weeps.*]

THE BURIAL OF ROBERT BROWNING

Upon St. Michael's Isle
They laid him for awhile
That he might feel the Ocean's full embrace,
And wedded be
To that wide sea —
The subject and the passion of his race.
As Thetis, from some lovely underground
Springing, she girds him round
With lapping sound
And silent space:
Then, on more honor bent,
She sues the firmament,
And bids the hovering, western clouds combine
To spread their sabled amber on her lustrous brine.

It might not be
He should lie free

Forever in the soft light of the sea,
For lo! one came,
Of step more slow than fame,
Stooped over him — we heard her breathe his name —
And, as the light drew back,
Bore him across the track
Of the subservient waves that dare not foil
That veiled, maternal figure of its spoil.

Ah! where will she put by
Her journeying majesty?
She hath left the lands of the air and sun;
She will take no rest till her course be run.
Follow her far, follow her fast,
Until at last,
Within a narrow transept led,
Lo! she unwraps her face to pall her dead.

'T is England who has travelled far,
England who brings
Fresh splendor to her galaxy of Kings.
We kiss her feet, her hands,
Where eloquent she stands;
Nor dare to lead
A wailful choir about the poet dumb
Who is become
Part of the glory that her sons would bleed
To save from scar;
Yea, hers in very deed
As Runnymede,
Or Trafalgar.

WIND OF SUMMER

O WIND, thou hast thy kingdom in the trees,
And all thy royalties
Sweep through the land to-day.
It is mid June,
And thou, with all thine instruments in tune,
Thine orchestra
Of heaving fields, and heavy, swinging fir,
Strikest a lay
That doth rehearse
Her ancient freedom to the universe.
All other sound in awe
Repeals its law;
The bird is mute, the sea
Sucks up its waves, from rain
The burthened clouds refrain,
To listen to thee in thy leafery,
Thou unconfined,
Lavish, large, soothing, refluent summer-wind.

THE DANCERS

I DANCE and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:
I can't outdance him though I try;
He dances nimbler than I.
I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and finger there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

LETTICE

LITTLE Lettice is dead, they say,
The brown, sweet child who rolled in the hay;
Ah, where shall we find her?
For the neighbors pass
To the pretty lass,
In a linen cere-cloth to wind her.

If her sister were set to search
The nettle-green nook beside the church,
And the way were shown her
Through the coffin-gate
To her dead playmate,
She would fly too frightened to own her.

Should she come at a noonday call,
Ah, stealthy, stealthy, with no footfall,
And no laughing chatter,
To her mother 't were worse
Than a barren curse
That her own little wench should pat her.

Little Lettice is dead and gone!
The stream by her garden wanders on
Through the rushes wider;
She fretted to know
How its bright drops grow
On the hills, but no hand would guide her.

Little Lettice is dead and lost!
Her willow-tree boughs by storm are tost —

Oh, the swimming sallows! —
Where she crouched to find
The nest of the wind
Like a water-fowl's in the shallows.

Little Lettice is out of sight!
The river-bed and the breeze are bright:
Ay me, were it sinning
To dream that she knows
Where the soft wind rose
That her willow-branches is thinning?

Little Lettice has lost her name,
Slipt away from our praise and our blame;
Let not love pursue her,
But conceive her free
Where the bright drops be
On the hills, and no longer rue her!

EARTH TO EARTH

I STOOD to hear that bold
Sentence of grit and mould,
Earth to earth; they thrust
On his coffin dust;
Stones struck against his grave:
Oh, the old days, the brave!

Just with a pebble's fall,
Grave-digger, you turn all
Bliss to bereaving;
To catch the cleaving
Of Atropa's fine shears
Would less hurt human ears.

Live senses that death dooms!
For friendship in dear rooms,
Slow-lighting faces,
Hand-clasps, embraces,
Ashes on ashes grind:
Oh, poor lips left behind!

AN ÆOLIAN HARP

DOST thou not hear? Amid dun, lonely hills
Far off a melancholy music shrills,
As for a joy that no fruition fills.

Who live in that far country of the wind?
The unclaimed hopes, the powers but half-divined,
The shy, heroic passions of mankind.

And all are young in those reverberant bands;
None marshals them, no mellow voice commands;
They whirl and eddy as the shifting sands.

There, there is ruin, and no ivy clings;
There pass the mourners for untimely things,
There breaks the stricken cry of crownless kings.

But ever and anon there spreads a boom
Of wonder through the air, arraigning doom
With ineffectual plaint as from a tomb.

IRIS

THE Iris was yellow, the moon was pale,
In the air it was stiller than snow,
There was even light through the vale,
But a vaporous sheet
Clung about my feet,
And I dared no further go.
I had passed the pond, I could see the stile,
The path was plain for more than a mile,
Yet I dared no further go.

The iris-beds shone in my face, when, whist!
A noiseless music began to blow,
A music that moved through the mist,
That had not begun,
Would never be done, —
With that music I must go:
And I found myself in the heart of the tune,
Wheeling around to the whirr of the moon,
With the sheets of the mist below.

In my hands how warm were the little hands,
Strange, little hands that I did not know:
I did not think of the elvan bands,
Nor of anything
In that whirling ring —
Here a cock began to crow!
The little hands dropped that had clung so tight,
And I saw again by the pale dawnlight
The iris-heads in a row.

Mathilde Blind

FROM "A LOVE-TRILOGY"

I CHARGE you, O winds of the West, O winds with the wings of the dove,
That ye blow o'er the brows of my Love, breathing low that I sicken for love.

I charge you, O dews of the Dawn, O tears of the star of the morn,
That ye fall at the feet of my love with the sound of one weeping forlorn.

I charge you, O birds of the Air, O birds flying home to your nest,
That ye sing in his ears of the joy that forever has fled from my breast.

I charge you, O flowers of the Earth, O frailest of things, and most fair,
That ye droop in his path as the life in me shrivels consumed by despair.

O Moon, when he lifts up his face, when he seeth the waning of thee,
A memory of her who lies wan on the limits of life let it be.

Many tears cannot quench, nor my sighs extinguish, the flames of love's fire,
Which lifteth my heart like a wave, and smites it, and breaks its desire.

I rise like one in a dream when I see the red sun flaring low,
That drags me back shuddering from sleep each morning to life with its woe.

I go like one in a dream ; unbidden my feet know the way
To that garden where love stood in blossom with the red and white hawthorn of May.

The song of the throstle is hushed, and the fountain is dry to its core,
The moon cometh up as of old ; she seeks, but she finds him no more.

The pale-faced, pitiful moon shines down on the grass where I weep,
My face to the earth, and my breast in an anguish ne'er soothed into sleep.

The moon returns, and the spring, birds warble, trees burst into leaf,
But love once gone, goes forever, and all that endures is the grief.

THE DEAD

THE dead abide with us ! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still :
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill ;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong imperishable will —
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil —
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.
Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star !
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

FROM "LOVE IN EXILE"

I

WHY will you haunt me unawares,
And walk into my sleep,
Pacing its shadowy thoroughfares,
Where long-dried perfume scents the airs,
While ghosts of sorrow creep,
Where on Hope's ruined altar-stairs,
With ineffectual beams,
The Moon of Memory coldly glares
Upon the land of dreams ?

My yearning eyes were fain to look
Upon your hidden face ;
Their love, alas ! you could not brook,
But in your own you mutely took
My hand, and for a space
You wrung it till I throbbed and shook,
And woke with wildest moan
And wet face channelled like a brook
With your tears or my own.

2

We met as strangers on life's lonely way,
And yet it seemed we knew each other well;
There was no end to what thou hadst to say,
Or to the thousand things I found to tell.
My heart, long silent, at thy voice that day
Chimed in my breast like to a silver bell.

How much we spoke, and yet still left untold
Some secret half revealed within our eyes:
Didst thou not love me once in ages old?
Had I not called thee with importunate cries,
And, like a child left sobbing in the cold,
Listened to catch from far thy fond replies?

We met as strangers, and as such we part;
Yet all my life seems leaving me with thine;
Ah, to be clasped once only heart to heart,
If only once to feel that thou wert mine!
These lips are locked, and yet I know thou art
That all in all for which my soul did pine.

Robert Louis Stevenson

PIRATE STORY

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we 're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here 's a squadron a-rowing on the sea —
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we 'll escape them, they 're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore.

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant faces more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;

Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do —
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

IN THE SEASON

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazelled brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

TO N. V. DE G. S.

The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,
The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings
Dispart us; and the river of events
Has, for an age of years, to east and west
More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me
Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn
Descry a land far off and know not which.
So I approach uncertain; so I cruise
Round thy mysterious islet, and behold
Surf and great mountains and loud river-bars,
And from the shore hear inland voices call.
Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes, he fears;
Draws closer and sweeps wider from that coast;
Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep
His shattered prow uncomforted puts back.
Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm
Of that bright island; where he feared to touch,
His spirit readventures; and for years,
Where by his wife he slumbers safe at home,
Thoughts of that land revisit him; he sees
The eternal mountains beckon, and awakes
Yearning for that far home that might have been.

IN THE STATES

With half a heart I wander here
As from an age gone by,
A brother — yet though young in years,
An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine,
Though both were English born.

I towards the night of time decline,
  You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,
  But age must still decay :
To-morrow for the States — for me,
  England and Yesterday.

THE SPAEWIFE

Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I —
Why chops are guid to brander and nane sae guid to fry.
An' siller, that 's sae braw to keep, is brawer still to gi'e.
It 's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I —
Hoo a' things come to be whaur we find them when we try,
The lasses in their claes an' the fishes in the sea.
It 's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I —
Why lads are a' to sell an' lasses a' to buy ;
An' naebody for dacency but barely twa or three.
It 's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I —
Gin death's as shüre to men as killin' is to kye,
Why God has filled the yearth sae fu' o' tasty things to pree.
It 's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I —
The reason o' the cause an' the wherefore o' the why,
Wi' mony anither riddle brings the tear into my e'e.
It 's gey an' easy spierin', says the beggar-wife to me.

HEATHER ALE : A GALLOWAY LEGEND

From the bonny bells of heather
  They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
  Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
  And lay in a blessed swound
For days and days together
  In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
  A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
  He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
  He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
  Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
  Red was the heather bell ;
But the manner of the brewing
  Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
  On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
  Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland
  Rode on a summer's day ;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
  Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry ;
  Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
  And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortuned that his vassals,
  Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
  And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
  Never a word they spoke :
A son and his aged father —
  Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
  He looked on the little men ;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
  Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them ;
  And there on the giddy brink —

"I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
"I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,
And honor a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,"
Quoth the Pict to the King.
His voice was small as a sparrow's,
And shrill and wonderful clear:
"I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter,
And death is nought to the young;
And I dare not sell my honor
Under the eye of my son.
Take *him*, O king, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep;
And it 's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten;—
And there on the cliff stood the father,
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale."

THE WHAUPS

TO S. R. C.

"BLOWS the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying—
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how!

"Gray, recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, red-wine moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races
And winds austere and pure!

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and I hear again the call—
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
And hear no more at all."

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Gleeson White

A BALLADE OF PLAYING CARDS

To soothe a mad King's fevered brain
(So runs the legend), cards were made,
When Gringonneur for Charles insane
"Diversely colored" heart and spade,
Diamond and club, the painted jade,
The light-heeled Jack, and beckoning
Called, to their royal cousin's aid,
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

Grim fancy! that the playful train,
The quaint, grimacing cavalcade,

Should wreck such ills where they obtain
  The victims to their sorry trade,
  The player cozened by the played;
Pasteboards supreme; to this they bring
  Both gallant buck and roystering blade,
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

From reckless play, what noble gain?
  One friend hard hit, the rest afraid
To show their pleasure at his pain,
  Such sympathy might well persuade
  The cards in garish heaps displayed
To join, with impish revelling,
  And jeer as all his fortunes fade —
Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

L'ENVOI

Prince! after all, they are the shade,
  The type of every earthly thing,
And we, through all life's masquerade,
  Puppets of knave, and queen, and king.

SUFFICIENCY

A LITTLE love, of Heaven a little share,
And then we go — what matters it? since where,
  Or when, or how, none may aforetime know,
  Nor if Death cometh soon, or lingering slow,
Send on ahead his herald of Despair.

On this gray life, Love lights with golden glow;
Refracted from The Source, his bright wings throw
  Its glory round us, should Fate grant our prayer
  — A little love!

A little; 't is as much as we may bear,
For Love is compassed with such magic air
  Who breathes it fully dies; and, knowing so,
  The Gods all wisely but a taste bestow
For little lives, — a little while they spare
  A little love.

A PRIMROSE DAME

SHE has a primrose at her breast,
  I almost wish I were a Tory.
I like the Radicals the best;
She has a primrose at her breast;
Now is it chance she so is drest,
  Or must I tell a story?
She has a primrose at her breast,
  I almost wish I *were* a Tory.

John Arthur Goodchild

SCHÖNE ROTHRAUT

TAKE as gold this old tradition
  Of the royal-rendered wage,
Guerdon of love's mad ambition
  In the true heart of a page.

He, his passion vainly hiding,
  Worn and pale with hopeless pain,
Through the summer woods was riding
  Close beside his mistress' rein.

"Why so sad, my page?" and turning,
  Gazed she straight into his eyes.
"T is thy thought my bosom burning
  With a flame that never dies."

Flushed she then, but answered, "Carest
  Thou to feed the flame I bring?
Look me full, and if thou darest,
  Kiss the daughter of the king."

Stark he stood, all wonders mingling,
  Then from heart to finger-tips
Rushed the heated life-blood tingling
  As he seized upon her lips.

Crushing newborn awe with laughter,
  Said she, "Thus must end thy pain;
See thou never more hereafter
  Lookest for like grace again."

Spake he glad: "Each leaf that glitters
  In the sun thy gift hath seen;
Every bird that sings and twitters
  Knoweth where my lips have been.

"And the winds from dawn to vesper,
Blow they north or blow they south,
Softly in my ear shall whisper,
'Thou hast kissed Schöne Rothraut's mouth.'

"Every floweret of the meadow,
Every bird upon the tree,
In life's sunshine or its shadow,
Shall bring back my joy to me."

A PARABLE OF THE SPIRIT

I CAME in light that I might behold
The shadow which shut me apart of old.
Lo, it was lying robed in white,
With the still palms crossed o'er a lily, bright
With salt rain of tears ; and everywhere
Around lay blossoms that filled the air
With perfume, snow of flowers that hid
The snow of the silken coverlid
With myrtle and orange bloom and store
Of jasmine stars, and a wreath it wore
Of stephanotis. Still it lay,
For its time of travail had passed away.
"Of old it was never so fair as this,"
I said, as I bent me down to kiss
The cast swathing robe. "It is well that so
I see it before I turn to go —
Turn to depart that I may bless
The love that has shown such tenderness."

So I passed to my mother's side,
Where she lay sleepless and weary-eyed ;
Glided within, that I might see
The chamber her love had reserved for me.
It was wide and warm, and furnished forth
With the best she had, with gifts of worth,
Anxious watchings and tears and prayers
And ministrations of many years.
I bent me down o'er her wrinkled brow
And kissed it smooth, as I whispered low
Comfort and hope for her daughter dear,
Till my whisper drew forth the healing tear.
Last, I kissed her to slumber deep,
Kissed her to quiet rest and sleep.

I passed to my sister's heart, and there
I heard sweet notes of her soaring prayer ;
And, joining therewith, found the fair white shrine
That her love had set apart as mine.
On its alabaster altar stood
A vessel with sacrificial blood.
Incense of sweet unselfishness
Rose ever, a pillar of light to bless
That fair pure place with its flower-sweet fume.
Dimmed was that shrine by no cloud of gloom,
But bright shone that pillar which rose above
On her earthly jewels with its lambent love.
So I knew that any gift of mine
Was naught by her treasure of love divine,
Flowing freely down ; but a flower I lent
That would bloom in her bosom with sweet content,
'T was forget-me-not. "Though poor," I said,
"Mid her blossoms of living love, the dead
Would yet be loved, and I will that she
Keep this, and render it back to me."
I knew how my blossom would live and grow,
As I kissed it once ere I turned to go ;

Turned to go to my cousin Kate —
She who was rival to me of late,
Jealous, unhappy, but in the end
Nursed me and tended me like a friend.
I searched her heart, and soon I found
A plot of mine in her garden ground ;
Flowers were there which had ripened seed,
But among them many a yellow weed.
Still, I saw with a gladdened eye
The weeds were pining and like to die,
Whilst heartsease throve, and sprigs of rue
Watered well with remorseful dew.
So I bent down and rooted out
Nettles of envy, and round about
Cleared the ground that the flowers might live,
Live and blossom and grow and thrive.
Lastly, I drew with cords of love
A thistle of pride naught else might move,
Pressed her forehead and swiftly passed —
For I kept my best gifts to the last —
Treasures of comfort and hope to cheer
The heart which my own had held most dear.

I dreamed of the bliss that I should feel
When that opened heart should to me reveal

Its fulness, before but dimly seen,
As I lifted its veils and entered in —
Entered, and saw with mute amaze
How squalid and narrow was the place.
Still, I fancied, perchance for me
The best of that which is here may be.
Searching in dusk, I forced my way
To the secret place where my chamber lay,
Choked with the sordid piles o'erthrown
Of a miser's dust which had been my own,
Till but little space for me remained,
All being filthy and weather-stained ;
Whilst evil fungi, spawn of lust,
Pushed through the rotten floor, and thrust
Unsightly growths in that evil space,
And vanity pressed in the crowded space
Till room was scanty for me to tread.
I gazed shadowed a moment before I fled,
For no gift of mine of love or care
Might live in that pestilential air ;
Still, for the love of dreams bygone,
I could not leave him quite alone,
So I planted cypress to warn of death.
It might live, and its keen balsamic breath
Would wither these fungi one by one,
Giving entrance, perchance, to some ray of sun.

Then I departed, earth's lesson o'er.
Never henceforth shall I enter more ;
And the thought was mine of former dread
And former longings, and so I said,
"Blind I was when my dearest wish
Was ever to dwell in a home like this."
Knew, as I went forth to my rest,
My prayer was a child's, and God knew best.

Eric Mackay

THE WAKING OF THE LARK

O BONNIE bird, that in the brake, exultant,
dost prepare thee,
As poets do whose thoughts are true, for wings that will upbear thee —
Oh ! tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,
Canst thou not pipe of hope deferred ?
Or canst thou sing of naught but Spring among the golden meadows ?

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to sorrow,
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow ;
But thou art not a prophet, thou,
If naught but joy can touch thee now ;
If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's anguish.

Oh ! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, though poor and slighted,
The songs we love are those we hear when love is unrequited ;
But thou art still the slave of dawn,
And canst not sing till night be gone,
Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and quiver.

Thou art the minion of the sun that rises in his splendor,
And canst not spare for Dian fair the songs that should attend her.
The moon, so sad and silver-pale,
Is mistress of the nightingale ;
And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the darkness.

For Queen and King thou wilt not spare one note of thine outpouring ;
And thou 'rt as free as breezes be on Nature's velvet flooring.
The daisy, with its hood undone,
The grass, the sunlight, and the sun —
These are the joys, thou holy one, that pay thee for thy singing.

Oh, hush ! Oh, hush ! how wild a gush of rapture in the distance —
A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assistance ;
A sound that wells from happy throats,
A flood of song where beauty floats,
And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.

This is the advent of the lark — the priest
in gray apparel —
Who doth prepare to trill in air his sinless
summer carol ;
This is the prelude to the lay
The birds did sing in Cæsar's day,
And will again, for aye and aye, in praise
of God's creation.

O dainty thing, on wonder's wing, by life
and love elated,
Oh ! sing aloud from cloud to cloud, till
day be consecrated ;
Till from the gateways of the morn,
The sun, with all his light unshorn,
His robes of darkness round him torn, doth
scale the lofty heavens !

MARY ARDEN

O THOU to whom, athwart the perished days
And parted nights, long sped, we lift our
gaze,
Behold ! I greet thee with a modern
rhyme,
Love-lit and reverent as befits the time,
To solemnize the feast-day of thy son.

And who was he who flourished in the
smiles
Of thy fair face ? 'T was Shakespeare of
the Isles,
Shakespeare of England, whom the world
has known
As thine, and ours, and Glory's, in the zone
Of all the seas and all the lands of
earth.

He was unfamous when he came to thee,
But sound, and sweet, and good for eyes to
see,
And born at Stratford, on St. George's
Day,
A week before the wondrous month of
May ;
And God therein was gracious to us all.

He loved thee, lady ! and he loved the
world ;
And, like a flag, his fealty was unfurled ;
And kings who flourished ere thy son was
born
Shall live through him, from morn to furthest morn,
In all the far-off cycles yet to come.

He gave us Falstaff, and a hundred quips,
A hundred mottoes from immortal lips ;
And, year by year, we smile to keep away
The generous tears that mind us of the
sway
Of his great singing, and the pomp
thereof.

His was the nectar of the gods of Greece,
The lute of Orpheus, and the Golden
Fleece
Of grand endeavor ; and the thunder-roll
Of words majestic, which, from pole to pole,
Have borne the tidings of our English
tongue.

He gave us Hamlet ; and he taught us
more
Than schools have taught us ; and his fairy-
lore
Was fraught with science ; and he called
from death
Verona's lovers, with the burning breath
Of their great passion that has filled the
spheres.

He made us know Cordelia, and the man
Who murdered sleep, and baleful Caliban ;
And, one by one, athwart the gloom appeared
Maidens and men and myths who were
revered
In olden days, before the earth was sad.

Ay ! this is true. It was ordainéd so ;
He was thine own, three hundred years ago ;
But ours to-day ; and ours till earth be
red
With doom-day splendor for the quick and
dead,
And days and nights be scattered like the
leaves.

It was for this he lived, for this he died :
To raise to Heaven the face that never
lied,
To lean to earth the lips that should become
Fraught with conviction when the mouth
was dumb,
And all the firm, fine body turned to
clay.

He lived to seal, and sanctify, the lives
Of perished maids, and uncreated wives,

And gave them each a space wherein to dwell;
And for his mother's sake he loved them well
And made them types undying of all truth.

O fair and fond young mother of the boy
Who wrought all this — O Mary! — in this thy joy
Didst thou perceive, when, fitful from his rest,
He turned to thee, that his would be the best
Of all men's chanting since the world began?

Didst thou, O Mary! with the eye of trust
Perceive, prophetic through the dark and dust
Of things terrene, the glory of thy son,
And all the pride therein that should be won
By toilsome men, content to be his slaves?

Didst thou, good mother! in the tender ways
That women find to fill the fleeting days,
Behold afar the Giant who should rise
With foot on earth, and forehead in the skies,
To write his name and thine among the stars?

I love to think it; and in dreams at night
I see thee stand, erect, and all in white,
With hands out-yearning to that mighty form,
As if to draw him back from out the storm —
A child again, and thine to nurse withal.

I see thee, pale and pure, with flowing hair,
And big, bright eyes — far-searching in the air
For thy sweet babe — and, in a trice of time,
I see the boy advance to thee, and climb,
And call thee "Mother!" in ecstatic tones.

Yet if my thought be vain — if, by a touch
Of this weak hand, I vex thee overmuch —
Forbear the blame, sweet Spirit! and endow
My heart with fervor while to thee I bow
Athwart the threshold of my fading dream.

For — though so seeming-bold in this my song —
I turn to thee with reverence, in the throng
Of words and thoughts, as shepherds scanned afar
The famed effulgence of that eastern star
Which ushered in the Crowned One of the heavens.

In dreams of rapture I have seen thee pass
Along the banks of Avon, by the grass,
As fair as that fair Juliet whom thy son
Endowed with life, but with the look of one
Who knows the nearest way to some new grave.

And often, too, I 've seen thee in the flush
Of thy full beauty, while the mother's "Hush!"
Hung on thy lip, and all thy tangled hair
Re-clothed a bosom that in part was bare
Because a tiny hand had toyed therewith!

Oh! by the June-tide splendor of thy face
When, eight weeks old, the child in thine embrace
Did leap and laugh — O Mary! by the same,
I bow to thee, subservient to thy fame,
And call thee England's Pride forevermore!

ECSTASY

I CANNOT sing to thee as I would sing
If I were quickened like the holy lark,
With fire from Heaven and sunlight on his wing,
Who wakes the world with witcheries of the dark
Renewed in rapture in the reddening air.
A thing of splendor do I deem him then,
A feathered frenzy with an angel's throat,
A something sweet that somewhere seems to float
'Twixt earth and sky, to be a sign to men.
He fills me with such wonder and despair!
I long to kiss thy locks, so golden bright,
As he doth kiss the tresses of the sun.
Oh! bid me sing to thee, my chosen one,
And do thou teach me, Love, to sing aright!

IN TUSCANY

Dost thou remember, friend of vanished days,
How, in the golden land of love and song,
We met in April in the crowded ways
Of that fair city where the soul is strong,
Ay! strong as fate, for good or evil praise?
And how the lord whom all the world obeys,
The lord of light to whom the stars belong,
Illumed the track that led thee through the throng?
Dost thou remember, in the wooded dale,
Beyond the town of Dante the Divine,
How all the air was flooded as with wine?
And how the lark, to drown the nightingale,
Pealed out sweet notes? I live to tell the tale.
But thou? Oblivion signs thee with a sign!

F. Wyville Home

AN ENGLISH GIRL

Speak, quiet lips, and utter forth my fate;
Before thy beauty I bow down, I kneel,
Girl, and to thee my life I dedicate,
And seal the past up with a dateless seal.

What delicate hours and seasons without storm
Have nursed thee, and what happy English dale?
For tenderer is thy light and gracile form
Than any snowy wind-flower of the vale.

O wild-flower, though the bee that drinks thy wine
Must soar past crags that front the leaping sea,
I climb to thee; thy beauty shall be mine;
Or let the cold green wave go over me.

DOVER CLIFF

Last April, when the winds had lost their chill,
I lay down dreamily upon the verge
Of Shakespeare's Cliff, where sea and sea-wind scourge
The eternal barrier that withstands them still.
I heard the billows break beneath and fill
The wide air with the thunder of the surge;
And near my cheek, half fearful to emerge,
A violet grew upon the grassy hill.
There while I lay, Poet, I dreamed of thee.
Thy very voice, whose matchless music yet
O'ermasters all the world's, surrounded me,
Singing, and in the sound of it there met
With all the might and passion of the sea
The utter sweetness of the violet.

IN A SEPTEMBER NIGHT

There the moon leans out and blesses
All the dreamy hills below:
Here the willows wash their tresses
Where the water-lilies blow
In the stream that glideth slow.

High in heaven, in serried ranges,
Cloud-wreaths float through pallid light,
Like a flock of swans that changes
In the middle Autumn night
North for South in ordered flight.

What know ye, who hover yonder,
More than I, of that veiled good
Whither all things tend, I wonder,
That ye follow the wind's mood
In such patient quietude?

Francis William Bourdillon

EURYDICE

He came to call me back from death
  To the bright world above.
I hear him yet with trembling breath
  Low calling, "O sweet love!
Come back! The earth is just as fair;
The flowers, the open skies are there;
  Come back to life and love!"

Oh! all my heart went out to him,
  And the sweet air above.
With happy tears my eyes were dim;
  I called him, "O sweet love!
I come, for thou art all to me.
Go forth, and I will follow thee,
  Right back to life and love!"

I followed through the cavern black;
  I saw the blue above.
Some terror turned me to look back:
  I heard him wail, "O love!
What hast thou done! What hast thou done!"
And then I saw no more the sun,
  And lost were life and love.

A VIOLINIST

The lark above our heads doth know
A heaven we see not here below;
She sees it, and for joy she sings;
Then falls with ineffectual wings.

Ah, soaring soul! faint not nor tire!
Each heaven attained reveals a higher.
Thy thought is of thy failure; we
List raptured, and thank God for thee.

OLD AND YOUNG

Long ago, on a bright spring day,
I passed a little child at play;
And as I passed, in childish glee
She called to me, "Come and play with me!"

But my eyes were fixed on a far-off height
I was fain to climb before the night;
So, half-impatient, I answered, "Nay!
I am too old, too old to play."

Long, long after, in Autumn time —
My limbs were grown too old to climb —
I passed a child on a pleasant lea,
And I called to her, "Come and play with me!"

But her eyes were fixed on a fairy-book;
And scarce she lifted a wondering look,
As with childish scorn she answered, "Nay!
I am too old, too old to play!"

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done.

Herbert Edwin Clarke

IN THE WOOD

Through laughing leaves the sunlight comes,
  Turning the green to gold;
The bee about the heather hums,
  And the morning air is cold
Here on the breezy woodland side,
  Where we two ride.

Through laughing leaves on golden hair
  The sunlight glances down,
And makes a halo round her there,
  And crowns her with a crown

Queen of the sunrise and the sun,
As we ride on.

The wanton wind has kissed her face, —
His lips have left a rose, —
He found her cheek so sweet a place
For kisses, I suppose,
He thought he 'd leave a sign, that so
Others might know.

The path grows narrower as we ride,
The green boughs close above,
And overhead, and either side,
The wild birds sing of Love :
But ah, she is not listening
To what they sing !

Till I take up the wild-birds' song,
And word by word unfold
Its meaning as we ride along, —
And when my tale is told,
I turn my eyes to hers again, —
And then, — and then, —

(The bridle path more narrow grows,
The leaves shut out the sun ;)
Where the wind's lips left their one rose
My own leave more than one :
While the leaves murmur up above,
And laugh for love.

This was the place ; — you see the sky
Now 'twixt the branches bare ;
About the path the dead leaves lie,
And songless is the air ; —
All 's changed since then, for that, you know,
Was long ago.

Let us ride on ! The wind is cold, —
Let us ride on — ride fast ! —
'T is winter, and we knew of old
That love could never last
Without the summer and the sun ! —
Let us ride on !

A CRY

Lo, I am weary of all,
Of men and their love and their hate ;
I have been long enough Life's thrall
And the toy of a tyrant Fate.

I would have nothing but rest,
I would not struggle again ;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me and let me sleep ;
Give me a lonely tomb
So close and so dark and so deep
I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot
When the dead at its blast are gone ;
Give me to hear it not,
But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,
For I look to the end and see
If there be not rest in the grave
There will never be rest for me.

THE AGE

I

A PALE and soul-sick woman with wan eyes
Fixed on their own reflection in the glass,
Uncertain lips half-oped to say " Alas,
Naked I stand between two mysteries,
Finding my wisdom naught who am most wise."
Behind, the shapes and fiery shadows pass
Of fervent life ; no joy in them she has,
But gazing on herself she moans and sighs.
And yet of knowledge she doth hold the key,
And Power and Pleasure are her handmaidens,
And all past years have given of their best
To make her rich and great and strong and free,
Who stands in slack and listless impotence,
Marvelling sadly at her own unrest.

II

Her children cluster round about her knees ;
The hoarded wealth and wisdom of the Dead
Of all past time they have inherited,
And still within their hands it doth increase ;
Yet in their eyes is mirrored her dis-peace,
Her weariness within their hearts is shed ;
Her dreary sorrow weighs each drooping head,
And each soul sickens with her fell disease.

Beneath their feet lie many broken toys,
They are too old to laugh, too wise to pray,
Or look to God for wage or chastisement:
They have known all sorrows, wearied of all joys,
Fed all desires, and none hath said them nay;
Two things alone they lack, Peace and Content.

Lady Charlotte Elliot

THE WIFE OF LOKI

CURSED by the gods and crowned with shame,
Fell father of a direful brood,
Whose crimes have filled the heaven with flame
And drenched the earth with blood;

Loki, the guileful Loki, stands
Within a rocky mountain-gorge;
Chains gird his body, feet, and hands,
Wrought in no mortal forge.

Coiled on the rock, a mighty snake
Above him, day and night, is hung,
With dull malignant eyes awake,
And poison-dropping tongue.

Drop follows drop in ceaseless flow,
Each falling where the other fell,
To lay upon his blistered brow
The liquid fire of hell.

But lo, beside the howling wretch
A woman stands, devoid of dread,
And one pale arm is seen to stretch
Above his tortured head!

All through the day is lifted up,
And all the weary night-time through,
One patient hand that holds a cup
To catch the poison-dew.

Sometimes the venom overfills
The cup, and she must pour it forth;
With Loki's curses then the hills
Are rent from south to north.

But she in answer only sighs,
And lays her lips upon his face,
And, with love's anguish in her eyes,
Resumes her constant place.

William James Dawson

A CHILD'S PORTRAIT

HER face is hushed in perfect calm,
Her lips half-open hint the psalm
The angels sing, who wear God's palm:
And in her eyes a liquid light,
With somewhat of a starry sheen,
Comes welling upward from the white
And vestal soul that throbs within.

A golden tangle is her hair
That holds the sunlight in its snare;
And one pure lily she doth wear
In her white robe: and she doth seem
A flower-like creature, who will fade
If suns strike down too rude a beam,
Or winds blow roughly on her shade.

The golden ladders of the Dawn
Meet at her feet, where on the lawn
She stands, in tender thought withdrawn:
And little wonder would it be,
If on those slanting stairs she trod,
And, with one farewell smile toward me,
Were caught into the smile of God.

BIRD'S SONG AT MORNING

O THOU that cleavest heaven
With such unmastered flight,

To whom the fates have given
For sport the sky's blue height;
Where cloud with cloud is meeting,
I see thy bright wings beating,
And flashing and retreating
Against the morning light!

No toilsome task thou knowest,
No day with tears begun,
Lighthearted forth thou goest
At morn to meet the sun;
All day thy song thou triest
From lowest note to highest,
And all unweary fliest
Until the day be done.

Thou knowest no toil for raiment,
No pain of mocked desire;
The skies are thy song's payment,
The sun thy throne of fire.
Thou askest and receivest,
And if perchance thou grievest,
At will the world thou leavest
On wings that never tire.

Yet we of grosser stature
Have in thy flight a part,
We share thy tameless nature,
We have a nobler art.
When thou art tired returning,
There mount in love and yearning,
Toward suns of keener burning,
The winged thoughts of our heart.

Within our souls are folden
The wings thou canst not share,
We see a dawn more golden,
We breathe diviner air:
In sleep when toil is ended,
In prayer with hope attended,
We traverse ways more splendid,
And see a world more fair.

Yet oft, when day is gleaming
On sleepless eyes, we vow
We would exchange our dreaming
To be one hour as thou!
Such discontent we borrow,
That we forget in sorrow
We have the long to-morrow,
Thou only hast the NOW.

IDEAL MEMORY

If in the years that come such thing should be
That we should part, with tears or deadly strife,
That we should cease to share a common life,
Or walk estranged in voiceless misery,
Then by this night of love remember me.

For tired hearts at last an end shall be,
For tired feet the pitfall grave doth wait:
Can we escape this common trick of fate?
More fortunate than all beside are we?
Wherefore by this night's love remember me.

Not by my worst, when dull or bitterly
The mind moved, and the evil in my blood
Worked words of anger thy meek will withstood,
Not by the hours I sinned 'gainst love and thee,
Oh, not by these, dear love, remember me.

First in our mind live things that perfect be,
All shapes of joy or beauty, — day's low light
Dying along the seaward edge of night,
The first sweet violet, music's ecstasy,
Making the heart leap, — so remember me.

For I would have thy mind and memory
A chamber of sweet sounds and fragrances.
Let the ill pass: its power to hurt was less
Than joy's to bless us. I remember thee
By thy first kiss; Oh, thus remember me!

There was an hour wherein a god's degree
And stature seemed to clothe me, and I stood
Supremely strong, and high, and great, and good:
Oh, by that hour, when all I aimed to be
I did appear, by that remember me!

TO A DESOLATE FRIEND

O FRIEND, like some cold wind to-day
Your message came, and chilled the light;
Your house so dark, and mine so bright, —
I could not weep, I could not pray!

My wife and I had kissed at morn,
My children's lips were full of song ;
O friend, it seemed such cruel wrong,
My life so full, and yours forlorn !

We slept last night clasped hand in hand,
Secure and calm — and never knew
How fared the lonely hours with you,
What time those dying lips you fanned.

We dreamed of love, and did not see
The shadow pass across our dream ;
We heard the murmur of a stream,
Not death's, for it ran bright and free.

And in the dark her gentle soul
Passed out, but oh ! we knew it not !
My babe slept fast within her cot,
While yours woke to the slow bell's toll.

She paused a moment, — who can tell ? —
Before our windows, but we lay
So deep in sleep she went away,
And only smiled a sad farewell !

It would be like her ; well we know
How oft she waked while others slept —
She never woke us when she wept,
It would be like her thus to go !

Ah, friend ! you let her stray too far
Within the shadow-haunted wood,
Where deep thoughts never understood
Breathe on us and like anguish are.

One day within that gloom there shone
A heavenly dawn, and with wide eyes
She saw God's city crown the skies,
Since when she hasted to be gone.

Too much you yielded to her grace ;
Renouncing self, she thus became
An angel with a human name,
And angels coveted her face.

Earth's door you set so wide, alack
She saw God's gardens, and she went
A moment forth to look ; she meant
No wrong, but oh ! she came not back !

Dear friend, what can I say or sing,
But this, that she is happy there ?
We will not grudge those gardens fair
Where her light feet are wandering.

The child at play is ignorant
Of tedious hours ; the years for you
To her are moments : and you too
Will join her ere she feels your want.

The path she wends we cannot track :
And yet some instinct makes us know
Hers is the joy, and ours the woe, —
We dare not wish her to come back !

THE ANGEL AT THE FORD

I SOUGHT to hold her, but within her eyes
I read a new strange meaning ; faint they prayed,
"Oh, let me pass and taste the great surprise ;
Behold me not reluctant nor afraid !"

"Nay, I will strive with God for this !" I cried,
"As man with man, like Jacob at the brook,
Only be thou, dear heart, upon my side !"
"Be still," she answered, "very still, and look !"

And straightway I discerned with inward dread
The multitudinous passing of white souls,
Who paused, each one with sad averted head,
And flashing of indignant aureoles.

Frances Isabel Parnell

AFTER DEATH

SHALL mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country ? Shall mine eyes behold thy glory ?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze break at last upon thy story ?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle, as a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence, that have known but to bewail thee ?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises, when all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor, when all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah, the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings of thy exiled sons returning!
I should hear, though dead and mouldered, and the grave-damps should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah, the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them 'mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver as a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me, giant sinews I should borrow —
Crying, "O my brothers, I have also loved her in her loneliness and sorrow.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession; let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks, now mine eyes have seen her glory!"

Alice Meynell

THE MODERN POET

A SONG OF DERIVATIONS

I COME from nothing; but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
Down, through long links of death and birth,
From the past poets of the earth.
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour.
But long, long vanished sun and shower
Awoke my breath i' the young world's air.
I track the past back everywhere
Through seed and flower and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows
Full of the cold springs that arose
In morning lands, in distant hills;
And down the plain my channel fills
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices I have not heard possessed
My own fresh songs; my thoughts are blessed
With relics of the far unknown;
And mixed with memories not my own
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be,
The happy songs that wake in me
Woke long ago, and far apart
Heavily on this little heart
Presses this immortality.

SONG

MY Fair, no beauty of thine will last,
Save in my love's eternity.
Thy smiles, that light thee fitfully,
Are lost forever — their moment past —
Except the few thou givest to me.

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality;
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,
And all thy dear tones pass away,
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide then within my heart, oh, hide
All thou art loath should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

CHANGELESS

A POET of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.

The countries change, but not the west-
wind days
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine
above,
And on all seas the colors of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver grays.
I make the whole world answer to my
art
And sweet monotonous meanings. In your
ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part,
One thought that is the treasure of my
years,
A small cloud full of rain upon my heart
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in
tears.

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet
strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all de-
light —
The thought of thee — and in the blue
Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that
throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hid-
den yet bright ;
But it must never, never come in sight ;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult
day,
When night gives pause to the long watch
I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes with the
first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

SONG OF THE NIGHT AT DAY-BREAK

ALL my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me :
Where shall I betake me ?

Whither shall I run
Till the set of the sun,
Till the day be done ?

To the mountain-mine,
To the boughs o' the pine,
To the blind man's eyne,

To a brow that is
Bowed upon the knees,
Sick with memories.

Pakenham Beatty

CHARLES LAMB

THOUGH our great love a little wrong his
fame,
And seeing him with such familiar eyes
We say "how kind" more often than "how
wise,"
Such is the simple reverence he would
claim ;
He would not have us call him by a
name
Higher than that of friend, — yet by this
grave
We feel the saint not pure, nor hero brave,
And all the martyr's patience put to shame.
Brother, we leave thee by thy sister's
side ;
Whom such a love bound let not death di-
vide ;
She is at peace, now, brother, thou canst rest;
Thy long sad guardianship of love is o'er,
And gentle Shakespeare on the dead men's
shore
Salutes thy gentle ghost that praised him
best.

THE DEATH OF HAMPDEN

SCENE. — A tent in the Parliamentary camp. HAMPDEN lies wounded, and CROMWELL is bending over him.

Hampden. Spare all who yield ; alas,
that we must pierce
One English heart for England !
Cromwell. How he raves !
The fever is at height.
Hamp. I thank you, sir.
My wound is nothing ; a little loss of blood ;

I fear much more must flow from worthier veins
Ere England's hurt be healed.
Crom. How powerful are base things to destroy!
The brute's part in them kills the god's in us,
And robs the world of many glorious deeds;
In all the histories of famous men
We never find the greatest overthrown
Of such as were their equals, but the head,
Screened of its laurels from the lightning's flash,
Falls by some chance blow of an obscure hand,
And glory cannot guard the hero's heart
Against the least knave's dagger.
Hamp. You cannot help me.
Save yourself, sir; my best prayers keep you safe —
I fain would win as far as yonder house;
It was my dear dead wife's; such shapes are there
As I would see about my dying bed,
To make me sure of heaven — Forgive me, love,
That I am loath to come yet to thy heart;
I have only lived without thee, O my best,
That I might live for England! Is Cromwell come?
Crom. How is it with you, cousin?
Hamp. Very well;
With hope to be soon better; gentle cousin,
I have scant time to speak and much to say,
That thou must hear — Men's eyes more clearly see,
Ere the long darkness; and thus plagues, and wars,
Earthquake, and overthrow of prosperous states,
Have been foretold by lips of dying men,
Who saw their country's end before their own;
But I die happy; with a joy too keen
For this weak wounded body, and delight
Of eager youth that dreams of noble deeds;
Knowing the greatness in thee, which occasion
Has not yet shown the world, and thine own self
Hast only dimly guessed at — These hands I hold
Shall bear the weight of England's greatness up;
Thy name, mine own dear kinsman's, shall have sound
More royal than all crownèd kings'; the slave
Shall murmur it in dreams of liberty,
The patriot in his dungeon, and endure,
The tyrant, and grow merciful for fear;
And when thou hast done high and song-worthy deeds,
At length shall come thy poet, whose purer eyes
God shall seclude from sight of our gross Earth,
And for the dull light of our darker day
Give all heaven to his vision, star with star
Shining, and splendid and sonorous spheres
To make him music; and those sacred lips,
More eloquent than the Mantuan's, praising thee,
Shall make thy fame a memory for all time,
And set a loftier laurel on thy head
Than any gathered from red fields of war;
So great shall England's great need make thee, Cromwell;
Whom thou forget not still to love and serve,
Holding thy greatness given to make her great,
Thy strength to keep her strong; then (since oblivion
Is what men chiefly fear in death), dear cousin,
I would not be forgotten of thy love.
And now I am loath the last words I shall speak
Must be of strife — yet I must utter them;
Be not of those that vex the angry times
With meek-mouthed proffers of rejected peace;
When men have set the justice of their cause
To sharp arbitrament of answering arms,
Tongues should keep mute, and steel hold speech with steel,
Till victory can plead the conquered's cause,
And make soft mercy no more dangerous.
We must o'ercome our foes to make them friends. . . .
Thy hand, dear cousin . . . Sweet, I hear thy voice

That calls me, and leave England for thy sake;
Kiss me, dear love, and take my soul to God! . . .
Receive my soul, Lord Jesus! O God, save
My country — God be merciful to —
Crom. O Lord of Hosts, if thou wilt only give me
An England with but three such Englishmen,
My life shall be as noble as this man's. . . .
Farewell, dear cousin, perfect heart that beats
No more for England — Think of me in Heaven,
And help to make me all thou saidst I should be, —
[*Kneels down by the bed. Rising, and looking steadfastly at the dead body of* HAMPDEN.]
Yea, and I shall be.

Oliver Madox Brown

BEFORE AND AFTER

AH! long ago since I or thou
Glanced past these moorlands brow to brow,
Our mixed hair streaming down the wind —
So fleet! so sweet!
I loved thy footsteps more than thou
Loved my whole soul or body through —
So sweet! so fleet! ere Fate outgrew the days wherein Life sinned!

And ah! the deep steep days of shame,
Whose dread hopes shrivelled ere they came,
Or vanished down Love's nameless void —
So dread! so dead!
Dread hope stripped dead from each soul's shame,
Soulless alike for praise or blame —
Too dead to dread the eternities whose heaven its shame destroyed.

LAURA'S SONG

ALAS! who knows or cares, my love,
If our love live or die, —
If thou thy frailty, sweet, should prove,
Or my soul thine deny?
Yet merging sorrow in delight,
Love's dream disputes our devious night.

None know, sweet love, nor care a thought
For our heart's vague desire,
Nor if our longing come to naught,
Or burn in aimless fire;
Let them alone, we 'll waste no sighs:
Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes!

Edward Cracroft Lefroy

A SHEPHERD MAIDEN

ON shores of Sicily a shape of Greece!
Dear maid, what means this lonely communing
With winds and waves? What fancy, what caprice,
Has drawn thee from thy fellows? Do they fling
Rude jests at thee? Or seekest thou surcease
Of drowsy toil in noonday shepherding?
Enough: our questions cannot break thy peace;
Thou art a shade, — a long-entombéd thing.
But still we see thy sun-lit face, O sweet,
Shining eternal where it shone of yore;

Still comes a vision of blue-veinéd feet
That stand forever on a pebbly shore ;
While round, the tidal waters flow and fleet
And ripple, ripple, ripple, evermore.

A SICILIAN NIGHT

Come, stand we here within this cactus-brake,
And let the leafy tangle cloak us round :
It is the spot whereof the Seer spake —
To nymph and faun a nightly trysting-ground.
How still the scene ! No zephyr stirs to shake
The listening air. The trees are slumber-bound
In soft repose. There 's not a bird awake
To witch the silence with a silver sound.
Now haply shall the vision trance our eyes,
By heedless mortals all too rarely scanned,
Of mystic maidens in immortal guise,
Who mingle shadowy hand with shadowy hand,
And, moving o'er the lilies circle-wise,
Beat out with naked feet a saraband.

A FOOTBALL-PLAYER

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet ; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair ;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side,
Aware of him, — of all else unaware :
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall ;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls — you fall :
My sketch would have what Art can never give —
Sinew and breath and body ; it would live.

May Probyn

THE BEES OF MYDDELTON MANOR

17TH CENTURY

Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, my golden-belted bees :
My little son was seven years old — the mint-flower touched his knees ;
Yellow were his curly locks ;
Yellow were his stocking-clocks ;
His plaything of a sword had a diamond in its hilt ;
Where the garden beds lay sunny,
And the bees were making honey,
"For God and the king — to arms ! to arms !" the day long would he lilt.

Smock'd in lace and flowered brocade, my pretty son of seven
Wept sore because the kitten died, and left the charge uneven.
"I head one battalion, mother —
Kitty," sobbed he, "led the other !
And when we reach'd the bee-hive bench
We used to halt and storm the trench :
If we could plant our standard here,
With all the bees a-buzzing near,
And fly the colors safe from sting,
The town was taken for the king !"
Flitting, flitting over the thyme, my bees with yellow band —
My little son of seven came close, and clipp'd me by the hand ;
A wreath of mourning cloth was wound
His small left arm and sword-hilt round,
And on the thatch of every hive a wisp of black was bound.
"Sweet mother, we must tell the bees, or they will swarm away :
Ye little bees !" he called, "draw nigh, and hark to what I say,
And make us golden honey still for our white wheaten bread,
Though never more
We rush on war
With Kitty at our head :

Who 'll give the toast
When swords are cross'd,
Now Kitty lieth dead ? "

Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, my bees of yellow girth :
My son of seven changed his mood, and clasp'd me in his mirth.
" Sweet mother, when I grow a man and fall on battle-field,"
He cried, and down in the daisied grass upon one knee he kneel'd,
" I charge thee, come and tell the bees how I for the king lie dead ;
And thou shalt never lack fine honey for thy wheaten bread ! "

. . . . . .

Flitting, flitting, flitting, my busy bees, alas !
No footstep of my soldier son came clinking through the grass.
Thrice he kiss'd me for farewell,
And far on the stone his shadow fell ;
He buckled spurs and sword-belt on, as the sun began to stoop,
Set foot in stirrup, and sprang to horse, and rode to join his troop.
To the west he rode, where the winds were at play,
And Monmouth's army mustering lay ;
Where Bridgewater flew her banner high,
And gave up her keys, when the Duke came by ;
And the maids of Taunton paid him court
With colors their own white hands had wrought ;
And red as a field, where blood doth run,
Sedgemoor blazed in the setting sun.

Broider'd sash and clasp of gold, my soldier son, alas !
The mint was all in flower, and the clover in the grass :
" With every bed
In bloom," I said,
" What further lack the bees,
That they buzz so loud,
Like a restless cloud,
Among the orchard trees ? "
No voice in the air, from Sedgemoor field,
Moan'd out how Grey and the horse had reel'd ;
Met me no ghost, with haunting eyes,
That westward pointed 'mid its sighs,
And pull'd apart a bloody vest,
And show'd the sword-gash in its breast.

Empty hives, and flitting bees, and sunny morning hours :
I snipp'd the blossom'd lavender, and the pinks, and the gillyflowers ;
No petal trembled in my hold —
I saw not the dead stretched stark and cold
On the trampled turf at the shepherd's door,
In the cloak and the doublet Monmouth wore,
With Monmouth's scarf and headgear on,
And the eyes, not clos'd, of my soldier son ;
I knew not how, ere the cocks did crow, the fight was fought in the dark,
With naught for guide but the enemy's guns, when the flint flash'd out a spark,
Till, routed at first sound of fire, the cavalry broke and fled,
And the hoofs struck dumb, where they spurn'd the slain, and the meadow stream ran red ;
I saw not the handful of horsemen spur through the dusk, and out of sight,
My soldier son at the Duke's left hand, and Grey that rode on his right.

Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, my honey-making bees,
They left the musk, and the marigolds and the scented faint sweet-peas ;
They gather'd in a darkening cloud, and sway'd, and rose to fly ;
A blackness on the summer blue, they swept across the sky.
Gaunt and ghastly with gaping wounds — (my soldier son, alas !)
Footsore and faint, the messenger came halting through the grass.
The wind went by and shook the leaves — the mint-stalk shed its flower —
And I miss'd the murmuring round the hives, and my boding heart beat slower.
His soul we cheer'd with meat and wine ;
With women's craft and balsam fine

We bath'd his hurts, and bound them soft,
While west the wind played through the croft,
And the low sun dyed the pinks blood red,
And, straying near the mint-flower shed,
A wild bee wanton'd o'er the bed.

He told how my son, at the shepherd's door, kept guard in Monmouth's clothes,
While Monmouth donned the shepherd's frock, in hope to cheat his foes.
A couple of troopers spied him stand,
And bade him yield to the King's command:
"Surrender, thou rebel as good as dead,
A price is set on thy traitor head!"
My soldier son, with secret smile,
Held both at bay for a little while,
Dealt them such death-blow as he fell,
Neither was left the tale to tell;
With dying eyes, that asked no grace,
They stared on him for a minute's space,
And felt that it was not Monmouth's face.
Crimson'd through was Monmouth's cloak, when the soldier dropped at their side —
"Those knaves will carry no word," he said, and he smil'd in his pain, and died.
"Two days," told the messenger, "did we lie
Hid in the field of peas and rye,
Hid in the ditch of brake and sedge,
With the enemy's scouts down every hedge,
Till Grey was seized, and Monmouth seized, that under the fern did crouch,
Starved, and haggard, and all unshaved, with a few raw peas in his pouch."

. . . . . .

No music soundeth in my ears, but a passing bell that tolls
For gallant lords with head on block — sweet Heaven receive their souls!
And a mound, unnamed, in Sedgemoor grass,
That laps my soldier son, alas!
The bloom is shed —
The bees are fled —
Myddelton luck it 's done and dead.

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"

We were playing on the green together,
My sweetheart and I —
Oh! so heedless in the gay June weather,
When the word went forth that we must die.
Oh! so merrily the balls of amber
And of ivory tossed we to the sky,
While the word went forth in the King's chamber,
That we both must die.

Oh! so idly, straying through the pleasaunce,
Plucked we here and there
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence
The King's son was casting from his hair
Glory of the wreathen gold that crowned it,
And, ungirdling all his garments fair,
Flinging by the jewelled clasp that bound it,
With his feet made bare,

Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,
Ashes on his head,
Came he, through the rose and citron alleys,
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,
And in a hempen halter — oh! we jested,
Lightly, and we laughed as he was led
To the torture, while the bloom we breasted
Where the grapes grew red.

Oh! so sweet the birds, when he was dying,
Piped to her and me —
Is no room this glad June day for sighing —
He is dead, and she and I go free!
When the sun shall set on all our pleasure
We will mourn him — What, so you decree
We are heartless — Nay, but in what measure
Do you more than we?

Mackenzie Bell

SPRING'S IMMORTALITY

THE buds awake at touch of Spring
From Winter's joyless dream ;
From many a stone the ouzels sing
By yonder mossy stream.

The cuckoo's voice, from copse and vale,
Lingers, as if to meet
The music of the nightingale
Across the rising wheat —

The bird whom ancient Solitude
Hath kept forever young,
Unaltered since in studious mood
Calm Milton mused and sung.

Ah, strange it is, dear heart, to know
Spring's gladsome mystery
Was sweet to lovers long ago —
Most sweet to such as we —

That fresh new leaves and meadow flowers
Bloomed when the south wind came ;
While hands of Spring caressed the bowers,
The throstle sang the same.

. . . . . .

Unchanged, unchanged the throstle's song,
Unchanged Spring's answering breath,
Unchanged, though cruel Time was strong,
And stilled our love in death.

AT THE GRAVE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

HERE of a truth the world's extremes are met :
Amid the gray, the moss-grown tombs of those
Who led long lives obscure till came the close
When, their calm days being done, their suns were set —
Here stands a grave, all monumentless yet,
Wrapped like the others in a deep repose ;
But while yon wakeful ocean ebbs and flows
It is a grave the world shall not forget,
This grave on which meek violets grow and thyme,
Summer's fair heralds ; and a stranger now
Pauses to see a poet's resting-place,
But one of those who will in many a clime
On each return of this sad day avow
Fond love's regret that ne'er they saw his face.

AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SHAKESPEARE, thy legacy of peerless song
Reveals mankind in every age and place,
In every joy, in every grief and wrong :
'T is England's legacy to all our race.
Little we know of all thine inner life,
Little of all thy swift, thy wondrous years —
Years filled with toil, rich years whose days were rife
With strains that bring us mirth, that bring us tears.
Little we know, and yet this much we know,
Sense was thy guiding star — sense guided thee
To live in this thy Stratford long ago,
To live content in calm simplicity ;
Greatest of those who wrought with soul aflame
At honest daily work — then found it fame.

Toru Dutt

OUR CASUARINA TREE

LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung

In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close,
Sung darkling from our tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
Sometimes, and most in winter, — on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone
Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
His puny offspring leap about and play;
And far and near kokilas hail the day;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear.
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!
What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith!
Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away
In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
When earth lay trancèd in a dreamless swoon:
And every time the music rose, — before
Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose, —
Dearer than life to me, alas, were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees — like those in Borrowdale,
Under whose awful branches lingered pale
"Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
And Time the shadow;" and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh, fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion's curse.

William Sharp

THE LAST ABORIGINAL

I SEE him sit, wild-eyed, alone,
Amidst gaunt, spectral, moonlit gums;
He waits for death: not once a moan
From out his rigid fixed lips comes;
His lank hair falls adown a face
Haggard as any wave-worn stone,
And in his eyes I dimly trace
The memory of a vanished race.

The lofty ancient gum-trees stand,
Each gray and ghostly in the moon,
The giants of an old strange land
That was exultant in its noon
When all our Europe was o'erturned
With deluge and with shifting sand,
With earthquakes that the hills inurned
And central fires that fused and burned.

The moon moves slowly through the vast
And solemn skies; the night is still,
Save when a warrigal springs past
With dismal howl, or when the shrill
Scream of a parrot rings which feels
A twining serpent's fangs fixed fast,

Or when a gray opossum squeals, —
Or long iguana, as it steals

From bole to bole, disturbs the leaves :
  But hushed and still he sits — who knows
That all is o'er for him who weaves
  With inner speech, malign, morose,
A curse upon the whites who came
  And gathered up his race like sheaves
Of thin wheat, fit but for the flame —
Who shot or spurned them without shame.

He knows he shall not see again
  The creeks whereby the lyre-birds sing ;
He shall no more upon the plain,
  Sun-scorched, and void of water-spring,
Watch the dark cassowaries sweep
  In startled flight, or, with spear lain
In ready poise, glide, twist, and creep
Where the brown kangaroo doth leap.

No more in silent dawns he 'll wait
  By still lagoons, and mark the flight
Of black swans near : no more elate
  Whirl high the boomerang aright
Upon some foe. He knows that now
  He too must share his race's night —
He scarce can know the white man's plough
Will one day pass above his brow.

Last remnant of the Austral race
  He sits and stares, with failing breath :
The shadow deepens on his face,
  For 'midst the spectral gums waits death :
A dingo's sudden howl swells near —
  He stares once with a startled gaze,
As half in wonder, half in fear,
Then sinks back on his unknown bier.

THE COVES OF CRAIL

The moon-white waters wash and leap,
  The dark tide floods the Coves of Crail ;
Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
  Nor hears the sea-wind wail.

The pale gold of his oozy locks
  Doth hither drift and thither wave ;
His thin hands plash against the rocks,
  His white lips nothing crave.

Afar away she laughs and sings —
  A song he loved, a wild sea-strain —
Of how the mermen weave their rings
  Upon the reef-set main.

Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
  Nor hears the sea-wind wail,
Though with the tide his white hands creep
  Amid the Coves of Crail.

THE ISLE OF LOST DREAMS

There is an Isle beyond our ken,
Haunted by Dreams of weary men.
Gray Hopes enshadow it with wings
Weary with burdens of old things :
There the insatiate water-springs
Rise with the tears of all who weep :
And deep within it, — deep, oh, deep ! —
The furtive voice of Sorrow sings.
  There evermore,
    Till Time be o'er,
Sad, oh, so sad ! the Dreams of men
Drift through the Isle beyond our ken.

THE DEATH-CHILD

She sits beneath the elder-tree
And sings her song so sweet,
And dreams o'er the burn that darksomely
Runs by her moonwhite feet.

Her hair is dark as starless night,
Her flower-crowned face is pale,
But oh, her eyes are lit with light
Of dread ancestral bale.

She sings an eerie song, so wild
With immemorial dule —
Though young and fair, Death's mortal
    child
That sits by that dark pool.

And oft she cries an eldritch scream,
When red with human blood
The burn becomes a crimson stream,
A wild, red, surging flood :

Or shrinks, when some swift tide of tears —
The weeping of the world —
Dark eddying 'neath man's phantom-fears
Is o'er the red stream hurled.

For hours beneath the elder-tree
She broods beside the stream ;
Her dark eyes filled with mystery,
Her dark soul rapt in dream.

The lapsing flow she heedeth not
Through deepest depths she scans :

Life is the shade that clouds her thought,
As Death 's the eclipse of man's.

Time seems but as a bitter thing
Remembered from of yore :
Yet ah (she thinks) her song she 'll sing
When Time's long reign is o'er.

Erstwhiles she bends alow to hear
What the swift water sings,
The torrent running darkly clear
With secrets of all things.

And then she smiles a strange sad smile
And lets her harp lie long ;
The death-waves oft may rise the while,
She greets them with no song.

Few ever cross that dreary moor,
Few see that flower-crowned head ;
But whoso knows that wild song's lure
Knoweth that he is dead.

FROM "SOSPIRI DI ROMA"

SUSURRO

Breath o' the grass,
Ripple of wandering wind,
Murmur of tremulous leaves :
A moonbeam moving white
Like a ghost across the plain :
A shadow on the road :
And high up, high,
From the cypress-bough,
A long sweet melancholy note.
Silence.
And the topmost spray
Of the cypress-bough is still
As a wavelet in a pool :
The road lies duskily bare :
The plain is a misty gloom :
Still are the tremulous leaves ;
Scarce a last ripple of wind,
Scarce a breath i' the grass.
Hush : the tired wind sleeps :
Is it the wind's breath, or
Breath o' the grass ?

RED POPPIES

IN THE SABINE VALLEYS NEAR ROME

Through the seeding grass,
And the tall corn,
The wind goes :
With nimble feet,
And blithe voice,
Calling, calling,
The wind goes
Through the seeding grass,
And the tall corn.

What calleth the wind,
Passing by —
The shepherd-wind ?
Far and near
He laugheth low,
And the red poppies
Lift their heads
And toss i' the sun.
A thousand thousand blooms
Tossed i' the air,
Banners of joy,
For 't is the shepherd-wind
Passing by,
Singing and laughing low
Through the seeding grass
And the tall corn.

THE WHITE PEACOCK

Here where the sunlight
Floodeth the garden,
Where the pomegranate
Reareth its glory
Of gorgeous blossom ;
Where the oleanders
Dream through the noontides ;
And, like surf o' the sea
Round cliffs of basalt,
The thick magnolias
In billowy masses
Front the sombre green of the ilexes :
Here where the heat lies
Pale blue in the hollows,
Where blue are the shadows
On the fronds of the cactus,
Where pale blue the gleaming
Of fir and cypress,
With the cones upon them
Amber or glowing
With virgin gold :
Here where the honey-flower
Makes the heat fragrant,
As though from the gardens
Of Gulistân,
Where the bulbul singeth
Though a mist of roses,
A breath were borne :
Here where the dream-flowers,
The cream-white poppies

Silently waver,
And where the Scirocco,
Faint in the hollows,
Foldeth his soft white wings in the sunlight,
And lieth sleeping
Deep in the heart of
A sea of white violets :
Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty
Moveth in silence, and dreamlike, and slowly,
White as a snow-drift in mountain valleys
When softly upon it the gold light lingers :
White as the foam o' the sea that is driven
O'er billows of azure agleam with sun-yellow :
Cream-white and soft as the breasts of a girl,
Moves the White Peacock, as though through the noon-tide
A dream of the moonlight were real for a moment.
Dim on the beautiful fan that he spreadeth,
Foldeth and spreadeth abroad in the sunlight,
Dim on the cream-white are blue adumbrations,
Shadows so pale in their delicate blueness
That visions they seem as of vanishing violets,
The fragrant white violets veinèd with azure,
Pale, pale as the breath of blue smoke in far woodlands.
Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty,
White as a cloud through the heats of the noontide
Moves the White Peacock.

SONG

Love in my heart : oh, heart of me, heart of me !
Love is my tyrant, Love is supreme.
What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !
Love is a phantom, and Life is a dream !

What if he changeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !
Oh, can the waters be void of the wind ?
What if he wendeth afar and apart from me,
What if he leave me to perish behind ?

What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !
A flame i' the dusk, a breath of Desire ?
Nay, my sweet Love is the heart and the soul of me,
And I am the innermost heart of his fire !

Love in my heart : oh, heart of me, heart of me !
Love is my tyrant, Love is supreme.
What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !
Love is a phantom, and Life is a dream !

Oscar Wilde

AVE IMPERATRIX

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England ! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide ?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
  Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
  Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
  Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
  When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
  To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
  Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
  Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
  Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
  Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
  Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
  Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
  The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
  The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
  Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
  Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
  With water for the noonday heat,

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
  A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
  Unto some old and bearded khan, —

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
  And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
  In England — she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
  To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
  Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
  The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
  And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
  Will kiss the relics of the slain —
Some tarnished epaulette — some sword —
  Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
  Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
  With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
  And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
  Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
  And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
  The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
  O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
  Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And those whose wounds are never healed,
  Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
  For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
  Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
  And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
  Possess the flower of English land —
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
  Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
  The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
  The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
  Pine-forest like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
  Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send?
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

Douglas B. W. Sladen

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

'T is Christmas, and the North wind blows;
't was two years yesterday
Since from the Lusitania's bows I looked o'er Table Bay,
A tripper round the narrow world, a pilgrim of the main,
Expecting when her sails unfurled to start for home again.

'T is Christmas, and the North wind blows;
to-day our hearts are one,
Though you are 'mid the English snows and I in Austral sun;
You, when you hear the Northern blast, pile high a mightier fire,
Our ladies cower until it 's past in lawn and lace attire.

I fancy I can picture you upon this Christmas night,
Just sitting as you used to do, the laughter at its height:
And then a sudden, silent pause intruding on your glee,
And kind eyes glistening because you chanced to think of me.

This morning when I woke and knew 't was Christmas come again,
I almost fancied I could view white rime upon the pane,
And hear the ringing of the wheels upon the frosty ground,
And see the drip that downward steals in icy casket bound.

I daresay you 'll be on the lake, or sliding on the snow,
And breathing on your hands to make the circulation flow,
Nestling your nose among the furs of which your boa 's made, —
The Fahrenheit here registers a hundred in the shade.

It is not quite a Christmas here with this unclouded sky,
This pure transparent atmosphere, this sun midheaven-high;
To see the rose upon the bush, young leaves upon the trees,
And hear the forest's summer hush or the low hum of bees.

But cold winds bring not Christmastide, nor budding roses June,
And when it 's night upon your side we 're basking in the noon.
Kind hearts make Christmas — June can bring blue sky or clouds above;
The only universal spring is that which comes of love.

And so it 's Christmas in the South as on the North-Sea coasts,
Though we are starved with summer-drouth and you with winter frosts.
And we shall have our roast beef here, and think of you the while,
Though all the watery hemisphere cuts off the mother isle.

Feel sure that we shall think of you, we who have wandered forth,

And many a million thoughts will go to-day
from south to north ;
Old heads will muse on churches old, where
bells will ring to-day —
The very bells, perchance, which tolled
their fathers to the clay.

And now, good-night ! and I shall dream
that I am with you all,
Watching the ruddy embers gleam athwart
the panelled hall ;
Nor care I if I dream or not, though sev-
ered by the foam,
My heart is always in the spot which was
my childhood's home.

SUNSET ON THE CUNIMBLA VALLEY, BLUE MOUNTAINS

I SAT upon a windy mountain height,
On a huge rock outstanding from the
rest ;
The sun had sunk behind a neighboring
crest,
Leaving chill shade ; but looking down, my
sight
Beheld the vale still bathed in his warm
light
And of the perfect peace of eve pos-
sessed,
No wave upon the forest on its breast
And all its park-like glades with sunshine
bright.
It put me into mind of the old age
Of one who leaves ambition's rocks and
peaks
To those inhabited by nobler rage,
And still existence in life's valleys seeks ;
His is the peaceful eve ; but then one
hour
Of mountain life is worthy his twenty-
four.

THE TROPICS

LOVE we the warmth and light of tropic
lands,
The strange bright fruit, the feathery fan-
spread leaves,
The glowing mornings and the mellow
eves,
The strange shells scattered on the golden
sands,
The curious handiwork of Eastern hands,
The little carts ambled by humpbacked
beeves,
The narrow outrigged native boat which
cleaves,
Unscathed, the surf outside the coral
strands.
Love we the blaze of color, the rich red
Of broad tiled-roof and turban, the bright
green
Of plantain-frond and paddy-field, nor
dread
The fierceness of the noon. The sky serene,
The chill-less air, quaint sights, and tropic
trees,
Seem like a dream fulfilled of lotus-ease.

FROM THE DRAMA OF "CHARLES II"

REFRAIN

COME and kiss me, mistress Beauty,
I will give you all that 's due t' ye.

I will taste your rosebud lips
Daintily as the bee sips ;
At your bonny eyes I 'll look
Like a scholar at his book :

On my bosom you shall rest,
Like a robin on her nest :
Round my body you shall twine,
I 'll be elm, and you be vine :

In a bumper of your breath
I would drain a draught of death :
In the tangles of your hair
I 'd be hanged and never care.

Then come kiss me, mistress Beauty,
I will give you all that 's due t' ye.

SALOPIA INHOSPITALIS

TOUCH not that maid :
She is a flower, and changeth but to fade.
Fragrant is she, and fair
As any shape that haunts this lower air ;
In form as graceful and as free
As honeysuckles and the lilies be ;
Insensible, and shrinking from caress
As flowers, which you peril when you
press.

Gaze not on her ;
She is a being of another sphere.
Brilliant is she, and bright
As any star illuminate at night ;
Of stuff as sober and as fine
As hers whose glory through the moon doth shine ;
Unliker to come down to this thy love
Than any orb that 's fixed for aye above.
Heed her no more :
She is a gem whose heart thou canst not bore ;
Glistering is she, and grand
As any stone that decks a monarch's hand ;
In face as free from flaw or stain
As diamond from mine, or pearl from main :
But she thy fire and fever never felt,
For adamant can neither waste nor melt.

Henry Charles Beeching

A SUMMER DAY

GREEN leaves panting for joy with the great wind rushing through ;
A burst of the sun from cloud and a sparkle on valley and hill,
Gold on the corn, and red on the poppy, and on the rill
Silver, and over all white clouds afloat in the blue.

Swallows that dart, a lark unseen, innumerous song
Chirruped and twittered, a lowing of cows in the meadow grass,
Murmuring gnats, and bees that suck their honey and pass :
God is alive, and at work in the world : — we did it wrong.

Human eyes, and human hands, and a human face
Darkly beheld before in a vision, not understood,
Do I at last begin to feel as I stand and gaze
Why God waited for this, then called the world very good ?

TO MY TOTEM

"Sub tegmine fagi."

THY name of old was great :
What though sour critics teach
"The beech by the Scæan gate
Was not indeed a beech,"
That sweet Theocritus
The ilex loved, not thee ? —
These are made glorious
Through thy name, glorious tree.

And sure 't was 'neath thy shade
Tityrus oft did use
(The while his oxen strayed)
To meditate the Muse.
To thee 't was Corydon
(Sad shepherd) did lament
Vain hopes, and violets wan
To fair Alexis sent.

Our singers loved thee, too :
In Chaucer's liquid verse
Are set thy praises due
The ages but rehearse ;
Though later poets bring
Their homage still, and I
The least of those who sing
Thy name would magnify.

For long ago my sires,
Ere Hengist crossed the sea
To map our English shires,
Gave up their heart to thee,
And vowed if thou wouldst keep
Their lives from fire and foe,
Thou too shouldst never weep
The axe's deadly blow.

Thou hast my heart to-day :
Whether in June I sit
And watch the leaves at play,
The flickering shadows flit ;
Or whether, when leaves fall
And red the autumn mould,
I pace the woodland hall
Thy stately trunks uphold.

Thou hast my heart, and here
In scattered fruit I see
An emblem true and clear
Of what my heart must be : —

Hard sheath and scanty fare,
Yet forced on every side
To break apart and share
Small gifts it fain would hide.

KNOWLEDGE AFTER DEATH

Siccine separat amara mors?
Is death so bitter? Can it shut us fast
Off from ourselves, that future from this past,
When Time compels us through those narnow doors?
Must we, supplanted by ourselves in the course,
Changelings, become as they who know at last
A river's secret, never having cast
One guess, or known one doubt, about its source?
Is it so bitter? Does not knowledge here
Forget her gradual growth, and how each day
Seals up the sum of each world-conscious soul?
So, though our ghosts forget us, waste no tear;
We being ourselves would gladly be as they,
And we being they are still ourselves made whole.

PRAYERS

I

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

II

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with thy sword
Swift, and sharp, and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night:
Take the strength of a man.

III

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
From pain, strife, wrong, to be free
This best gift I pray:
Take my spirit to Thee.

John William Mackail

AN ETRUSCAN RING

I

Where, girt with orchard and with olive-yard,
The white hill-fortress glimmers on the hill,
Day after day an ancient goldsmith's skill
Guided the copper graver, tempered hard
By some lost secret, while he shaped the sard
Slowly to beauty, and his tiny drill,
Edged with corundum, ground its way until
The gem lay perfect for the ring to guard.
Then seeing the stone complete to his desire,
With mystic imagery carven thus,
And dark Egyptian symbols fabulous,
He drew through it the delicate golden wire,
And bent the fastening; and the Etrurian sun
Sank behind Ilva, and the work was done.

II

What dark-haired daughter of a Lucumo
Bore on her slim white finger to the grave
This the first gift her Tyrrhene lover gave,
Those five-and-twenty centuries ago?

What shadowy dreams might haunt it, lying low
So long, while kings and armies, wave on wave,
Above the rock-tomb's buried architrave
Went million-footed trampling to and fro?

Who knows? but well it is so frail a thing,
Unharm'd by conquering Time's supremacy,
Still should be fair, though scarce less old than Rome.
Now once again at rest from wandering
Across the high Alps and the dreadful sea,
In utmost England let it find a home.

J. B. B. Nichols

LINES BY A PERSON OF QUALITY

The loves that doubted, the loves that dissembled,
That still mistrusted themselves and trembled,
That held back their hands and would not touch;
Who strained sad eyes to look more nearly,
And saw too curiously and clearly
What others blindly clutch;

To whom their passion seemed only seeming,
Who dozed and dreamed they were only dreaming,
And fell in a dusk of dreams on sleep;
When dreams and darkness are rent asunder,
And morn makes mock of their doubts and wonder,
What should they do but weep?

A PASTORAL

My love and I among the mountains strayed
When heaven and earth in summer heat were still,
Aware anon that at our feet were laid
Within a sunny hollow of the hill
A long-haired shepherd-lover and a maid.

They saw nor heard us, who a space above,
With hands clasped close as hers were clasped in his,
Marked how the gentle golden sunlight strove
To play about their leaf-crowned curls, and kiss
Their burnished slender limbs, half-bared to his love.

But grave or pensive seemed the boy to grow,
For while upon the grass unfingered lay
The slim twin-pipes, he ever watched with slow
Dream-laden looks the ridge that far away
Surmounts the sleeping midsummer with snow.

These things we saw; moreover we could hear
The girl's soft voice of laughter, grown more bold
With the utter noonday silence, sweet and clear:
"Why dost thou think? By thinking one grows old;
Wouldst thou for all the world be old, my dear?"

Here my love turned to me, but her eyes told
Her thought with smiles before she spake a word;
And being quick their meaning to behold
I could not choose but echo what we heard:
"Sweet heart, wouldst thou for all the world be old?"

Mrs. Darmesteter

(A. MARY F. ROBINSON)

DAWN-ANGELS

All night I watched awake for morning,
  At last the East grew all aflame,
The birds for welcome sang, or warning,
  And with their singing morning came.

Along the gold-green heavens drifted
  Pale wandering souls that shun the light,
Whose cloudy pinions, torn and rifted,
  Had beat the bars of Heaven all night.

These clustered round the moon, but higher
  A troop of shining spirits went,
Who were not made of wind or fire,
  But some divine dream-element.

Some held the Light, while those remaining
  Shook out their harvest-colored wings,
A faint unusual music raining,
  (Whose sound was Light) on earthly things.

They sang, and as a mighty river
  Their voices washed the night away,
From East to West ran one white shiver,
  And waxen strong their song was Day.

COCKAYNE COUNTRY

Near where yonder evening star
  Makes a glory in the air,
Lies a land dream-found and far
  Where it is light alway.
There those lovely ghosts repair
  Who in Sleep's enchantment are,
In Cockayne dwell all things fair.
  (But it is far away.)

Through the gates — a goodly sight —
  Troops of men and maidens come,
There shut out from Heaven at night
  Belated angels stray;
Down those wide-arched groves they roam
  Through a land of great delight,
Dreaming they are safe at home.
  (But it is far away.)

There the leaves of all the trees
  Written are with a running rhyme,
There all poets live at peace,
  And lovers are true, they say.
Earth in that unwintered clime
  Like a star incarnate sees
The glory of her future time.
  (But it is far away.)

Hard to find as it is far!
  Dark nights shroud its brilliance rare,
Crouching round the cloudy bar
  Under the wings of day.
But if thither ye will fare,
  Love and Death the pilots are, —
Might either one convey me there!
  (But it is far away.)

CELIA'S HOME-COMING

Maidens, kilt your skirts and go
  Down the stormy garden-ways,
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
  Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Celia comes to-day
That has been too long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets —
  Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
  That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she come
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
  By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping down to warm her hands
  All benumbèd with the blast,
While we hide her cloak away
To assure us she shall stay.

Cyder bring and cowslip wine,
  Fruits and flavors from the East,
Pears and pippins too, and fine
  Saffron loaves to make a feast:
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups!

Then, when all the feasting's done,
  She shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh, and tell us every one
  Of her far triumphant days —
Celia, out of doors a star,
By the hearth a holier Lar!

FROM "TUSCAN CYPRESS"

(RISPETTI)

I

When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no — the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no — the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

II

Ah me, you well might wait a little while,
And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!
I had a home, a little distant isle,
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now.
I had a home, more dear than I could tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

III

Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow,
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors,
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores; —

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths — when I am dead.

ROSA ROSARUM

Give me, O friend, the secret of thy heart
Safe in my breast to hide,
So that the leagues which keep our lives apart
May not our souls divide.

Give me the secret of thy life to lay
Asleep within my own,
Nor dream that it shall mock thee any day
By any sign or tone.

Nay, as in walking through some convent-close,
Passing beside a well,
Oft have we thrown a red and scented rose
To watch it as it fell;

Knowing that never more the rose shall rise
To shame us, being dead;
Watching it spin and dwindle till it lies
At rest, a speck of red —

Thus, I beseech thee, down the silent deep
And darkness of my heart,
Cast thou a rose; give me a rose to keep,
My friend, before we part.

For, as thou passest down thy garden-ways,
Many a blossom there
Groweth for thee: lilies and laden bays,
And rose and lavender.

But down the darkling well one only rose
In all the year is shed;
And o'er that chill and secret wave it throws
A sudden dawn of red.

DARWINISM

When first the unflowering Fern-forest
Shadowed the dim lagoons of old,
A vague unconscious long unrest
Swayed the great fronds of green and gold.

Until the flexible stems grew rude,
The fronds began to branch and bower,
And lo! upon the unblossoming wood
There breaks a dawn of apple-flower.

Then on the fruitful Forest-boughs
For ages long the unquiet ape
Swung happy in his airy house
And plucked the apple and sucked the grape.

Until in him at length there stirred
The old, unchanged, remote distress,
That pierced his world of wind and bird
With some divine unhappiness.

Not Love, nor the wild fruits he sought ;
  Nor the fierce battles of his clan
Could still the unborn and aching thought
  Until the brute became the man.

Long since. . . . And now the same unrest
  Goads to the same invisible goal,
Till some new gift, undreamed, unguessed,
  End the new travail of the soul.

A BALLAD OF ORLEANS

1429

THE fray began at the middle-gate,
  Between the night and the day ;
Before the matin bell was rung
  The foe was far away.
There was no knight in the land of France
  Could gar that foe to flee,
Till up there rose a young maiden,
  And drove them to the sea.

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
  And sixty forts of stone !
Sixty forts at our gates last night —
  To-day there is not one !

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled
  Beyond the Loire, in fear —
Many a captain who would not drink,
  Hath drunken deeply there —
Many a captain is fallen and drowned,
  And many a knight is dead,
And many die in the misty dawn
  While forts are burning red.

The blood ran off our spears all night
  As the rain runs off the roofs —
God rest their souls that fell i' the fight
  Among our horses' hoofs !
They came to rob us of our own
  With sword and spear and lance,
They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,
  And bit the dust of France !

We fought across the moonless dark
  Against their unseen hands —
A knight came out of Paradise
  And fought among our bands.
Fight on, O maiden knight of God,
  Fight on and do not tire —
For lo ! the misty break o' the day
  Sees all their forts on fire !

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
  And sixty forts of stone !
Sixty forts at our gates last night —
  To-day there is not one !

John Davidson

HARVEST-HOME SONG

THE frost will bite us soon ;
  His tooth is on the leaves :
Beneath the golden moon
  We bear the golden sheaves :
We care not for the winter's spite,
We keep our Harvest-home to-night.
    Hurrah for the English yeoman !
      Fill full, fill the cup !
    Hurrah ! he yields to no man !
      Drink deep ; drink it up !

The pleasure of a king
  Is tasteless to the mirth
Of peasants when they bring
  The harvest of the earth.
With pipe and tabor hither roam
All ye who love our Harvest-home.
The thresher with his flail,
  The shepherd with his crook,
The milkmaid with her pail,
  The reaper with his hook —
To-night the dullest blooded clods
Are kings and queens, are demigods.
    Hurrah for the English yeoman !
      Fill full ; fill the cup !
    Hurrah ! he yields to no man !
      Drink deep ; drink it up !

A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

HE wrought at one great work for years ;
  The world passed by with lofty look :
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears ;
  Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
  And in a windy garret starved :
He trod his measures on the flags,
  And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew, but never feared ;
  For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
  In stars and zones and galaxies.

He sought to copy down his score :
  The moonlight was his lamp : he said,
"Listen, my love ;" but on the floor
  His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide ;
  He deemed she heard with special zest :
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
  The desert of her shrunken breast.

"Listen, my love : my work is done ;
  I tremble as I touch the page
To sign the sentence of the sun
  And crown the great eternal age.

"The slow adagio begins ;
  The winding-sheets are ravelled out
That swathe the minds of men, the sins
  That wrap their rotting souls about.

"The dead are heralded along ;
  With silver trumps and golden drums,
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
  My brave andante singing comes.

"Then like a python's sumptuous dress
  The frame of things is cast away,
And out of time's obscure distress
  The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

"For three great orchestras I hope
  My mighty music shall be scored :
On three high hills they shall have scope,
  With heaven's vault for a sounding-board.

"Sleep well, love ; let your eyelids fall ;
  Cover the child ; good-night, and if . . .
What ? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all !
  Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff !

"But no, God means us well, I trust :
  Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh :
We are too young to fall to dust,
  And too unsatisfied to die."

He lifted up against his breast
  The woman's body stark and wan ;
And to her withered bosom prest
  The little skin-clad skeleton.

"You see you are alive," he cried.
  He rocked them gently to and fro.
"No, no, my love, you have not died ;
  Nor you, my little fellow ; no."

Long in his arms he strained his dead
  And crooned an antique lullaby ;
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
  And broke down with a doleful cry.

"The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
  Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music, — all in vain !
  My unscored work, my child, my wife !

"We drop into oblivion,
  And nourish some suburban sod :
My work, this woman, this my son,
  Are now no more : there is no God.

"The world's a dustbin ; we are due,
  And death's cart waits : be life accurst ! "
He stumbled down beside the two,
  And, clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate,
  Abashed and trembling for his sin :
I trow he had not long to wait,
  For God came out and let him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,
  Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed,
To meet him first upon the stair,
  His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,
  And gave him heavenly food to eat ;
Great seraphs praised him to the height,
  Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
  And led him to the brink of heaven :
He saw where systems whirling stand,
  Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned ; a shudder ran
Through space ; Time furled his wearied wings ;
A slow adagio then began
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along :
As if with drums and trumps of flame,
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted ; but God said, "Even so ;
Nothing is lost that 's wrought with tears :
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres."

LONDON

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried;
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;
His light in all the city tarried ;
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

"Oh sweetheart, see ! How shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides !"

A rumor broke through the thin smoke,
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm.

Rosa Mulholland

LOVE AND DEATH

In the wild autumn weather, when the rain was on the sea,
And the boughs sobbed together, Death came and spake to me :
"Those red drops of thy heart I have come to take from thee ;
As the storm sheds the rose, so thy love shall broken be,"
Said Death to me.

Then I stood straight and fearless while the rain was in the wave,
And I spake low and tearless : "When thou hast made my grave,
Those red drops from my heart then thou shalt surely have ;
But the rose keeps its bloom, as I my love will save
All for my grave."

In the wild autumn weather a dread sword slipped from its sheath ;
While the boughs sobbed together, I fought a fight with Death,
And I vanquished him with prayer, and I vanquished him by faith :
Now the summer air is sweet with the rose's fragrant breath
That conquered Death.

SISTER MARY OF THE LOVE OF GOD

This is the convent where they tend the sick,
Comfort the dying, make the ailing strong ;
Covered, you see, with ivy, very thick ;
Haunt of the birds, alive with bloom and song.

The happy sick are smiling in their beds,
The happy sisters flitting to and fro ;
Ah, blessings on the wise and gentle heads
That planned this place a hundred years ago !

To build the walls a woman crossed the sea,
Travelled with tender feet a weary road.

I 'll tell you now the little history
Of Sister Mary of the Love of God.

A lovely maiden of a high estate,
She danced away her days in careless glee ;
A bird beside her window came and sate,
And piped and sang, " *The Lord has need of thee !* "

Deep in the night, when everything was still,
The restless dance, the music's merry clang,
That bird would perch upon the window sill:
" *The Lord hath need of thee,*" it piped and sang.

She rose and fled her chamber in affright,
And roused with eager call the minstrel gray :
" The birds are singing strange things in the night ;
Tune me, O minstrel, something blythe and gay ! "

The minstrel struck his harp with ready power ;
The laughing echoes wakened merrily ;
The lady turned as white as lily-flower, —
The music trilled, " *The Lord has need of thee !* "

Her guests came round her and her ball-room blazed,
While lively footsteps on the floor did beat ;
The lady led the dance with looks amazed, —
" *The Lord doth need thee !* " said the dancers' feet.

The feast was spread, and flowed the rarest wine
In golden goblets clinking round the board ;
The flashing cups from hand to hand did shine,
And rang and chimed " *Go, give thee to the Lord !* "

Within her chamber long the lady sate,
Then raised her downcast face, all pale and sweet :
" There is a beggar lying at the gate —
Go, bring him in, that I may wash his feet."

They looked upon her robes of satin sheen,
They looked upon her eyes so strange and glad ;
They whispered, " She is not as she hath been ; "
Her damsels wept, " Our lady hath gone mad ! "

But in the night she stole away alone.
Then sang the minstrels many a mournful rhyme,
Till some forgot her as one never known,
And others said, " She hath some heavy crime."

Ah me, it is a hundred years ago ! —
This ivy on the walls is thick, you see ;
The world would laugh if I should tell it so
Of Sister Mary's little history.

Another dances in her shoes to-day ;
One wears that gem of hers, another this ;
But she is happy and the poor are gay,
The sick are smiling and the dead in bliss !

Edith Nesbit Bland

BALLAD OF A BRIDAL

" Oh, fill me flagons full and fair,
Of red wine and of white,
And, maidens mine, my bower prepare,
It is my wedding night !

" Braid up my hair with gem and flower,
And make me fair and fine,
The day has dawned that brings the hour
When my desire is mine ! "

They decked her bower with roses blown,
With rushes strewed the floor,
And sewed more jewels on her gown
Than ever she wore before.

She wore two roses in her face,
  Two jewels in her e'en ;
Her hair was crowned with sunset rays,
  Her brows shone white between.

"Tapers at the bed's foot," she saith,
  "Two tapers at the head!"
(It seemed more like the bed of death
  Than like a bridal bed.)

He came. He took her hands in his :
  He kissed her on the face :
"There is more heaven in thy kiss
  Than in Our Lady's grace!"

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
  He kissed her three times o'er,
He kissed her brow, he kissed her eyes,
  He kissed her mouth's red flower.

"Oh, love! What is it ails thy knight?
  I sicken and I pine —
Is it the red wine or the white,
  Or that sweet kiss of thine?"

"No kiss, no wine or white or red
  Can make such sickness be : —
Lie down and die on thy bride-bed,
  For I have poisoned thee!

"And though the curse of saints and men
  Be for the deed on me,
I would it were to do again,
  Since thou wert false to me!

"Thou shouldst have loved or one or none,
  Nor *she* nor I loved twain ;
But we are twain thou hast undone,
  And therefore art thou slain.

"And when before my God I stand,
  With no base flesh between,
I shall hold up my guilty hand,
  And He shall judge it clean!"

He fell across the bridal bed,
  Between the tapers pale.
"I, first, shall see our God" — he said,
  "And *I* will tell thy tale ;

"And, if God judge thee as I do
  Then art thou justified :
I loved thee, and I was not true,
  And that was why I died.

"If I might judge thee — thou shouldst be
  First of the saints on high,
But, ah, I fear God loveth thee
  Not half so dear as I!"

Constance C. W. Naden

THE PANTHEIST'S SONG OF IMMORTALITY

Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heart-flushed roses,
  Enwreathe her brow with heavy scented flowers ;
In soft undreaming sleep her head reposes,
  While, unregretted, pass the sunlit hours.

Few sorrows did she know — and all are over ;
  A thousand joys — but they are all forgot ;
Her life was one fair dream of friend and lover,
  And were they false — ah, well, she knows it not.

Look in her face and lose thy dread of dying ;
  Weep not that rest will come, that toil will cease ;
Is it not well to lie as she is lying,
  In utter silence, and in perfect peace?

Canst thou repine that sentient days are numbered?
  Death is unconscious Life, that waits for birth ;
So didst thou live, while yet thine embryo slumbered,
  Senseless, unbreathing, even as heaven and earth.

Then shrink no more from Death, though Life be gladness,
  Nor seek him, restless in thy lonely pain ;

The law of joy ordains each hour of sadness,
And firm or frail, thou canst not live in vain.

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?
Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring token,
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

See yon broad current, hasting to the ocean,
Its ripples glorious in the western red:
Each wavelet passes, trackless; yet its motion
Has changed for evermore the river bed.

Ah, wherefore weep, although the form and fashion
Of what thou seemest fades like sunset flame?
The uncreated Source of toil and passion
Through everlasting change abides the same.

Yes, thou shalt die: but these almighty forces,
That meet to form thee, live for evermore;
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
One with the essence of the boundless world.

Rennell Rodd

A ROMAN MIRROR

They found it in her hollow marble bed,
There where the numberless dead cities sleep,
They found it lying where the spade struck deep,
A broken mirror by a maiden dead.

These things — the beads she wore about her throat
Alternate blue and amber all untied,
A lamp to light her way, and on one side
The toll men pay to that strange ferry-boat.

No trace to-day of what in her was fair!
Only the record of long years grown green
Upon the mirror's lustreless dead sheen,
Grown dim at last, when all else withered there.

Dead, broken, lustreless! It keeps for me
One picture of that immemorial land,
For oft as I have held thee in my hand
The dull bronze brightens, and I dream to see

A fair face gazing in thee wondering wise,
And o'er one marble shoulder all the while
Strange lips that whisper till her own lips smile,
And all the mirror laughs about her eyes.

It was well thought to set thee there, so she
Might smooth the windy ripples of her hair
And knot their tangled waywardness, or ere
She stood before the queen Persephone.

And still it may be where the dead folk rest
She holds a shadowy mirror to her eyes,
And looks upon the changelessness, and sighs
And sets the dead land lilies in her breast.

ACTEA

When the last bitterness was past, she bore
Her singing Cæsar to the Garden Hill,
Her fallen pitiful dead emperor.
She lifted up the beggar's cloak he wore
— The one thing living that he would not kill —
And on those lips of his that sang no more,
That world-loathed head which she found lovely still,
Her cold lips closed, in death she had her will.
Oh wreck of the lost human soul left free
To gorge the beast thy mask of manhood screened!
Because one living thing, albeit a slave,
Shed those hot tears on thy dishonored grave,
Although thy curse be as the shoreless sea,
Because she loved, thou art not wholly fiend.

IMPERATOR AUGUSTUS

Is this the man by whose decree abide
The lives of countless nations, with the trace
Of fresh tears wet upon the hard cold face?
— He wept, because a little child had died.
They set a marble image by his side,
A sculptured Eros, ready for the chase;
It wore the dead boy's features, and the grace
Of pretty ways that were the old man's pride.
And so he smiled, grown softer now, and tired
Of too much empire, and it seemed a joy
Fondly to stroke and pet the curly head,
The smooth round limbs so strangely like the dead,
To kiss the white lips of his marble boy
And call by name his little heart's-desired.

THE DAISY

With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
It waits till the daylight passes
And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
And I know what it wished to say:
There are stars all night in the heaven,
And I am the star of day.

"WHEN I AM DEAD"

When I am dead, my spirit
Shall wander far and free,
Through realms the dead inherit
Of earth and sky and sea;
Through morning dawn and gloaming,
By midnight moons at will,
By shores where the waves are foaming,
By seas where the waves are still.
I, following late behind you,
In wingless sleepless flight,
Will wander till I find you,
In sunshine or twilight;
With silent kiss for greeting
On lips and eyes and head,
In that strange after-meeting
Shall love be perfected.
We shall lie in summer breezes
And pass where whirlwinds go,
And the northern blast that freezes
Shall bear us with the snow.
We shall stand above the thunder,
And watch the lightnings hurled
At the misty mountains under,
Of the dim forsaken world.
We shall find our footsteps' traces,
And passing hand in hand
By old familiar places,
We shall laugh, and understand.

THEN AND NOW

There never were such radiant noons,
Such roses, such fair weather,
Such nightingales, such mellow moons,
As while we were together!

But now the suns are poor and pale,
The cloudy twilight closes,
The mists have choked the nightingale,
The blight has killed the roses.

William Watson

EPIGRAMS

TO A SEABIRD

FAIN would I have thee barter fates with me, —
Lone loiterer where the shells like jewels be,
Hung on the fringe and frayed hem of the sea.
But no, — 't were cruel, wild-wing'd Bliss! to thee.

THE PLAY OF "KING LEAR"

HERE Love the slain with Love the slayer lies;
Deep drowned are both in the same sunless pool.
Up from its depths that mirror thundering skies
Bubbles the wan mirth of the mirthless Fool.

BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odor of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

ON DÜRER'S *MELENCOLIA*

WHAT holds her fixed far eyes nor lets them range?
Not the strange sea, strange earth, or heav'n more strange;
But her own phantom dwarfing these great three,
More strange than all, more old than heav'n, earth, sea.

EXIT

IN mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start,
Start at the cold touch of Eternity,
And cast your cloaks about you, and depart:
The minstrels pause not in their minstrelsy.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM

(6TH OCTOBER, 1892)

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild seashore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours:
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,

Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
His equal friendship crave :
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
To save from visitation of decay ?
Not in this temporal sunlight, now, that bay
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
Sings he with lips of transitory clay ;
For he hath joined the chorus of his peers
In habitations of the perfect day :
His earthly notes a heavenly audience hears,
And more melodious are henceforth the spheres,
Enriched with music stolen from earth away.

He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal lovelinesss reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole ;
Yea, and forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo ! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime ?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre ?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.

Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might :
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped :
Even as the linnet sings, so I, he said ; —
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail !
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard forever and is seen no more.

No more, O never now,
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow
Whereon nor snows of time
Have fallen, nor wintry rime,
Shall men behold thee, sage and mage sublime.
Once, in his youth obscure,
The maker of this verse, which shall endure
By splendor of its theme that cannot die,
Beheld thee eye to eye,
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Even to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand,
With soul as healthful as the poignant brine,
Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas,
Starry from haunts of his Familiars nine,
Glorious Mæonides.
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet :
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget ?
The accents of thy pure and sovereign tongue,
Are they not ever goldenly imprest
On memory's palimpsest ?
I see the wizard locks like night that hung,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod ;

I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer ;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead ; the birds depart, the groves decay :
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear :
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign ;
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust :
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive ;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive ;
While to the measure of the cosmic rune
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet, —
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vexed region at my feet. —
Alas, but one have I !

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade, of mundane care ;
They amid mortal mists are made, —
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on !

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind,
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast this earth behind
And breathe in heaven secure.

We sing of Life, with stormy breath
That shakes the lute's distempered string:
We sing of Love, and loveless Death
Takes up the song we sing.

And born in toils of Fate's control,
Insurgent from the womb, we strive
With proud, unmanumitted soul
To burst the golden gyve.

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars ;
On thee no shreds of thraldom hang :
Not more enlarged, the morning stars
Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,
And but forget my bonds an hour ;
In amplitude of dreams a god,
A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,
And fretful ignorance irks it more.
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,
And lightly held'st thy lore !

Sing, for with rapturous throes of birth,
And arrowy labyrinthine sting,
There riots in the veins of Earth
The ichor of the Spring !

Sing, for the beldam Night is fled,
And Morn the bride is wreathed and gay;
Sing, while her revelling lord o'erhead
Leads the wild dance of day !

The serpent Winter sleeps upcurled :
Sing, till I know not if there be
Aught else in the dissolving world
But melody and thee !

Sing, as thou drink'st of heaven thy fill,
All hope, all wonder, all desire —
Creation's ancient canticle
To which the worlds conspire !

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,

And young and lovesome came the note ;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love !

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,
And dreamlike from afar recalls ;
In flashes of forgotten gold
An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one
Life's utmost splendors blaze more nigh ;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears
News from eternity ;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
Where mortal and immortal merge,
And human dies divine.

SONG IN IMITATION OF THE ELIZABETHANS

Sweetest sweets that time hath rifled
Live anew on lyric tongue —
Tresses with which Paris trifled,
Lips to Antony's that clung.
These surrender not their rose,
Nor their golden puissance those.

Vain the envious loam that covers
Her of Egypt, her of Troy :
Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
Still desire them, still enjoy.
Fate but stole what Song restored :
Vain the aspic, vain the cord.

Idly clanged the sullen portal,
Idly the sepulchral door :
Fame the mighty, Love the immortal,
These than foolish dust are more:
Nor may captive Death refuse
Homage to the conquering Muse.

Arthur Reed Ropes

IN PACE

When you are dead some day, my dear,
Quite dead and under ground,
Where you will never see or hear
A summer sight or sound,
What shall remain of you in death,
When all our songs to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath
Has sung the summer through ?

I wonder, will you ever wake,
And with tired eyes again
Live for your old life's little sake
An age of joy or pain ?
Shall some stern destiny control
That perfect form, wherein
I hardly see enough of soul
To make your life a sin ?

For, we have heard, for all men born
One harvest-day prepares
Its golden garners for the corn,
And fire to burn the tares ;
But who shall gather into sheaves,
Or turn aside to blame
The poppies' puckered helpless leaves,
Blown bells of scarlet flame ?

No hate so hard, no love so bold
To seek your bliss or woe ;
You are too sweet for hell to hold,
And heaven would tire you so.
A little while your joy shall be,
And when you crave for rest
The earth shall take you utterly
Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place
For your still sepulchre,
And lay the flowers upon your face
Sweet as your kisses were,
And with hushed voices void of mirth
Spread the light turf above,
Soft as the silk you loved on earth
As much as you could love.

Few tears, but once, our eyes shall shed,
Nor will we sigh at all,
But come and look upon your bed
When the warm sunlights fall.
Upon that grave no tree of fruit
Shall grow, nor any grain,
Only one flower of shallow root
That will not spring again.

ON THE BRIDGE

All the storm has rolled away,
  Only now a cloud or two
Drifts in ragged disarray
  Over the deep darkened blue ;
And the risen golden moon
  Shakes the shadows of the trees
  Round the river's stillnesses
And the birdsong of the June.

Under me the current glides,
  Brown and deep and dimly lit,
Soundless save against the sides
  Of the arch that narrows it ;
And the only sound that grieves
  Is a noise that never stops,
  Footsteps of the falling drops
Down the ladders of the leaves.

John Arthur Blaikie

ABSENCE

If not now soft airs may blow
  From thy haven unto me,
If not now last Autumn's glow
  Thrill delight 'twixt me and thee,
Call up Memory, oh, entreat her,
In the present there 's none sweeter.

One true thought and constant only
  To that pleasurable time
Me sufficeth to make lonely
  All the void and mocking prime
Of this summertide, whose story
Pales in that exceeding glory.

SONG

In thy white bosom Love is laid ;
  His rosy cheek within that nest
Another dawning there hath made,
  Causing in me a new unrest.
Like as the sun the hills with fire
He wakes anew my old desire.

But ah, thou dost defy the boy,
  Too strong for him and me dost prove,
The freezing snows proclaim thee coy,
  Purloin the blushing hope of Love
Who flies, alas for thy disdain !
The throne where he alone should reign.

LOVE'S SECRET NAME

Sigh his name into the night
  With the stars for company,
From thy lips 't will take fair flight,
  Doing thee no injury,
If by the sea or trysting-tree
Thou breathe it in no company.

Whisper it from thy full heart,
  Let none hear thy passion moan,
Safe from cruel pang or smart,
  To the cold world unbeknown,
By darkling tree or silent sea
With Love alone for company.

In thy heart of hearts let sleep
  All thy rapture ; and his name
True in purity shall keep
  All its vital force and flame ;
Fickle speech and falsest jar
Come from lips that loudest are.

Francis Thompson

TO A POET BREAKING SILENCE

Too wearily had we and song
Been left to look and left to long,
Yea, song and we to long and look,
Since thine acquainted feet forsook
The mountain where the Muses hymn
For Sinai and the Seraphim.
Now in both the mountains' shine
Dress thy countenance, twice divine !
From Moses and the Muses draw
The Tables of thy double Law !

His rod-born fount and Castaly
Let the one rock bring forth for thee,
Renewing so from either spring
The songs which both thy countries sing:
Or we shall fear lest, heavened thus long,
Thou shouldst forget thy native song,
And mar thy mortal melodies
With broken stammer of the skies.

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows!

Thy childhood must have felt the stings
Of too divine o'ershadowings;
Its odorous heart have been a blossom
That in darkness did unbosom,
Those fire-flies of God to invite,
Burning spirits, which by night
Bear upon their laden wing
To such hearts impregnating.
For flowers that night-wings fertilize
Mock down the stars' unsteady eyes,
And with a happy, sleepless glance
Gaze the moon out of countenance.
I think thy girlhood's watchers must
Have took thy folded songs on trust,
And felt them, as one feels the stir
Of still lightnings in the hair,
When conscious hush expects the cloud
To speak the golden secret loud
Which tacit air is privy to;
Flasked in the grape the wine they knew,
Ere thy poet-mouth was able
For its first young starry babble.
Keep'st thou not yet that subtle grace?
Yea, in this silent interspace,
God sets His poems in thy face!

The loom which mortal verse affords,
Out of weak and mortal words,
Wovest thou thy singing-weed in,
To a rune of thy far Eden.
Vain are all disguises! ah,
Heavenly *incognita!*
Thy mien bewrayeth through that wrong
The great Uranian House of Song!

As the vintages of earth
Taste of the sun that riped their birth,
We know what never cadent Sun
Thy lampèd clusters throbbed upon,
What plumèd feet the winepress trod;
Thy wine is flavorous of God.
Whatever singing-robe thou wear
Has the Paradisal air;
And some gold feather it has kept
Shows what Floor it lately swept!

DREAM-TRYST

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern Heaven:
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven:
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray;
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain-drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past meet girt about:
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
  And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
  Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
  Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
  Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
  Breast-deep mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
  Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
  Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there 's never a bird, so sweet a song
  Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
  On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
  Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
  She gave me tokens three : —
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
  And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
  A still word, — strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
  Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
  And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :
  Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
  To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully,
  Then went her sunshine way : —
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
  And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
  She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
  And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
  Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
  The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
  Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
  That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in others' pain,
  And perish in our own.

James Kenneth Stephen

LAPSUS CALAMI

TO R. K.

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse :
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass :

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens :
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore :
When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.

A THOUGHT

If all the harm that women have done
Were put in a bundle and rolled into one,
  Earth would not hold it,
  The sky could not enfold it,
It could not be lighted nor warmed by the sun ;
  Such masses of evil
  Would puzzle the devil
And keep him in fuel while Time's wheels run.

But if all the harm that 's been done by men
Were doubled and doubled and doubled again,
And melted and fused into vapor and then
Were squared and raised to the power of ten,
There would n't be nearly enough, not near,
To keep a small girl for the tenth of a year.

A SONNET

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times,
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times — good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Rosamund Marriott Watson

("GRAHAM R. TOMSON")

LE MAUVAIS LARRON

(SUGGESTED BY WILLETTE'S PICTURE)

THE moorland waste lay hushed in the dusk of the second day,
Till a shuddering wind and shrill moaned up through the twilight gray;
Like a wakening wraith it rose from the grave of the buried sun,
And it whirled the sand by the tree — (there was never a tree but one —)
But the tall bare bole stood fast, unswayed with the mad wind's stress,
And a strong man hung thereon in his pain and his nakedness.
His feet were nailed to the wood, and his arm strained over his head;
'T was the dusk of the second day, and yet was the man not dead.
The cold blast lifted his hair, but his limbs were set and stark,
And under their heavy brows his eyes stared into the dark:
He looked out over the waste, and his eyes were as coals of fire,
Lit up with anguish and hate, and the flame of a strong desire.
The dark blood sprang from his wounds, the cold sweat stood on his face,
For over the darkening plain came a rider riding apace.
Her rags flapped loose in the wind; the last of the sunset glare
Flung dusky gold on her brow and her bosom broad and bare.
She was haggard with want and woe, on a jaded steed astride,
And still, as it staggered and strove, she smote on its heaving side,
Till she came to the limbless tree where the tortured man hung high —
A motionless crooked mass on a yellow streak in the sky.

"'T is I — I am here, Antoine — I have found thee at last," she said;
"O the hours have been long, but long! and the minutes as drops of lead.
Have they trapped thee, the full-fed flock, thou wert wont to harry and spoil?
Do they laugh in their town secure o'er their measures of wine and oil?
Ah God! that these hands might reach where they loll in their rich array;

Ah God, that they were but mine, all mine, to mangle and slay!
How they shuddered and shrank, erewhile, at the sound of thy very name,
When we lived as the gray wolves live, whom torture nor want may tame:
And thou but a man! and still a scourge and a terror to men,
Yet only my lover to me, my dear, in the rare days then.
O years of revel and love! ye are gone as the wind goes by,
He is snared and shorn of his strength, and the anguish of hell have I —
I am here, O love, at thy feet; I have ridden far and fast
To gaze in thine eyes again, and to kiss thy lips at the last."
She rose to her feet and stood upright on the gaunt mare's back,
And she pressed her full red lips to his that were strained and black.
"Good-night, for the last time now — good-night, beloved, and good-bye —"
And his soul fled into the waste between a kiss and a sigh.

DEID FOLKS' FERRY

'T is They, of a veritie —
They are calling thin an' shrill;
We maun rise an' put to sea,
We maun gi'e the deid their will,
We maun ferry them owre the faem,
For they draw us as they list;
We maun bear the deid folk hame
Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

"But how can I gang the nicht,
When I 'm new come hame frae sea?
When my heart is sair for the sicht
O' my lass that langs for me?"
"O your lassie lies asleep,
An' sae do your bairnies twa;
The cliff-path 's stey an' steep,
An' the deid folk cry an' ca'."

O sae hooly steppit we,
For the nicht was mirk an' lown,
Wi' never a sign to see,
But the voices all aroun'.
We laid to the saut sea-shore,
An' the boat dipped low i' th' tide,
As she micht hae dipped wi' a score,
An' our ain three sel's beside.

O the boat she settled low,
Till her gunwale kissed the faem,
An' she didna loup nor row
As she bare the deid folk hame;
But she aye gaed swift an' licht,
An' we naething saw nor wist
Wha sailed i' th' boat that nicht
Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

There was never a sign to see,
But a misty shore an' low;
Never a word spak' we,
But the boat she lichtened slow,
An' a cauld sigh stirred my hair,
An' a cauld hand touched my wrist,
An' my heart sank cauld and sair
I' the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

Then the wind raise up wi' a maen,
('T was a waefu' wind, an' weet),
Like a deid saul wud wi' pain,
Like a bairnie wild wi' freit;
But the boat rade swift an' licht,
Sae we wan the land fu' sune,
An' the shore showed wan an' white
By a glint o' the waning mune.

We steppit oot owre the sand
Where an unco' tide had been,
An' Black Donald caught my hand
An' coverit up his een:
For there, in the wind an' weet,
Or ever I saw nor wist,
My Jean an' her weans lay cauld at my feet,
In the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

An' it 's O for my bonny Jean!
An' it 's O for my bairnies twa,
It 's O an' O for the watchet een
An' the steps that are gane awa' —
Awa' to the Silent Place,
Or ever I saw nor wist,
Though I wot we twa went face to face
Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

HEREAFTER

SHALL we not weary in the windless days
Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
The cool salt air across some grassy lea ?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from out Life's dear, forsaken ways ?
Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
Summer, and soft unseasonable spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West ;
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The sweet, vain world of turmoil and unrest.

THE FARM ON THE LINKS

GRAY o'er the pallid links, haggard and forsaken,
Still the old roof-tree hangs rotting overhead,
Still the black windows stare sullenly to seaward,
Still the blank doorway gapes, open to the dead ;

What is it cries with the crying of the curlews ?
What comes apace on those fearful, stealthy feet,
Back from the chill sea-deeps, gliding o'er the sand-dunes,
Home to the old home, once again to meet ?

What is to say as they gather round the hearth-stone,
Flameless and dull as the feuds and fears of old ?
Laughing and fleering still, menacing and mocking,
Sadder than death itself, harsher than the cold.

Woe for the ruined hearth, black with dule and evil,
Woe for the wrong and the hate too deep to die !
Woe for the deeds of the dreary days past over,
Woe for the grief of the gloomy days gone by !

Where do they come from ? furtive and despairing,
Where are they bound for ? those that gather there,
Slow, with the sea-wind sobbing through the chambers, —
Soft, with the salt mist stealing up the stair ?

Names that are nameless now, names of dread and loathing,
Banned and forbidden yet, dark with spot and stain :
Only the old house watches and remembers,
Only the old home welcomes them again.

TO MY CAT

HALF loving-kindliness and half disdain,
Thou comest to my call serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious gestures grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane ;
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,
For wiles may win thee though no arts enslave,
And nowhere gladly thou abidest save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.
Sphinx of my quiet hearth ! who deign'st to dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses ;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries
With sombre, sea-green gaze inscrutable.

AVE ATQUE VALE

FAREWELL, my Youth ! for now we needs must part,
For here the paths divide ;
Here hand from hand must sever, heart from heart, —
Divergence deep and wide.

You 'll wear no withered roses for my sake,
Though I go mourning for you all day long,
Finding no magic more in bower or brake,
No melody in song.

Gray Eld must travel in my company
To seal this severance more fast and sure.
A joyless fellowship, i' faith, 't will be,
Yet must we fare together, I and he,
Till I shall tread the footpath way no more.

But when a blackbird pipes among the boughs,
On some dim, iridescent day in spring,
Then I may dream you are remembering
Our ancient vows.

Or when some joy foregone, some fate forsworn,
Looks through the dark eyes of the violet,
I may re-cross the set, forbidden bourne,
I may forget
Our long, long parting for a little while,
Dream of the golden splendors of your smile,
Dream you remember yet.

Lizzie M. Little

LIFE

O Life! that mystery that no man knows,
And all men ask: the Arab from his sands,
The Cæsar's self, lifting imperial hands,
And the lone dweller where the lotus blows;
O'er trackless tropics, and o'er silent snows,
She dumbly broods, that Sphinx of all the lands;
And if she answers, no man understands,
And no cry breaks the blank of her repose.
But a new form rose once upon my pain,
With grave, sad lips, but in the eyes a smile
Of deepest meaning dawning sweet and slow,
Lighting to service, and no more in vain
I ask of Life, "What art thou?" — as erewhile —
For since Love holds my hand I seem to know!

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet,

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

DE PROFUNDIS

You must be troubled, Asthore,
Because last night you came
And stood on the moonlit floor,
And called again my name.
In dreams I felt your tears,
In dreams mine eyes were wet;
O, dead for seven long years!
And can you not forget?
Are you not happy yet?
The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!

You went away when you heard
The red cock's clarion crow.
You have given my heart a sword,
You have given my life a woe,
I, who your burden bore,
On whom your sorrows fell;
You had to travel, Asthore,
Your bitter need to tell,
And I — was faring well!
The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!

SINGING STARS

"What sawest thou, Orion, thou hunter of the star-lands,
On that night star-sown and azure when thou cam'st in splendor sweeping,
And amid thy starry brethren from the near lands and the far lands
All the night above a stable on the earth thy watch wert keeping?"

"Oh, I saw the stable surely, and the young Child and the Mother,
And the placid beasts still gazing with their mild eyes full of loving.
And I saw the trembling radiance of the Star, my lordliest brother,
Light the earth and all the heavens as he kept his guard unmoving.

"There were kings that came from Eastward with their ivory, spice, and sendal,
With gold fillets in their dark hair, and gold broidered robes and stately,
And the shepherds, gazing star-ward, over yonder hill did wend all,
And the silly sheep went meekly, and the wise dog marvelled greatly.

"Oh we knew, we stars, the stable held our King, His glory shaded,
That His baby hands were poising all the spheres and constellations;
Berenice shook her hair down, like a shower of stardust braided,
And Arcturus, pale as silver, bent his brows in adorations.

"The stars sang all together, sang their love-songs with the angels,
With the Cherubim and Seraphim their shrilly trumpets blended.
They have never sung together since that night of great evangels,
And the young Child in the manger, and the time of bondage ended."

THE SAD MOTHER

O when the half-light weaves
Wild shadows on the floor,
How ghostly come the withered leaves
Stealing about my door!

I sit and hold my breath,
Lone in the lonely house;
Naught breaks the silence still as death,
Only a creeping mouse.

The patter of leaves, it may be,
But liker patter of feet,
The small feet of my own baby
That never felt the heat.

The small feet of my son,
Cold as the graveyard sod;
My little, dumb, unchristened one
That may not win to God.

"Come in, dear babe," I cry,
Opening the door so wide.
The leaves go stealing softly by;
How dark it is outside!

And though I kneel and pray
Long on the threshold-stone,
The little feet press on their way,
And I am ever alone.

THE DEAD COACH

At night when sick folk wakeful lie,
I heard the dead coach passing by,
And heard it passing wild and fleet,
And knew my time was come not yet.

Click-clack, click-clack, the hoofs went past,
Who takes the dead coach travels fast,
On and away through the wild night,
The dead must rest ere morning light.

If one might follow on its track
The coach and horses, midnight black,
Within should sit a shape of doom
That beckons one and all to come.

God pity them to-night who wait
To hear the dead coach at their gate,
And him who hears, though sense be dim,
The mournful dead coach stop for him.

He shall go down with a still face,
And mount the steps and take his place,
The door be shut, the order said!
How fast the pace is with the dead!

Click-clack, click-clack, the hour is chill,
The dead coach climbs the distant hill.
Now, God, the Father of us all,
Wipe Thou the widow's tears that fall!

May Kendall

A PURE HYPOTHESIS

(A Lover, in Four-dimensioned space, describes a Dream.)

Ah, love, the teacher we decried,
That erudite professor grim,
In mathematics drenched and dyed,
Too hastily we scouted him.
He said: "The bounds of Time and Space,
The categories we revere,
May be in quite another case
In quite another sphere."

He told us: "Science can conceive
A race whose feeble comprehension
Can't be persuaded to believe
That there exists our Fourth Dimension,
Whom Time and Space for ever balk;
But of these beings incomplete,
Whether upon their heads they walk
Or stand upon their feet—

"We cannot tell, we do not know,
Imagination stops confounded;
We can but say 'It *may* be so,'
To every theory propounded."
Too glad were we in this our scheme
Of things, his notions to embrace,—
But—I have dreamed an awful dream
Of *Three-dimensioned* Space!

I dreamed—the horror seemed to stun
My logical perception strong—
That everything beneath the sun
Was *so unutterably wrong.*
I thought — what words can I command?—
That nothing ever did come right.
No wonder *you* can't understand:
I could not, till last night!

I would not, if I could, recall
The horror of those novel heavens,
Where Present, Past, and Future all
Appeared at sixes and at sevens,
Where Capital and Labor fought,
And, in the nightmare of the mind,
No contradictories were thought
As truthfully combined!

Nay, in that dream-distorted clime,
These fatal wilds I wandered through,
The boundaries of Space and Time
Had got most frightfully askew.
"What *is* 'askew'?" my love, you cry;
I cannot answer, can't portray;
The sense of Everything awry
No language can convey.

I can't tell what my words denote,
I know not what my phrases mean;
Inexplicable terrors float
Before this spirit once serene.

Ah, what if on some lurid star
  There should exist a hapless race,
Who live and love, who think and are,
  In Three-dimensioned Space!

A BOARD SCHOOL PASTORAL

Alone I stay; for I am lame,
I cannot join them at the game,
  The lads and lasses;
But many a summer holiday
I sit apart and watch them play,
And well I know: my heart can say,
  When Ella passes.

Of all the maidens in the place,
'T is Ella has the sunniest face,
  Her eyes are clearest.
Of all the girls, or here or there,
'T is Ella's voice is soft and rare,
And Ella has the darkest hair,
  And Ella 's dearest.

Oh, strong the lads for bat or ball,
But I in wit am first of all
  The master praises.
The master's mien is grave and wise;
But, while I look into his eyes,
My heart, that o'er the schoolroom flies,
  At Ella gazes.

And Hal 's below me every day;
For Hal is wild, and he is gay,
  He loves not learning.
But when the swiftest runners meet,
Oh, who but Hal is proud and fleet,
And there 's a smile I know will greet
  His glad returning.

They call me moody, dull, and blind,
They say with books I maze my mind,
  The lads and lasses;
But little do they know — ah me!
How with my book upon my knee
I dream and dream, but ever see
  Where Ella passes.

A LEGEND

Ay, an old story, yet it might
  Have truth in it — who knows?
Of the heroine's breaking down one night
  Jnst ere the curtain rose.

And suddenly, when fear and doubt
  Had shaken every heart,
There stepped an unknown actress out
  To take the heroine's part.

But oh the magic of her face,
  And oh the songs she sung,
And oh the rapture in the place,
  And oh the flowers they flung!

But she never stooped: they lay all night
  As when she turned away
And left them — and the saddest light
  Shone in her eyes of gray.

She gave a smile in glancing round,
  And sighed, one fancied, then —
But never they knew where she was bound,
  Or saw her face again.

But the old prompter, gray and frail,
  They heard him murmur low:
"It only could be Meg Coverdale,
  Died thirty years ago,

"In that old part who took the town;
  And she was fair, as fair
As when they shut the coffin down
  On the gleam of her golden hair;

"And it was n't hard to understand
  How a lass so fair as she
Could never rest in the Promised Land
  Where none but angels be."

THE PAGE OF LANCELOT

So I arm thee for the final night,
  And for thy one defeat;
For God upon his side shall fight
  When thou and he shall meet.
I know, for good or evil, thine
  Will be a well-fought field —
For good or evil, master mine,
  If I may bear thy shield!

Now art thou the unfaithfullest
  Of all that bore the vow —
Yet some there are that love thee best,
  Most honor, even now.
I see the face I held divine
  Ah, yet divine revealed!
For good or evil, master mine,
  If I may bear thy shield!

Amy Levy

A LONDON PLANE-TREE

GREEN is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dun fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls gray.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listened to the voice
On city breezes borne.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS

BETWEEN the showers I went my way,
The glistening street was bright with flowers;
It seemed that March had turned to May
Between the showers.

Above the shining roofs and towers
The blue broke forth athwart the gray;
Birds carolled in their leafless bowers.

Hither and thither, swift and gay,
The people chased the changeful hours;
And you, you passed and smiled that day,
Between the showers.

IN THE MILE END ROAD

How like her! But 't is she herself,
Comes up the crowded street,
How little did I think, the morn,
My only love to meet!

Whose else that motion and that mien?
Whose else that airy tread?
For one strange moment I forgot
My only love was dead.

TO VERNON LEE

ON Bellosguardo, when the year was young,
We wandered, seeking for the daffodil
And dark anemone, whose purples fill
The peasant's plot, between the corn-shoots sprung.
Over the gray, low wall the olive flung
Her deeper grayness; far off, hill on hill
Sloped to the sky, which, pearly-pale and still,
Above the large and luminous landscape hung.
A snowy blackthorn flowered beyond my reach;
You broke a branch and gave it to me there;
I found for you a scarlet blossom rare.
Thereby ran on of Art and Life our speech;
And of the gifts the gods had given to each —
Hope unto you, and unto me Despair.

Elizabeth Craigmyle

SOLWAY SANDS

TWA race doon by the Gatehope-Slack,
When nicht is wearin' near to the noon,
He on the gray and she on the black;
Her faither and brithers are hard on the track,
And Solway sands are white in the moon.

Strong is their love, but their loves may be twined
Or ever the lady grant love's boon;
Elliots and Armstrongs hold chase behind,
Their shouts and curses ring down the wind,
And Solway sands stretch white in the moon.

Annan rins fu' frae brae to bank,
But Katharine's lover is nae coward loon;
Into the good gray's foam-flecked flank
In the rowels o' the gray steel sank,
And Solway sands wait white in the moon.

The water 's up to his bandelier,
It 's up to the waist o' her satin goon;
"We 'll win to the shore and never fear,
There 's never a Elliot will follow here,"
And Solway sands glint white in the moon.

The steeds and the riders are safely o'er,
Through the swirl o' waters that waste and droon;
"We try the swimming this night no more,
The boat is waiting on Solway shore,
And Solway sands shine white in the moon."

Through the gray tide-water their horses splash,
Through the salt pools left on the sea-sand broon;
Then on to the waiting boat they dash, —
Their midnight riding is wild and rash,
And Solway sands gleam white in the moon.

"To-night the boat's rough deck I trow,
Next night the bridal in Carlisle toon."
But nights shall come and nights shall go,
O'er their bride-bed deep in the quick-sand's flow,
And Solway sands stand white in the moon.

The boat rocks light on the Solway wave,
The turn of the tide is coming soon,
But slowly they sink in their ghastly grave,
Wrapped round in the dark with none to save,
And Solway sands laugh white in the moon.

The cloud wrack breaks, and the stars shine fair,
The sea's voice sounds like a mystic rune,
The skipper looks out, but none are there,
The glimmering coast-line is wide and bare,
And Solway Sands are white in the moon.

Ernest Rhys

LONDON FEAST

O WHERE do you go, and what 's your will,
My sunburnt herdsmen of the hill,
That leave your herds no pastoral priest,
And take the road where, sad and dun,
The smoke-cloud drapes the April sun? —
"We go to taste
Of London feast."

O country-lads, this April tide,
Why do you leave the country-side?
The new-come Spring stirs bird and beast;
The winter storm is over now,
And melted the December snow: —
"We go to taste
Of London feast!"

O village maidens, April girls,
With dancing eyes and country curls,
Is April naught, the maypole ceased,
That you must leave the daisied places
That painted all your pretty faces? —
"We go to taste
Of London feast."

And ancient dalesmen of the north,
That leave your dales, and the sweet brown earth,
Are country acres so decreased,
And Cumbrian fells no longer ringing
With bleating lambs, and blackbirds singing? —
"We go to taste
Of London feast."

O sailor lads, that love the sea,
Are you, too, of this company ? —
The shifting wind 's no longer east ;
Yet you have put the helm about,
To come ashore, and join the rout ? —
" *We go to taste*
Of London feast."

Too late, my golden mariners !
I have seen there these many years,
How Most grew more, and less grew Least ;
And now you go too late ; the board
Cannot one crumb to you afford :
You cannot taste
Of London feast.

Too late, dear children of the sun ;
For London Feast is past and gone !
I sat it out, and now released
Make westward from its weary gate.
Fools and unwise, you are too late :
You cannot taste
Of London feast.

They did not heed, they would not stay ;
I saw the dust on London way
By denser thousands still increased :
My cry was vain. As they went by
Their murmur ran, for all reply : —
" *We go to taste*
Of London feast."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WALES England wed ; so I was bred.
'T was merry London gave me breath.
I dreamt of love, and fame : I strove.
But Ireland taught me love was best :
And Irish eyes, and London cries, and streams of Wales, may tell the rest.
What more than these I asked of life, I am content to have from Death.

DIANA

THIS new Diana makes weak men her prey,
And, making captive, still would fain pursue,
And still would keep, and still would drive away, —
So day by day,
Hate, hunt, do murder, and yet love them too ;
Ah, dear Diana !

'T were well, poor fools, to shun her cruel spear,
More fatal far than that which slew of old ;
Her spear is wit, that she so brings to bear ;
Then laughs to hear
When it has struck, and one more heart runs cold ;
Ah, dear Diana !

Be wise, O fools, and shun her cruel eyes,
Which, when you see, you straight must love, to death.
This new Diana has such sorceries,
Who loves her, dies ;
And dying, cries still, with his latest breath, —
Ah, dear Diana !

BRECHVA'S HARP SONG

LITTLE harp, at thy cry,
He shall come in good time ;
And thy sword-song on high,
High shall chime.

Little harp, in his brain
Is the fire ; in his hand
Are the sword and the rein
Of command.

Little harp, like the wind
Is his strength ; like thy song
Are his words, to unbind
Wales ere long !

Little harp, if his name
Be unknown, ye shall hear
How the stars tell his fame
Far and near.

Little harp, if unknown
He come, ye shall sing
When Eryri shall throne
Him All King !

WHITE ROSES

No sleep like hers, no rest,
  In all the earth to-night :
Upon her whiter breast
  Our roses lie so light.

She had no sins to lose,
  As some might say ;
But calmly keeps her pale repose
  Till God's good day.

SONG OF THE WULFSHAW LARCHES

Heart of Earth, let us be gone,
From this rock where we have stayed
While the sun has risen and shone
Ten thousand times, and thrown our shade
Always in the self-same place.

Now the night draws on apace :
The day is dying on the height,
The wind brings cold sea-fragrance here,
And cries, and restless murmurings,
Now night is near, —
Of wings and feet that take to flight,
Of furry feet and feathery wings
That take their joyous flight at will
Away and over the hiding hill,
And into the land where the sun has fled.
O let us go, as they have sped, —
The soft swift shapes that left us here,
The gentle things that came and went
And left us in imprisonment !
Let us be gone, as they have gone,
Away, and into the hidden lands ; —
From rock and turf our roots uptear,
Break from the clinging keeping bands,
Out of this long imprisoning break ;
At last, our sunward journey take,
And far, to-night, and farther on, —
Heart of Earth, let us be gone !

Arthur Christopher Benson

KNAPWEED

By copse and hedgerow, waste and wall,
  He thrusts his cushions red ;
O'er burdock rank, o'er thistles tall,
  He rears his hardy head :
Within, without, the strong leaves press,
  He screens the mossy stone,
Lord of a narrow wilderness,
  Self-centred and alone.

He numbers no observant friends,
  He soothes no childish woes,
Yet nature nurtures him, and tends
  As duly as the rose ;
He drinks the blessed dew of heaven,
  The wind is in his ears,
To guard his growth the planets seven
  Swing in their airy spheres.

The spirits of the fields and woods
  Throb in his sturdy veins :
He drinks the secret, stealing floods,
  And swills the volleying rains :
And when the birds' note showers and breaks
  The wood's green heart within,
He stirs his plumy brow and wakes
  To draw the sunlight in.

Mute sheep that pull the grasses soft
  Crop close and pass him by,
Until he stands alone, aloft,
  In surly majesty.
No fly so keen, no bee so bold,
  To pierce that knotted zone,
He frowns as though he guarded gold,
  And yet he garners none.

And so when autumn winds blow late,
  And whirl the chilly wave,
He bows before the common fate,
  And drops beside his grave.
None ever owed him thanks or said
  "A gift of gracious heaven."
Down in the mire he droops his head ;
  Forgotten, not forgiven.

Smile on, brave weed ! let none inquire
  What made or bade thee rise :
Toss thy tough fingers high and higher
  To flout the drenching skies.
Let others toil for others' good,
  And miss or mar their own ;

Thou hast brave health, and fortitude
  To live and die alone!

REALISM

And truth, you say, is all divine;
  'T is truth we live by; let her drench
The shuddering heart like potent wine;
  No matter how she wreck or wrench

The gracious instincts from their throne,
  Or steep the virgin soul in tears; —
No matter; let her learn her own
  Enormities, her vilest fears,

And sound the sickliest depths of crime,
  And creep through roaring drains of woe,
To soar at last, unstained, sublime,
  Knowing the worst that man can know;

And having won the firmer ground,
  When loathing quickens pity's eyes,
Still lean and beckon underground,
  And tempt a struggling foot to rise.

Well, well, it is the stronger way!
  Heroic stuff is hardly made;
But one, who dallies with dismay,
  Admires your boldness, half-afraid.

He deems that knowledge, bitter-sweet,
  Can rust and rot the bars of right,
Till weakness sets her trembling feet
  Across the threshold of the night.

She peers, she ventures; growing bold,
  She breathes the enervating air,
And shuns the aspiring summits, cold
  And silent, where the dawn is fair.

She wonders, aching to be free,
  Too soft to burst the uncertain band,
Till chains of drear fatality
  Arrest the feeble willing hand.

Nay, let the stainless eye of youth
  Be blind to that bewildering light!
When faith and virtue falter, truth
  Is handmaid to the hags of night.

AN ENGLISH SHELL

I was an English shell,
Cunningly made and well,
With a heart of fire in an iron frame,
Ready to break in fury and flame,
Slice through the ranks my raging way,
Dying myself, to slay.

Out from the heart of the battle-ship,
Yelling a song of death, I rose,
Brake from the cannon's smoky lip
  Into a land of foes: —
How was I baffled? I soared and sank
Over the bastion, across the hill,
Into the lap of a grassy bank,
Impotent there to kill.
Slowly the thunder died away; —
My merry comrades, how you roared,
Loud and jubilant, while I lay
  Sunk in the slothful sward!
Peace came back with her corn and wine,
Smiling faint with a bleeding breast,
While in the offing, over the brine
  My battle-ship steered to the West.

Then were the long slopes crowned again
With clustering vines and waving grain,
Winter by winter the stealing rain
  Fretted me rotting there.
Suddenly once as I sadly slept,
Tinkling, the slow team over me stept, —
Jarring the ploughshare, — I was swept
  Into the breezy air.
Why did he tempt me? I had lain
Year by year in the peaceful rain,
Till my lionlike heart had grown
Dull and motionless, heavy as stone; —
Mocking, he smote me: —
                Then I leapt
Out in my anger, and screamed and swept
Him as he laughed in a storm of blood,
Shattered sinew and flying brain,
Brake the cottage and scarred the wood,
  Roaring across the plain.
How should you blame me? Ay, 't was
      peace!
War was the word I had learned to know; —
Think you, I was an English shell,
Trained one lesson alone to spell —
I had vowed as I lay below,
Vowed to perish and find release
  Slaying an English foe.

AFTER CONSTRUING

Lord Cæsar, when you sternly wrote
  The story of your grim campaigns,
And watched the ragged smoke-wreath float
  Above the burning plains,

Amid the impenetrable wood,
  Amid the camp's incessant hum,
At eve, beside the tumbling flood
  In high Avaricum,

You little recked, imperious head,
  When shrilled your shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
  By bright-eyed English boys.

Ah me ! who penetrates to-day
  The secret of your deep designs ?
Your sovereign visions, as you lay
  Amid the sleeping lines ?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands ;
  From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
  And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
  No smile upon your haggard face,
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
  Beside the statue's base.

I marvel : that Titanic heart
  Beats strongly through the arid page,
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
  In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revellers stumbling out
  Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
  As swims across our sight

The ray of that sequestered sun,
  Far in the illimitable blue, —
The dream of all you left undone,
  Of all you dared to do.

Norman Gale

SONG

THIS peach is pink with such a pink
  As suits the peach divinely ;
The cunning color rarely spread
  Fades to the yellow finely ;
But where to spy the truest pink
Is in my Love's soft cheek, I think.

The snowdrop, child of windy March,
  Doth glory in her whiteness ;
Her golden neighbors, crocuses,
  Unenvious praise her brightness !
But I do know where, out of sight,
  My sweetheart keeps a warmer white.

SONG

WAIT but a little while —
  The bird will bring
A heart in tune for melodies
  Unto the spring,
Till he who 's in the cedar there
Is moved to trill a song so rare,
And pipe her fair.

Wait but a little while —
  The bud will break ;
The inner rose will open and glow
  For summer's sake ;
Fond bees will lodge within her breast
Till she herself is plucked and prest
Where I would rest.

Wait but a little while —
  The maid will grow
Gracious with lips and hands to thee,
  With breast of snow.
To-day Love 's mute, but time hath sown
A soul in her to match thine own,
Though yet ungrown.

A PRIEST

NATURE and he went ever hand in hand
Across the hills and down the lonely lane ;
They captured starry shells upon the strand
And lay enchanted by the musing main.
So She, who loved him for his love of her,
Made him the heir to traceries and signs
On tiny children nigh too small to stir
In great green plains of hazel leaf or vines.
She taught the trouble of the nightingale ;
Revealed the velvet secret of the rose ;

She breathed divinity into his heart,
That rare divinity of watching those
Slow growths that make a nettle learn to dart
The puny poison of its little throes.

Her miracles of motion, butterflies,
Rubies and sapphires skimming lily-crests,
Carved on a yellow petal with their eyes
Tranced by the beauty of their powdered breasts,
Seen in the mirror of a drop of dew,
He loved as friends and as a friend he knew.
The dust of gold and scarlet underwings
More precious was to him than nuggets torn
From all invaded treasure-crypts of time,
And every floating, painted, silver beam
Drew him to roses where it stayed to dream,
Or down sweet avenues of scented lime.

And Nature trained him tenderly to know
The rain of melodies in coverts heard.
Let him but catch the cadences that flow
From hollybush or lilac, elm or sloe,
And he would mate the music with the bird.
The faintest song a redstart ever sang
Was redstart's piping, and the whitethroat knew
No cunning trill, no mazy shake that rang
Doubtful on ears unaided by the view.

But in his glory, as a young pure priest
In that great temple, only roofed by stars,
An angel hastened from the sacred East
To reap the wisest and to leave the least.
And as he moaned upon the couch of death,
Breathing away his little share of breath,
All suddenly he sprang upright in bed!
Life, like a ray, poured fresh into his face,
Flooding the hollow cheeks with passing grace.
He listened long, then pointed up above;
Laughed a low laugh of boundless joy and love —
That was a plover called, he softly said,
And on his wife's breast fell, serenely dead!

THE COUNTRY FAITH

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall —
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

A DEAD FRIEND

It hardly seems that he is dead,
So strange it is that we are here
Beneath this great blue shell of sky
With apple-bloom and pear:
It scarce seems true that we can note
The bursting rosebud's edge of flame,
Or watch the blackbird's swelling throat
While he is but a name.

No more the chaffinch at his step
Pipes suddenly her shrill surprise,
For in an ecstasy of sleep
Unconsciously he lies,
Not knowing that the sweet brown lark
From off her bosom's feathery lace
Shakes down the dewdrop in her flight
To fall upon his face.

CONTENT

Though singing but the shy and sweet
Untrod by multitudes of feet,
Songs bounded by the brook and wheat,
I have not failed in this,
The only lure my woodland note,
To win all England's whitest throat!
O bards in gold and fire who wrote,
Be yours all other bliss!

THE FIRST KISS

On Helen's heart the day were night!
But I may not adventure there:
Her breast is guarded by a right,
And she is true as fair.

And though in happy days her eyes
The glow within mine own could please,
She 's purer than the babe who cries
For empire on her knees.

Her love is for her lord and child,
And unto them belongs her snow ;
But none can rob me of her wild
Young kiss of long ago !

TO MY BROTHERS

O BROTHERS, who must ache and stoop
O'er wordy tasks in London town,
How scantly Laura trips for you —
A poem in a gown !
How rare if Grub-street grew a lawn !
How sweet if Nature's lap could spare
A dandelion for the Strand,
A cowslip for Mayfair !

But here, from immaterial lyres,
There rings in easy confidence
The blackbird's bright philosophy
On apple-spray or fence :
For ploughmen wending home from toil
Some patriot thrush outpours his lay,
And voices, wildly eloquent,
The diary of his day.

These living lyrics you may hear
Remembering the lane's romance,
All hung in wicker heels to chirp
Thin ghosts of utterance :
But where the gusts of liberty
Make Ragged Robin wisely bend,
They quicken hedgerows with their song,
Melodiously unpenned.

If souls of mighty singers leave
The vacant body to its hush,
Does Shelley linger in the lark,
Or Keats possess the thrush ?
The end is undecaying doubt,
And in some blackbird's bosom still
Great Tennyson may sweeten eve
And whistle on the hill.

Come, brothers, to this clean delight,
And watch the velvet-headed tit.
Here 's honest sorrel in the grass
And sturdy cuckoo-spit :
What shepherds hear you shall not miss,
And at deliverance of dawn
Shall see a miracle of bloom
Across the sparkling lawn.

The forest musically begs
To fan you with its leafy love ;
Oh, fall asleep upon this moss
Entreated by the dove !
Here shall that sweet Conservative,
Dear Mother Nature, lend to you
Her lovely rural elements
Beneath the primal blue.

O brothers, who must ache and stoop
O'er wordy tasks in London town,
How scantly Laura trips for you —
A poem in a gown !
How good if Fleet-street grew a lawn !
How sweet if garden-plots could spare
A bed of cloves to scent the Strand,
A pansy for Mayfair !

DAWN AND DARK

GOD with His million cares
Went to the left or right,
Leaving our world ; and the day
Grew night.

Back from a sphere He came
Over a starry lawn,
Looked at our world ; and the dark
Grew dawn.

A. T. Quiller-Couch

THE SPLENDID SPUR

NOT on the neck of prince or hound
Nor on a woman's finger twin'd,
May gold from the deriding ground
Keep sacred that we sacred bind :
Only the heel
Of splendid steel
Shall stand secure on sliding fate,
When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laurell'd stave
Are measures, not the springs, of worth ;
In a wife's lap, as in a grave,
Man's airy notions mix with earth.

Seek other spur
Bravely to stir
The dust in this loud world, and tread
Alp-high among the whisp'ring dead.

Trust in thyself, — then spur amain :
So shall Charybdis wear a grace,
Grim Ætna laugh, the Libyan plain
Take roses to her shrivell'd face.
This orb — this round
Of sight and sound —
Count it the lists that God hath built
For haughty hearts to ride a-tilt.

THE WHITE MOTH

If a leaf rustled, she would start :
And yet she died, a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey where she trembled so ?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night ?

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-winged moth :
'T was Annie's soul that beat outside
And " Open, open, open ! " cried :

" I could not find the way to God ;
There were too many flaming suns
For signposts, and the fearful road
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned —
I was bewildered and I turned.

" O, it was easy then ! I knew
Your window and no star beside.
Look up, and take me back to you ! "
— He rose and thrust the window wide.
'T was but because his brain was hot
With rhyming ; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things ;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Towards him, on ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead ;
Then wrote " *That I had died instead !* "

Jane Barlow

A CURLEW'S CALL

Ἔκλυον ἄν ἐγὼ οὐδ' ἄν ἤλπισ' αὐδάν.

WHETHEN is it yourself, Mister Hagan ?
an' lookin' right hearty you are ;
'T is a thrate to behold you agin. You 'll
be waitin' to take the long car
For Kilmoyna, the same as meself, sir ?
They 're late at the cross-roads to-
night,
For I mind when the days 'ud be long,
they 'd be here ere the droop of the
light,
Yet out yonder far over the bog there 's
the sunset beginnin' to burn
Like the red of a camp-fire raked low, and
no sign of thim roundin' the turn. —

So the dark 'll git ahead of us home on this
jaunt ; we 've good ten mile to go,
And thin afther the rain-pours this mornin',
we 're apt to be draggin' an' slow —
Ay, you're right, sir : alongside the road
I 've been thravellin' you 'd scarce
count that far ;
You 'll cross dark an' light times and agin
between Creggan and Kandahar.

And is Norah along wid you ? Well, Norah
jewel, how 's yourself all this year ?
Sure she 's thin grown and white, sir, to
what I remember her last time we
were here.
Took could in the spring ? Ah, begorrah,
the March win 's as bad as a blight ;
But the weather we git in Afghanistan,
troth, 't would destroy her outright.
For in summer Ould Horny seems houldin'
the earth in the heat of his hand,
And in winther the snow 's the great ghost
of a world settled down on the land,
Wid a blast keenin' over it fit to be freezin'
the sun where he shone ;
If they 'd lease you that counthry rint-free,
you 'd do righter to let it alone.

Glad enough to be ought of it ? Well, in
a way, but I 've this on me mind,
That I 'm come like the winther's worst day,
after lavin' me betthers behind ;

An' the nearer I git to the ould place at home, it 's the stranger I seem,
Missin' thim I 'll behold there no more till me furlough I take in a dream.
But the divil a dream 's in it now, and I 'd liefer dream ugly than think
What Jack Connolly's folk 'll remember whinever they notice the blink
Of me coat past their hedge, and I goin' their road. Jack's poor mother belike
'Ill be feedin' her hins in the door, or else gath'rin' her clothes at the dyke,
And it 's down to the gate she 'll be runnin' and callin', an' biddin' me step in ;
And she 'll say to me : "Well, Dan, you 're home, and I 'm glad, sure, to see you agin."
Quare an' glad, I 'll be bound, wid the thought in her heart of how long she might wait,
Ere she 'd see her own slip of a redcoat come route-marchin' in at her gate ;
He that 's campin' apart from us, joined wid the throop who shift quarters no more ;
Crep' in under the tent that 's wide worlds beyond call, tho' 't was pitched at your door.
Ah, the crathur: 't is poor bits of hope folk take up wid whin luck 's turnin' bad !
She that not so long since 'ud be thinkin' she 'd soon git a sight of the lad,
There she 'll stand wid her eyes on me face, till I see all as plain 's if I heard
How she 's wond'rin', an dhreadin' to ask, have I brought her so much as a word.
That 's the notion 's come home wid me ; faix, I get thinkin' it every odd while,
Maybe oft as a lamed horse shrinks his fut in the len'th of a stony mile.

You 'll remember Jack Connolly, sir ? Ay, for sure, 't is good neighbors you 've been
Since he was n't the height of your stick, and meself but a bit of spalpeen.
Great the pair of us both were ; out most whiles off over the bog and away,
But the end of it happint us yonder at sunset last Pathrick's Day.
The way of it ? Our picket was ridin' in be the wall of the little white town,
That 's stuck like a blaiched wasps' nest in the gap where the ridge of the hills breaks down,
And the big flat plain spreads out and about, you might say 't was a bog gone dhry,
Lookin' nathural enough till you notice, pricked up 'gin the light in the sky,
Their two thin towers, like an ould snail's horns be the shell of their haythin dome,
Peerin' out of a purpose to put you in mind where you 've thravelled from home.
We were ridin' too close ; I remember along on the white of the wall
The front men's helmets went bob, bob, bob, in blue shadow, sthretched won'erful tall,
For the sunbames were raichin' their furthest aslant from the edge of the day,
Where the light ran, dhrained over the earth, like a wave turnin' back to the say,
All hot gold. Howane'er, when we past where their straight-archin' door opened black,
Wid the dust-thracks they thramp into roads glamin' in at it, off went a crack,
And ere ever an echo got rappin' the hills, or the smoke riz to float,
'T was a plunge, and a thud, and Jack Connolly down wid him, shot in the throat.

So be raison of we two bein' neighbors, they bid me mind Jack while they went
To make out what the mischief at all the rapscallion that potted him meant ;
Some ould objic' wisped up in his rags head and fut, the crow's notice to quit,
Wid a quare carabine 'ud scarce fright e'er a bird who 'd a scrumption of wit.
But it was able enough for that job, and be hanged to it ; Jack's business was done,
As you could n't misdoubt. All the west swam clear fire round the smooth, redhot sun,

Dropped down steady as a shell thro' still wather ; but 't would n't be sunk out of sight
Ere the lad had got finished wid dyin', and gone beyond darkness and light.
And between whiles 't was divil as much could I do to be helpin' him ; just
Keep beside him, and dhrive the black fly-buzz, and lift up his head from the dust,
And hear tell had he aught in his mind. But, och man, if his heart was to break,
Every whisper of voice he had in him was kilt, not a word could he spake.
Sure now that was conthrary. An instant before 't was no odds what he said,
And he 'd laughed, and he 'd gabbed on galore, any blathers come into his head ;
But wid on'y a minit to hold all his speech in for ever and a day,
Just one breath of a word like a hand raichin' worlds' worlds an' years' years away,
'T is sthruck dumb he was, same as his crathur of a baste that stood watchin' us there,
Wid big eyes shinin' fright, and snuffin' the throuble up out of the air.

'T was a throuble swep' nearer, an' blacker, an' surer ; the whole world stood still ;
You 'd as aisy turn back a cloud's shadow, that 's tuk to slide over a hill.
There was Jack wid the life failin' out of him fast as the light from the sky,
That came fingerin' the grass wid long rays, blade be blade, an' thin twinklin' up high
On the gold spark atop their green dome. And I thought to meself how the same
Blamed ould sunset 'ud thrapese away to the west till the shine of it came,
Flarin' red in the bog-houles, an' bright past the turf-stacks, and in at the door
Of the little ould place down the lonin', that Jack 'ud set fut in no more,
And 't would dance on their bits of gilt jugs, till they glittered like stars in a row,
And the people widin at their suppers ne'er thinkin' no great while ago
It was dazzlin' Jack's eyes as he looked for me face wid the last of his sight.
And sez I to him, "What is it, lad ?" but I knew I might listen all night
And no answer ; the sorra a chance to be bringin' thim a word we 'd ha' found,
On'y Jack had more sinse in him yet than meself that was hearty and sound ;
For he looked towards the rim of the west wid the sun hangin' ready to fall,
And he whistled two notes quick and low — well I knew it : the curlew's call.

I 'd not aisy mistake it ; sure out on these bogs scarce a minit goes by,
But anear or afar on the win' comes a flicker of the crathur's cry —
Faith I heard wan just thin — and on many a day, ere the sun 'ud be up,
And around and around stood the gray of the air like a big empty cup
Fit to hold every sound ever stirred, and to catch all the light ever shone,
I 'd be out wid me on to our bogland, all desolit lyin', and lone
As they say whin you 've watched the low shore till it dips where the ridges rowl green,
And I 'd spy was there e'er a wan out, and belike not a sowl to be seen
Save Jack whistlin' away to me down be the lough ; you 'd ha' swore 't was the bird,
Barrin' just the laste differ ; Jack done it the likest that ever I heard.
And there 's plenty that thry at it. Seldom a sunsit throops out of the west
But some lad 'll be whistlin' his sweetheart, that 's sittin' and listenin' her best,
While the corners grow dark, and she 's reckonin' the shadows for 'fraid he might fail.
So his call lit the world like a star. Ne'er a sweetheart had Jack, I 'll go bail,
For the truth is his mind was tuk up wid his own folk ; it could n't be tould
The opinion he had and consait of the whole of thim, young wans and ould,

And it 's there where I 'm bothered entirely to think how he got the idee
To go soldierin' off to the ends of the earth wid no comrade but me.
Howanever, he went off suddint, afore we knew right what was on ;
And I thought to meself the ould place 'ud be quare wid Jack Connolly gone,
So I up and I down to the barracks below, an' the shillin' I tuk —
That 's the way it fell out, and belike 't was himself had the best of the luck.

And continted and aisy he went, wanst he saw he 'd made shift to conthrive
That the message he had in his mind 'ud go safe. For sez I : " Man alive,
I 'll be tellin' your people at home the first chance I can git, good or bad,
How thimselves, and the ould place you quit, was the last thought that ever you had ;
And I 'll bid thim be thinkin' of you, whin they hear the bird cry on our bog.
Your poor mother, an' father, an' the childher, an' their little ould rogue of a dog,
Ne'er a wan you 're forgettin'," sez I ; and bedad any fool might ha' known,
For the manin' he meant wid his call was as clear as a bugle blown.
And our rifles wint crack be the gateway, and now and again wid a plop
Come a bullet dhruv deep in the sand — 't was the divil dhrill-sowin' his crop —
And a priest legged it up to the top of the tower, and stood risin' a yell
For the rest to be sayin' their prayers, like as if 't was our angely bell.
But it 's little Jack heeded ; for sure his own folk, and th' ould counthry, and all
Were come nearer than near, and gone further than far, along wid that curlew's call.

Ah, but Norah, you 're perished an' thrimblin' wid could sittin' here in the win' ;
Did you bring ne'er a wrap to rowl round you, machree, now the night 's closin' in ?
For there 's mists curlin' white on the pools, and the air gets an edge whin they lift.
Ay, the moon 's up, just on'y a breath 'gin the blue, where the cloud comes adrift,
Sthreelin' by like a haystack on fire, wid the flame blowin' off be the way
In bright bundles and wisps, as if some wan 'ud harvest the light of the day.
'T is n't that fashion dark falls, out there in the aist. Wanst the sun goes on lave,
Ne'er a thrace of a glame bides to show where he passed, like the foam of a wave ;
He 'll be blazin' wan minit, and thin 't is the same as if somebody shut
A black door on the blink of a hearth, or kicked over a lamp wid his fut.
So the rest of us rode thro' a night blindin' dark, till we 'd half the plain crossed,
And the moon riz ice-clear, wid a shine lyin' thick on the grass as hoar-frost
You could gather up. And, troth, if our tongues had froze stiff, 't is as much we 'd ha' said,
Wid Jack Connolly's baste saddle-empty, and jerkin' the reins as I led.
Sure poor Jack had a dale of good-nature ; he 'd fooled the ould mare all he could,
And the crathur went slow-fut and heavy ; you might think that she understood.

Selwyn Image

THE PROTESTATION

Dear Eyes, set deep within the shade
Of Love's pale alabaster brow ;
Of what strange substance are ye made,
That such enchantments on me now,
Resistless, by your grace are laid ?

Ye are the stars, that do control
  The tides of my obedient mind :
Ye are the founts whereat my soul
  In thirst may cool assuagement find :
The soothing balm to make me whole.

Ye are the deeps, in whose retreat
  Refuge I find from bounding sin :
Ye are the paths, by which my feet
  Move onward to God's peace within :
The abode where all pure memories meet.

Dear Eyes, dear Eyes, my health ye bring
  'Mid every circumstance of fate !
In what true numbers shall I sing
  The glory and virtues of your state,
Whence for my soul all grace doth spring ?

A PRAYER

Dear, let me dream of love,
  Ah ! though a dream it be !
I 'll ask no boon, above
  A word, a smile, from thee :
At most, in some still hour, one kindly
  thought of me.

Sweet, let me gaze awhile
  Into those radiant eyes !
I 'll scheme not to beguile
  The heart, that deeper lies
Beneath them, than yon star in night's
  pellucid skies.

Love, let my spirit bow
  In worship at thy shrine !
I 'll swear thou shalt not know
  One word from lips of mine,
An instant's pain to send through that shy
  soul of thine.

HER CONFIRMATION

When my Clorinda walks in white
Unto her Confirmation Rite,
  What sinless dove can show to heaven
A purer sight ?

Beneath a lawn, translucent crown
Her lovely curls conceal their brown ;
  Her wanton eyes are fastened, even,
Demurely down.

And that delicious mouth of rose
No words, no smile, may discompose :
  All of her feels the approaching awe,
And silent grows.

Come, then, Thou noiseless Spirit, and rest
Here, where she waits Thee for her Guest :
  Pass not, but sweetly onward draw,
Till heaven 's possessed !

Herbert P. Horne

AMICO SUO

When on my country walks I go,
  I never am alone :
Though whom 't were pleasure then to know
  Are gone, and you are gone ;
From every side discourses flow.

There are rich counsels in the trees,
  And converse in the air ;
All magic thoughts in those and these
  And what is sweet and rare ;
And everything that living is.

But most I love the meaner sort,
  For they have voices too ;
Yet speak with tongues, that never hurt,
  As ours are apt to do :
The weeds, the grass, the common wort.

FORMOSAE PUELLAE

Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas ;
Haec habet, ut dicas, quidquid in orbe fuit.

Oh ! had you eyes, but eyes that move
Within the light and realm of love,
Then would you, on the sudden, meet
A Helen walking down the street.

Here in this London 'mid the stir,
The traffic, and the burdened air,
Oh ! could your eyes divine their home,
Then this were Greece, or that were Rome.

The state of Dian is not gone,
The dawn she fled is yet the dawn ;
Her crystal flesh the years renew
Despite her bodice, skirt, and shoe.

Nor is she only to be seen
With Juno's height, and Pallas' sheen ;
The knit, all-wondrously wrought, form
Of Cytherea, soft and warm,

Yet, like her jewelled Hesperus,
Puts forth its light, and shines on us ;
Whene'er she sees, and would control,
Love, at the windows of the soul.

NANCY DAWSON

Nancy Dawson, Nancy Dawson,
Not so very long ago
Some one wronged you from sheer love, dear ;
Little thinking it would crush, dear,
All I cherished in you so.
But now, what 's the odds, my Nancy ?
Where 's the guinea, there 's the fancy.
Are you Nancy, that old Nancy ?
Nancy Dawson.

Nancy Dawson, Nancy Dawson,
I forget you, what you were ;
Till I feel the sad hours creep, dear,
O'er my heart ; as o'er my cheek, dear,
Once of old, that old, old hair :
And then, unawares, my Nancy,
I remember, and I fancy
You are Nancy, that old Nancy ;
Nancy Dawson.

"IF SHE BE MADE OF WHITE AND RED"

If she be made of white and red,
As all transcendent beauty shows ;
If heaven be blue above her head,
And earth be golden, as she goes :
Nay, then thy deftest words restrain ;
Tell not that beauty, it is vain.

If she be filled with love and scorn,
As all divinest natures are ;
If 'twixt her lips such words are born,
As can but Heaven or Hell confer :
Bid Love be still, nor ever speak,
Lest he his own rejection seek.

Margaret L. Woods

REST

To spend the long warm days
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,
To see, not gaze, —
To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams :

See clouds that slowly pass
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,
And ripening grass,
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown :

To hear the breezes sigh
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,
Pause and go by,
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain :

See far from all affright
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,
And night by night
Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature and to hear
What songs she sings
Low to herself when there is no one near.

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolved heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonored dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead.

YOUNG WINDEBANK

They shot young Windebank just here,
By Merton, where the sun
Strikes on the wall. 'T was in a year
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim
He watched them dig his grave.
Was this in truth the end for him,
The well-beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,
Set free to die that day,
And free to speak once more the word
That marshalled men obey.

But silent on the silent band,
That faced him stern as death,
He looked, and on the summer land,
And on the grave beneath.

Then with a sudden smile and proud
He waved his plume, and cried,
"The king! the king!" and laughed aloud,
"The king! the king!" and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell,
And paid the barren cost
Of having loved and served too well
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause
Went forth as martyrs must —
The kings who make the spirit laws
And rule us from the dust;

Whose wills unshaken by the breath
Of adverse Fate endure,
To give us honor strong as death
And loyal love as sure.

Richard Le Gallienne

ORBITS

Two stars once on their lonely way
Met in the heavenly height,
And they dreamed a dream they might shine alway
With undivided light;
Melt into one with a breathless throe,
And beam as one in the night.

And each forgot in the dream so strange
How desolately far
Swept on each path, for who shall change
The orbit of a star?
Yea, all was a dream, and they still must go
As lonely as they are.

LOVE'S POOR

Yea, love, I know, and I would have it thus;
I know that not for us
Is springtide Passion with his fire and flowers,
I know this love of ours
Lives not, nor yet may live,
By the dear food that lips and hands can give.
Not, love, that we in some high dream despise
The common lover's common Paradise;
Ah, God, if Thou and I
But one short hour their blessedness might try,
How could we poor ones teach
Those happy ones who half forget them rich:
For if we thus endure,
'T is only, love, because we are so poor.

REGRET

One asked of Regret,
And I made reply:

To have held the bird,
And let it fly;
To have seen the star
For a moment nigh,
And lost it
Through a slothful eye;
To have plucked the flower
And cast it by;
To have one only hope —
To die.

THE WONDER-CHILD

"Our little babe," each said, "shall be
Like unto thee" — "Like unto *thee!*"
"Her mother's" — "Nay, his father's" — "eyes,"
"Dear curls like thine" — but each replies,
"As thine, all thine, and naught of me."

What sweet solemnity to see
The little life upon thy knee,
And whisper as so soft it lies, —
"Our little babe!"

For, whether it be he or she,
A David or a Dorothy,
"As mother fair," or "father wise,"
Both when it's "good," and when it cries,
One thing is certain, — it will be
Our little babe.

AN OLD MAN'S SONG

Ye are young, ye are young,
I am old, I am old;
And the song has been sung
And the story been told.

Your locks are as brown
As the mavis in May,
Your hearts are as warm
As the sunshine to-day,
But mine white and cold
As the snow on the brae.

And Love, like a flower,
Is growing for you,
Hands clasping, lips meeting,
Hearts beating so true;
While Fame like a star
In the midnight afar
Is flashing for you.

For you the To-come,
But for me the Gone-by,
You are panting to live,
I am waiting to die;
The meadow is empty,
No flower groweth high,
And naught but a socket
The face of the sky.

Yea, howso we dream,
Or how bravely we do;
The end is the same,
Be we traitor or true:
And after the bloom
And the passion is past,
Death cometh at last.

THE PASSIONATE READER TO HIS POET

Doth it not thrill thee, Poet,
Dead and dust though thou art,
To feel how I press thy singing
Close to my heart?

Take it at night to my pillow,
Kiss it before I sleep,
And again when the delicate morning
Beginneth to peep?

See how I bathe thy pages
Here in the light of the sun,
Through thy leaves, as a wind among roses,
The breezes shall run.

Feel how I take thy poem
And bury within it my face
As I pressed it last night in the heart of a flower,
Or deep in a dearer place.

Think, as I love thee, Poet,
A thousand love beside,
Dear women love to press thee too
Against a sweeter side.

Art thou not happy, Poet?
I sometimes dream that I
For such a fragrant fame as thine
Would gladly sing and die.

Say, wilt thou change thy glory
For this same youth of mine?
And I will give my days i' the sun
For that great song of thine.

Rudyard Kipling

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so
white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,"
the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever,
you can hear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—
they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an'
cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in
the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so
'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall
down?" says Files-on-Parade.
"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Color-
Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, they
are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is
coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for
a sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in
the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said
Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said
Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-
Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you
must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you
must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the reg-
iment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever
in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the
Color-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the
Color-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever,
you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin',
an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Dannv Deever in the
mornin'.

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the
seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was
not,
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of
'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our
'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our
forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but
a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if
you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber
'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us
swaller;

We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid ;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it was n't 'ardly fair ;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'as n't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'as n't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e 's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :
When 'e 's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,
If we 'ad n't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore ;
But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we 'll call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square !

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e 's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;
'E 's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e 's generally shammin' when 'e 's dead.
'E 's a daisy, 'e 's a ducky, 'e 's a lamb !
'E 's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E 's the on'y thing that does n't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree !
So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan ;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man ;
An' 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you broke a British square !

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth !

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride :
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides :
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides ?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.

He 's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It 's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,
"'T was only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive :
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting all in a row :
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son : — "Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, — howl, dog, and call them up !
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I 'll fight my own way back ! "
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath ;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death ? "
Lightly answered the Colonel's son : "I hold by the blood of my clan :
Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God, she has carried a man ! "
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast,
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he ; "will ye take the mate from a friend ? "
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight ; "a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I 'll send my son to him ! "
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest —
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him
with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat,
and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for
the peace of the border-line.
And thou must make a trooper tough and
hack thy way to power —
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar
when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the
eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on leavened bread and salt :
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,
and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and
Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh
where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard,
full twenty swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud
with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's
son. "Put up the steel at your
sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border
thief — to-night 't is a man of the
Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
never the two shall meet,*
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;*
*But there is neither East nor West, Border,
nor Breed, nor Birth,*
*When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth.*

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first
on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and
scratched with a stick in the mould ;
And the first rude sketch that the world
had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves,
"It 's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled
to fashion his work anew —
The first of his race who cared a fig for the
first, most dread review ;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons
— and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in
the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and
wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks :
"It 's striking, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side
and the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art,
and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North
and the South, they talked and they
fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and
the poor Red Clay had rest —
Had rest till the dank, blank-canvas dawn
when the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel :
"It 's human, but is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree — and
new as the new-cut tooth —
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch
grows he is master of Art and Truth ;
And each man hears as the twilight nears,
to the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane :
"You did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree
to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents
twain in the yelk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog,
for the horse is drawn by the cart ;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of
old : "It 's clever, but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint
on the Club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch
with their pens in the mould —
They scratch with their pens in the mould
of their graves, and the ink and the
anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves :
"It 's pretty, but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much — as our father Adam knew.

THE LAW FOR THE WOLVES

Now this is the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the sky,
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk, the law runneth forward and back;
For the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack.

Wash daily from nose tip to tail tip; drink deeply, but never too deep;
And remember the night is for hunting and forget not the day is for sleep.

The jackal may follow the tiger, but, cub, when thy whiskers are grown,
Remember the wolf is a hunter — go forth and get food of thy own.

Keep peace with the lords of the jungle, the tiger, the panther, the bear;
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the boar in his lair.

When pack meets with pack in the jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken; it may be fair words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a wolf of the pack ye must fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel and the pack is diminished by war.

The lair of the wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,
Not even the head wolf may enter, not even the council may come.

The lair of the wolf is his refuge, but where he has digged it too plain,
The council shall send him a message, and so he shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight be silent and wake not the woods with your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crop and thy brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your cubs as they need and ye can;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and seven times never kill man.

If ye plunder his kill from a weaker, devour not all in thy pride,
Pack-right is the right of the meanest; so leave him the head and the hide.

The kill of the pack is the meat of the pack. Ye must eat where it lies;
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair, or he dies.

The kill of the wolf is the meat of the wolf. He may do what he will,
But, till he is given permission, the pack may not eat of that kill.

Lair right is the right of the mother. From all of her year she may claim
One haunch of each kill for her litter, and none may deny her the same.

Cub right is the right of the yearling. From all of his pack he may claim
Full gorge when the killer has eaten; and none may refuse him the same.

Cave right is the right of the father, to hunt by himself for his own;
He is freed from all calls to the pack. He is judged by the council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw,
In all that the law leaveth open the word of the head wolf is law.

Now these are the laws of the jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the law and the haunch and the hump is — Obey!

THE LAST CHANTEY

"And there was no more sea."

THUS said the Lord in the vault above the cherubim,
Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree;
"Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That our word may be established shall we gather up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Plague upon the hurricanes that made us furl and flee!
But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us —
Our bones we 'll leave the barracout, and God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed Him:
"Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe,
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!"

Then said the soul of the angel of the Offshore Wind:
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee):
"I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honor from me if Ye take away the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we!
If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamor for a vengeance on the sea!"

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:
"Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;
But Thy arm is strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy trumpets tore the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:
"Once we frapped a ship, and she labored woundily.
There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy grace and glory under Malta by the sea."

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:
"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard —
May we lift the Dipsea Chantey such as seamen use at sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen adventurers —
Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:
"Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner —
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee):
"Ho, the ringer and right whale,
And the fish were struck for sale,
Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither land nor lea!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we 'll beat for open sea!"

Then stooped the Lord, and he called the good sea up to Him,
And 'stablished His borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stringing, ringing spindrift nor the fulmar flying free,
And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord,
Who heard the silly sailor men and gave them back their sea !

Arthur Symons

AT FONTAINEBLEAU

It was a day of sun and rain,
Uncertain as a child's swift moods ;
And I shall never spend again
So blithe a day among the woods.

Was it because the Gods were pleased
That they were awful in our eyes,
Whom we in very deed appeased
With barley-cakes of sacrifice ?

The forest knew her and was glad,
And laughed for very joy to know
Her child was with her ; then, grown sad,
She wept, because her child must go.

And Alice, like a little Faun,
Went leaping over rocks and ferns,
Coursing the shadow-race from dawn
Until the twilight-flock returns.

And she would spy and she would capture
The shyest flower that lit the grass ;
The joy I had to watch her rapture
Was keen as even her rapture was.

The forest knew her and was glad,
And laughed and wept for joy and woe.
This was the welcome that she had
Among the woods of Fontainebleau.

JAVANESE DANCERS

Twitched strings, the clang of metal, beaten drums,
Dull, shrill, continuous, disquieting ;
And now the stealthy dancer comes
Undulantly with cat-like steps that cling ;

Smiling between her painted lids a smile
Motionless, unintelligible, she twines
Her fingers into mazy lines,
Twining her scarves across them all the while.

One, two, three, four step forth, and, to and fro,
Delicately and imperceptibly,
Now swaying gently in a row,
Now interthreading slow and rhythmically,

Still with fixed eyes, monotonously still,
Mysteriously, with smiles inanimate,
With lingering feet that undulate,
With sinuous fingers, spectral hands that thrill,

The little amber-colored dancers move,
Like little painted figures on a screen,
Or phantom-dancers haply seen
Among the shadows of a magic grove.

DURING MUSIC

The music had the heat of blood,
A passion that no words can reach ;
We sat together, and understood
Our own heart's speech.

We had no need of word or sign,
The music spoke for us, and said
All that her eyes could read in mine
Or mine in hers had read.

TO A PORTRAIT

A pensive photograph
Watches me from the shelf —
Ghost of old love, and half
Ghost of myself !

How the dear waiting eyes
Watch me and love me yet —
Sad home of memories,
Her waiting eyes !

Ghost of old love, wronged ghost,
  Return : though all the pain
Of all once loved, long lost,
  Come back again.

Forget not, but forgive !
  Alas, too late I cry.
We are two ghosts that had their chance to live,
  And lost it, she and I.

Dollie Radford

IF ALL THE WORLD

If all the world were right,
  How fair our love would grow,
At what a golden height
  Its spotless flower could blow.

Through what untroubled air
  Its fragrant boughs would spread,
On fruit how sweet and rare
  Should we be freely fed.

But ah, what could we tend,
  With sorrow and delight,
Our hearts how should we spend,
  If all the world were right ?

AH, BRING IT NOT

Ah, bring it not so grudgingly,
  The gift thou bringest me,
Thy kind hands shining from afar
  Let me in welcome see,
And know the treasure that they hold,
For purest gold.

And with glad feet that linger not,
  Come through the summer land,
Through the sweet fragrance of the flowers,
  Swiftly to where I stand,
And in the sunshine let me wear
Thy token rare.

Fairer for me will be the day,
  Fair all the days will be,
And thy rich gift upon my breast
  Will make me fair to see ;
And beautiful, through all the years,
In joys and tears.

Ah come, and coming do not ask
  The answering gift of mine ;
Thou hast the pride of offering,
  Taste now the joy divine,
And come, content to pass to-day
Empty away.

MY LITTLE DEAR

My little dear, so fast asleep,
  Whose arms about me cling,
What kisses shall she have to keep,
  While she is slumbering ?

Upon her golden baby-hair,
  The golden dreams I 'll kiss
Which Life spread through my morning fair,
  And I have saved, for this.

Upon her baby eyes I 'll press
  The kiss Love gave to me,
When his great joy and loveliness
  Made all things fair to see.

And on her lips, with smiles astir,
  Ah me, what prayer of old
May now be kissed to comfort her,
  Should Love or Life grow cold.

A MODEL

Year after year I sit for them,
  The boys and girls who come and go,
Although my beauty's diadem
  Has lain for many seasons low.

When first I came my hair was bright, —
  How hard, they said, to paint its gold,
How difficult to catch the light
  Which fell upon it, fold on fold, —

How hard to give my happy youth
  In all its pride of white and red ;

None would believe, in very truth,
  A maiden was so fair, they said.

How could they know they gave to me
  The daily hope which made me fair,
Sweet promises of things to be,
  The happy things I was to share.

The flowers painted round my face,
  The magic seas and skies above,
And many a fair enchanted place
  Full of the summer time and love.

They set me in a fairy-land,
  So much more real than they knew,
And I was slow to understand
  The pictures could not all come true.

But one by one, they died somehow,
  The waking dreams which kept me glad,
And as I sat, they told me now,
  None would believe a maid so sad.

They paint me still, but now I sit
  Just for my neck and shoulder lines,
And for the little lingering bit
  Of color in my hair that shines.

And as a figure worn and strange
  Into their groups I sometimes stray,
To break the light, to mark their range
  Of sun and shade, of grave and gay.

And evermore they come and go,
  With life and hope so sweet and high, —
In all the world how should they know
  There is no one so tired as I.

OCTOBER

From falling leaf to falling leaf,
  How strange it was, through all the year,
In all its joy and all its grief,
  You did not know I loved you dear ;
Through all the winter-time and spring,
  You smiled and watched me come and go,
Through all the summer blossoming,
  How strange it was you did not know.

Your face shone from my earth and sky,
  Your voice was in my heart always,
Days were as dreams when you were by,
  And nights of dreaming linked the days ;
In my great joy I craved so much,
  My life lay trembling at your hand,
I prayed you for one magic touch,
  How strange you did not understand !

From leaf to leaf, the trees are bare,
  The autumn wind is cold and stern,
And outlined in the clear sharp air
  Lies a new world for me to learn ;
Stranger than all, dear friend, to-day,
  You take my hand and do not know
A thousand years have passed away,
  Since last year — when I loved you so.

William Butler Yeats

AN INDIAN SONG

O wanderer in the southern weather,
  Our isle awaits us ; on each lea
The pea-hens dance ; in crimson feather
  A parrot swaying on a tree
  Rages at his own image in the enamelled sea.

There dreamy Time lets fall his sickle
  And Life the sandals of her fleetness,
And sleek young Joy is no more fickle,
  And Love is kindly and deceitless,
  And all is over save the murmur and the sweetness.

There we will moor our lonely ship
  And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly, lip to lip,
  Along the grass, along the sands —
  Murmuring how far away are all earth's feverish lands :

How we alone of mortals are
  Hid in the earth's most hidden part,
While grows our love an Indian star,
  A meteor of the burning heart,
  One with the waves that softly round us laugh and dart ;

One with the leaves ; one with the dove
  That moans and sighs a hundred days ;
How when we die our shades will rove,
  Dropping at eve in coral bays
  A vapory footfall on the ocean's sleepy blaze.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG

Down by the salley gardens my love and I
did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little
snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves
grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her
would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did
stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her
snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass
grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am
full of tears.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a
dream?
For these red lips with all their mourn-
ful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral
gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing
by:—
Amid men's souls that day by day gives
place,
More fleeting than the sea's foam-fickle
face,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before ye were or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one stood beside His
seat;
He made the world, to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

THE WHITE BIRDS

I would that we were, my beloved, white
birds on the foam of the sea:
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before
it can pass by and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight,
hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a
sadness that never may die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers,
dew-dabbled, the lily and rose,
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the
flame of the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers
hung low in the fall of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white birds
on the wandering foam—I and you.

I am haunted by numberless islands, and
many a Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and
Sorrow come near us no more:
Soon far from the rose and the lily, the
fret of the flames, would we be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved,
buoyed out on the foam of the sea.

THE FOLK OF THE AIR

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted weeds
Of the drear Heart Lake.

And he saw how the weeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And he dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the folk of the air ;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll got up from the grass
And scattered the cards with a cry ;
But the old men and dancers were gone
As a cloud faded into the sky.

He knew now the folk of the air,
And his heart was blackened by dread,
And he ran to the door of his house ;
Old women were keening the dead ;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away ;
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I RISE in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep ;
But the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress ;
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

George William Russell

("A. E.")

SELF-DISCIPLINE

WHEN the soul sought refuge in the place of rest,
Overborne by strife and pain beyond control,
From some secret hollow, whisper soft-confessed,
Came the legend of the soul.

Some bright one of old time laid his sceptre down,
So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth ;
Going forth bereft of beauty, throne, and crown,
And the sweetness of his youth.

So the old appeal and fierce revolt we make
Through the world's hour dies within our primal will ;
And we justify the pain and hearts that break,
And our lofty doom fulfilled.

KRISHNA

"I am Beauty itself among beautiful things."—
BHAGAVAD-GITA.

THE East was crowned with snow-cold bloom
And hung with veils of pearly fleece :
They died away into the gloom,
Vistas of peace — and deeper peace.

And earth and air and wave and fire
In awe and breathless silence stood ;
For One who passed into their choir
Linked them in mystic brotherhood.

Twilight of amethyst, amid
Thy few strange stars that lit the heights,

Where was the secret spirit hid ?
Where was Thy place, O Light of Lights ?

The flame of Beauty far in space —
Where rose the fire : in Thee ? in Me ?
Which bowed the elemental race
To adoration silently ?

THE GREAT BREATH

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day :
There where the ether like a diamond glows
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air ;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows ;
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

THE MAN TO THE ANGEL

I have wept a million tears.
Pure and proud one, where are thine ?
What the gain, though all thy years
In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win
Truth we learn in pain and sighs :
You can never enter in
To the Circle of the Wise.

They are but the slaves of light
Who have never known the gloom,
And between the dark and bright
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there
That our pain but follows sin :
There are fires for those who dare
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain :
Dark and lost amid the strife,
I am myriad years of pain
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown
At the god to whom you bow,
Rest the lips of the Unknown
Tenderest upon my brow.

OM

A MEMORY

Faint grew the yellow buds of light
Far flickering beyond the snows,
As leaning o'er the shadowy white
Morn glimmered like a pale primrose.

Within an Indian vale below
A child said "OM" with tender heart,
Watching with loving eyes the glow
In dayshine fade and night depart.

The word which Brahma at his dawn
Outbreathes and endeth at his night,
Whose tide of sound so rolling on
Gives birth to orbs of pearly light ;

And beauty, wisdom, love, and youth,
By its enchantment gathered grow
In agelong wandering to the Truth,
Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

And here the voice of earth was stilled,
The child was lifted to the Wise :
A strange delight his spirit filled,
And Brahm looked from his shining eyes.

IMMORTALITY

We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire,
For we can no more than smoke unto the flame return,
If our thought has changed to dream or will unto desire.
As smoke we vanish though the fire may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the gray dusk of our days :
Surely here is soul ; with it we have eternal breath :
In the fire of love we live or pass by many ways,
By unnumbered ways of dream to death.

Theodore Wratislaw

THE MUSIC-HALL

The curtain on the grouping dancers falls,
The heaven of color has vanished from our eyes;
Stirred in our seats we wait with vague surmise
What haply comes that pleases or that palls.
Touched on the stand the thrice-struck baton calls,
Once more I watch the unfolding curtain rise,
I hear the exultant violins premise
The well-known tune that thrills me and enthralls.
Then trembling in my joy I see you flash
Before the footlights to the cymbals' clash,
With laughing lips, swift feet, and brilliant glance,
You, fair as heaven and as a rainbow bright,
You, queen of song and empress of the dance,
Flower of mine eyes, my love, my heart's delight!

EXPECTATION

Come while the afternoon of May
Is sweet with many a lilac-spray,
Come while the sparrows chirping fare
From branch to branch across the square.

Come like the dawn and bring to me
The fresh winds of an open sea,
Come like the stars of night and bear
All consolation in thine hair.

Bring me release from ancient pain,
Bring me the hopes of joy found vain,
Bring me thy sweetness of the dove,
Come, sweet, and bring thyself and love!

A VAIN DESIRE

Dear, did you know how sweet to me
Was every glance of yours, how sweet
The laugh that lights your face with glee,
The passing murmur of your feet,

And seeing perchance with grief how vain
The love that makes you sadly dear
Did grant for my unuttered pain
A whispered word, a smile, a tear

Dropped like a star from Paradise,
Then might I bless my weary state,
Though you behold me from the skies
And I on earth am desolate.

Mary C. G. Byron

(M. C. GILLINGTON)

THE TRYST OF THE NIGHT

Out of the uttermost ridge of dusk, where the dark and the day are mingled,
The voice of the Night rose cold and calm — it called through the shadow-swept air;
Through all the valleys and lone hillsides, it pierced, it thrilled, it tingled —
It summoned me forth to the wild sea-shore, to meet with its mystery there.

Out of the deep ineffable blue, with palpitant swift repeating
Of gleam and glitter and opaline glow, that broke in ripples of light —
In burning glory it came and went, — I heard, I saw it beating,
Pulse by pulse, from star to star, — the passionate heart of the Night!

Out of the thud of the rustling sea — the panting, yearning, throbbing
Waves that stole on the startled shore, with coo and mutter of spray —

The wail of the Night came fitful-faint, —
I heard her stifled sobbing :
The cold salt drops fell slowly, slowly, gray into gulfs of gray.

There through the darkness the great world reeled, and the great tides roared, assembling —
Murmuring hidden things that are past, and secret things that shall be ;
There at the limits of life we met, and touched with a rapturous trembling —
One with each other, I and the Night, and the skies, and the stars, and sea.

THE FAIRY THRALL

On gossamer nights when the moon is low,
And stars in the mist are hiding,
Over the hill where the foxgloves grow
You may see the fairies riding.
Kling ! Klang ! Kling !
Their stirrups and their bridles ring,
And their horns are loud and their bugles blow,
When the moon is low.

They sweep through the night like a whistling wind,
They pass and have left no traces ;
But one of them lingers far behind
The flight of the fairy faces.
She makes no moan,
She sorrows in the dark alone,
She wails for the love of human kind,
Like a whistling wind.

"Ah ! why did I roam where the elfins ride,
Their glimmering steps to follow ?
They bore me far from my loved one's side,
To wander o'er hill and hollow.
Kling ! Klang ! Kling !
Their stirrups and their bridles ring,
But my heart is cold in the cold night-tide,
Where the elfins ride."

Alice E. Gillington

THE SEVEN WHISTLERS

Whistling strangely, whistling sadly, whistling sweet and clear,
The Seven Whistlers have passed thy house, Pentruan of Porthmeor ;
It was not in the morning, nor the noon-day's golden grace,
It was in the dead waste midnight, when the tide yelped loud in the Race ;
The tide swings round in the Race, and they 're plaining whisht and low,
And they come from the gray sea-marshes, where the gray sea-lavenders grow ;
And the cotton grass sways to and fro ;
And the gore-sprent sundews thrive
With oozy hands alive.
Canst hear the curlews' whistle through thy dreamings dark and drear,
How they 're crying, crying, crying, Pentruan of Porthmeor ?

Shall thy hatchment, mouldering grimly in yon church amid the sands,
Stay trouble from thy household ? Or the carven cherub-hands
Which hold thy shield to the font ? Or the gauntlets on the wall
Keep evil from its onward course, as the great tides rise and fall ?
The great tides rise and fall, and the cave sucks in the breath
Of the wave when it runs with tossing spray, and the ground-sea rattles of Death ;
"I rise in the shallows," 'a saith,
"Where the mermaid's kettle sings,
And the black shag flaps his wings !"
Ay, the green sea-mountain leaping may lead horror in its rear,
When thy drenched sail leans to its yawning trough Pentruan of Porthmeor !

Yet the stoup waits at thy doorway for its load of glittering ore,
And thy ships lie in the tideway, and thy flocks along the moor ;
And thine arishes gleam softly when the October moonbeams wane,

When in the bay all shining the fishers set
the seine ;
The fishers cast the seine, and 't is "Heva !"
in the town,
And from the watch-rock on the hill the
huers are shouting down ;
And ye hoist the mainsail brown,
As over the deep-sea roll
The lurker follows the shoal ;
To follow and to follow, in the moonshine
silver-clear,
When the halyards creak to thy dipping
sail, Pentruan of Porthmeor !

And wailing, and complaining, and whis-
tling whisht and clear,
The Seven Whistlers have passed thy house,
Pentruan of Porthmeor !
It was not in the morning, nor the noon-
day's golden grace, —
It was in the fearsome midnight, when the
tide-dogs yelped in the Race :
— The tide swings round in the Race, and
they 're whistling whisht and low,
And they come from the lonely heather,
where the fur-edged foxgloves blow ;
And the moor-grass sways to and fro ;
Where the yellow moor-birds sigh,
And the sea-cooled wind sweeps by.
Canst hear the curlews' whistle through
the darkness wild and drear, —
How they 're calling, calling, calling, Pen-
truan of Porthmeor ?

THE ROSY MUSK-MALLOW

(ROMANY LOVE-SONG)

THE rosy musk-mallow blooms where the
south wind blows,
O my gypsy rose !
In the deep dark lanes where thou and I
must meet ;
So sweet !
Before the harvest moon's gold glints over
the down,
Or the brown-sailed trawler returns to the
gray sea-town,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the south
wind's laughter
Follows our footsteps after !

The rosy musk-mallow blooms by the
moor-brook's flow,
So daintily O !
Where thou and I in the silence of night
must pass,
My lass !
Over the stream with its ripple of song,
to-night,
We will fly, we will run together, my
heart's delight !
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the moor-
brook's laughter
Follows our footsteps after !

The rosy musk-mallow blooms within sound
of the sea ;
It curtseys to thee,
O my gypsy-queen, it curtseys adown to
thy feet ;
So sweet !
When dead leaves drift through the dusk
of the autumn day,
And the red elf-lanthorns hang from the
spindle-spray,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the
sea 's wild laughter
Follows our footsteps after !

The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the
dim wood sleeps,
And the bind-weed creeps ;
Through tangled wood-paths unknown we
must take our flight,
To-night !
As the pale hedge-lilies around the dark
elder wind,
Clasp thy white arms about me, nor look
behind.
The rosy musk-mallow is closed, and the
soft leaves' laughter
Follows our footsteps after !

THE DOOM-BAR

O D' YOU hear the seas complainin', and
complainin', whilst it 's rainin' ?
Did you hear it mourn in the dimorts,[1]
when the surf woke up and sighed ?
The choughs screamed on the sand,
And the foam flew over land,
And the seas rolled dark on the Doom-
Bar at rising of the tide.

I gave my lad a token, when he left me
nigh heart-broken,
To mind him of old Padstow town, where
loving souls abide ;

[1] Twilight.

'T was a ring with the words set
All round, "Can Love Forget?"
And I watched his vessel toss on the Bar
with the outward-turning tide.

D' you hear the seas complainin', and complainin', while it 's rainin'?
And his vessel has never crossed the Bar
from the purple seas outside;
And down the shell-pink sands,
Where we once went, holding hands,
Alone I watch the Doom-Bar and the rising of the tide.

One day — 't was four years after — the harbor-girls, with laughter
So soft and wild as sea-gulls when they 're playing seek-and-hide,
Coaxed me out — for the tides were lower
Than had ever been known before;
And we ran across the Doom-Bar, all white and shining wide.

I saw a something shinin', where the long, wet weeds were twinin'
Around a rosy scallop; and gold a ring lay inside;
And around its rim were set
The words "Can Love Forget?" —
And there upon the Doom-Bar I knelt and sobbed and cried.

I took my ring and smoothed it where the sand and shells had grooved it;
But O! St. Petrock bells will never ring me home a bride! —
For the night my lad was leavin'
Me, all tearful-eyed and grievin',
He had tossed my keepsake out on the Bar to the rise and fall of the tide!

Do you hear the seas complainin', and complainin', while it 's rainin'?
Did you hear them call in the dimorts, when the surf woke up and sighed?
Maybe it is a token
I shall go no more heart-broken —
And I shall cross the Doom-Bar at the turning of the tide.

Dora Sigerson

ALL SOULS' NIGHT

O MOTHER, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his chair and the white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and down the lane a dog howled on.
I called his name and the candle flame burnt dim, pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
Deelish! Deelish! my woe forever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear.
I called his name and the pale Ghost came; but I was afraid to meet my dear.
O mother, mother, in tears I checked the sad hours past of the year that 's o'er,
Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear the sound of his voice once more;
The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead; on my bent brown head I felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the fire, my voice was dumb;
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my table he broke no crumb.
Deelish! Deelish! my woe forever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear:
His chair put aside when the young cock cried, and I was afraid to meet my dear.

Percy Addleshaw

("PERCY HEMINGWAY")

THE HAPPY WANDERER

He is the happy wanderer, who goes
Singing upon his way, with eyes awake
To every scene, with ears alert to take
The sweetness of all sounds ; who loves and knows
The secrets of the highway, and the rose
Holds fairer for the wounds the briars make;
Who welcomes rain, that he his thirst may slake, —
The sun, because it dries his dripping clothes ;
Treasures experience beyond all store,
Careless if pain or pleasure he shall win,
So that his knowledge widens more and more
Ready each hour to worship or to sin ;
Until tired, wise, content, he halts before
The sign o' the Grave, a cool and quiet inn.

TRAVELLERS

We shall lodge at the sign of the Grave, you say ;
Well, the road is a long one we trudge, my friend,
So why should we grieve at the break of the day ?
Let us sing, let us drink, let us love, let us play, —
We can keep our sighs for the journey's end.

We shall lodge at the sign o' the Grave, you say ;
Well, since we are nearing our journey's end,
Our hearts should be happy while yet they may :
Let us sing, let us drink, let us love, let us play,
For perhaps it's a comfortless inn, my friend.

IT MAY BE

It may be we shall know in the hereafter
Why we, begetting hopes, give birth to fears,
And why the world's too beautiful for laughter,
Too gross for tears.

Olive Custance

THE WAKING OF SPRING

Spirit of Spring, thy coverlet of snow
Hath fallen from thee, with its fringe of frost,
And where the river late did overflow

Sway fragile white anemones, wind-tost,
And in the woods stand snowdrops, half asleep,
With drooping heads — sweet dreamers so long lost.

Spirit, arise ! for crimson flushes creep
Into the cold gray east, where clouds assemble
To meet the sun : and earth hath ceased to weep.

Her tears tip every blade of grass, and tremble,
Caught in the cup of every flower. O Spring !
I see thee spread thy pinions,— they resemble

Large delicate leaves, all silver-veined, that fling
Frail floating shadows on the forest sward ;
And all the birds about thee build and sing !

Blithe stranger from the gardens of our God,
We welcome thee, for one is at thy side
Whose voice is thrilling music, Love, thy Lord,

Whose tender glances stir thy soul, whose wide
Wings wave above thee, thou awakened bride!

TWILIGHT

Spirit of Twilight, through your folded wings
I catch a glimpse of your averted face,
And rapturous on a sudden, my soul sings
"Is not this common earth a holy place?"

Spirit of Twilight, you are like a song
That sleeps, and waits a singer, — like a hymn
That God finds lovely and keeps near Him long,
Till it is choired by aureoled cherubim.

Spirit of Twilight, in the golden gloom
Of dreamland dim I sought you, and I found
A woman sitting in a silent room
Full of white flowers that moved and made no sound.

These white flowers were the thoughts you bring to all,
And the room's name is Mystery where you sit,
Woman whom we call Twilight, when night's pall
You lift across our Earth to cover it.

THE PARTING HOUR

Not yet, dear love, not yet: the sun is high;
You said last night "At sunset I will go."
Come to the garden, where when blossoms die
No word is spoken; it is better so:
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."

Hark! how the birds sing sunny songs of spring!
Soon they will build, and work will silence them;
So we grow less light-hearted as years bring
Life's grave responsibilities — and then
The bitter word "Farewell."

The violets fret to fragrance 'neath your feet,
Heaven's gold sunlight dreams aslant your hair:
No flower for me! your mouth is far more sweet.
O, let my lips forget, while lingering there,
Love's bitter word "Farewell."

. . . . . .

Sunset already! have we sat so long?
The parting hour, and so much left unsaid!
The garden has grown silent — void of song,
Our sorrow shakes us with a sudden dread!
Ah! *bitter* word "Farewell."

IV

COLONIAL POETS

(INDIA — AUSTRALASIA — DOMINION OF CANADA)

1837–1894

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
  By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
  Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
  Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
  And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
  'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
  That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
  On younger soil let fall —
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
  Perchance may one day call.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Poems: 1893.

COLONIAL POETS

(INDIA — AUSTRALASIA — DOMINION OF CANADA)

INDIA

See TORU DUTT, RUDYARD KIPLING, *in the preceding division of this Anthology. See also, in the second division,* SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, SIR ALFRED LYALL, *poets of English birth, and sometime resident in India*

AUSTRALASIA

(*See also:* A. DOMETT, R. H. HORNE, W. SHARP, D. W. B. SLADEN)

Percy Russell

THE BIRTH OF AUSTRALIA

NOT 'mid the thunder of the battle guns,
Not on the red field of an Empire's wrath,
Rose to a nation Australasia's sons,
Who tread to greatness Industry's pure path.
Behold a people, through whose annals runs
No damning stain of falsehood, force, or fraud;
Whose sceptre is the ploughshare — not the sword —
Whose glory lives in harvest-ripening suns!
Where 'mid the records of old Rome or Greece
Glows such a tale? Thou canst not answer, Time.
With shield unsullied by a single crime,
With wealth of gold, and still more golden fleece,
Forth stands Australia, in her birth sublime,
The only nation from the womb of Peace!

Charles Harpur

A MIDSUMMER'S NOON IN THE AUSTRALIAN FOREST

NOT a sound disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere;
Over plains and over woods
What a mighty stillness broods!
All the birds and insects keep
Where the coolest shadows sleep;
Even the busy ants are found
Resting in their pebbled mound;
Even the locust clingeth now
Silent to the barky bough:
Over hills and over plains
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

Only there 's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow-coming :
'T is the dragon-hornet — see !
All bedaubed resplendently
Yellow on a tawny ground —
Each rich spot not square nor round,
Rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there
Of a vermeil-crusted seal
Dusted o'er with golden meal.
Only there 's a droning where
Yon bright beetle shines in air,
Tracks it in its gleaming flight
With a slanting beam of light
Rising in the sunshine higher,
Till its shards flame out like fire.

Every other thing is still,
Save the ever-wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
Cooler comfort round repose ;
Or some ripple in the sea,
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired summer, in her bower
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully.

Oh, 't is easeful here to lie
Hidden from noon's scorching eye,
In this grassy cool recess
Musing thus of quietness.

AN ABORIGINAL MOTHER'S LAMENT

Still farther would I fly, my child,
To make thee safer yet
From the unsparing white man,
With his dread hand murder-wet !

I 'll bear thee on as I have borne
With stealthy steps wind-fleet,
But the dark night shrouds the forest,
And thorns are in my feet.

O moan not ! I would give this braid —
Thy father's gift to me —
But for a single palmful
Of water now for thee.

Ah, spring not to his name — no more
To glad us may he come —
He is smouldering into ashes
Beneath the blasted gum ;
All charred and blasted by the fire
The white man kindled there,
And fed with our slaughtered kindred
Till heaven-high went its glare !

And but for thee, I would their fire
Had eaten me as fast !
Hark ! Hark ! I hear his death-cry
Yet lengthening up the blast !
But no — when his bound hands had signed
The way that we should fly,
On the roaring pyre flung bleeding —
I saw thy father die !

No more shall his loud tomahawk
Be plied to win our cheer,
Or the shining fish pools darken
Beneath his shadowing spear ;
The fading tracks of his fleet foot
Shall guide not as before,
And the mountain-spirits mimic
His hunting call no more !

O moan not ! I would give this braid —
Thy father's gift to me —
For but a single palmful
Of water now for thee.

Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke

SONG OF THE SQUATTER

The commissioner bet me a pony — I won,
So he cut off exactly two-thirds of my run ;
For he said I was making a fortune too fast,
And profit gained slower the longer would last.

He remarked, as devouring my mutton he sat,
That I suffered my sheep to grow sadly too fat ;
That they wasted waste land, did prerogative brown,
And rebelliously nibbled the droits of the Crown ;

That the creek that divided my station in two
Showed that Nature designed that two fees should be due.
Mr. Riddle assured me 't was paid but for show,
But he kept it and spent it, that 's all that I know.

The commissioner fined me because I forgot
To return an old ewe that was ill of the rot,
And a poor wry-necked lamb that we kept for a pet ;
And he said it was treason such things to forget.

The commissioner pounded my cattle because
They had mumbled the scrub with their famishing jaws
On the part of the run he had taken away,
And he sold them by auction the costs to defray.

The border police they were out all the day
To look for some thieves who had ransacked my dray ;
But the thieves they continued in quiet and peace,
For they 'd robbed it themselves, had the border police !

When the white thieves had left me the black thieves appeared,
My shepherds they waddied, my cattle they speared ;
But from fear of my license I said not a word,
For I knew it was gone if the Government heard.

The commissioner's bosom with anger was filled
Against me because my poor shepherd was killed ;
So he straight took away the last third of my run,
And got it transferred to the name of his son.

The son had from Cambridge been lately expelled,
And his license for preaching most justly withheld !
But this is no cause, the commissioner says,
Why he should not be fit for my license to graze.

The cattle, that had not been sold at the pound,
He took with the run at five shillings all round,
And the sheep the blacks left me at sixpence a head, —
A very good price, the commissioner said.

The Governor told me I justly was served,
That commissioners never from duty had swerved ;
But that if I 'd a fancy for any more land
For one pound an acre he 'd plenty on hand.

I 'm not very proud ! I can dig in a bog,
Feed pigs, or for firewood can split up a log,
Clean shoes, riddle cinders, or help to boil down —
Anything that you please, but graze lands of the Crown !

Adam Lindsay Gordon

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVORITE

A LAY OF THE LOAMSHIRE HUNT CUP

"Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens ;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say ;
The Clown ought to beat her ; Dick Neville is sweeter
Than ever — he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider — well, I 'm an outsider,
But if he 's a gent who the mischief 's a jock ?

You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder — he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds,
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him — his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she could n't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she 'll spring like a stag.

"And p'raps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there 's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the Cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on The Drag!
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
So, steady there, easy," and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid.
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,
The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Blue-bottle;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble —
My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter;

Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shattered :
We landed on turf with our heads turned for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her
The sward to the strokes of the favorite shook ;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her, —
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green ;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit,
She rose when The Clown did — our silks as we bounded
Brushed lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping —
The last — we diverged round the base of the hill ;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew ;
A short prayer from Neville just reached me, — "The Devil,"
He muttered, — locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard ;
"The green wins !" "The crimson !" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master !" "The green forges past her !"
"The Clown will outlast her !" "The Clown wins !" "The Clown !"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most,"
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Ay ! so ends the tussle, — I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat !"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favorite was beat.

THE SICK STOCK-RIDER

Hold hard, Ned ! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and dense,
The sun-rise was a sullen, sluggish lamp ;

I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the haze,
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth ;
To southward lay "Katâwa," with the sand peaks all ablaze,
And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to Landisfarm,
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff ;
From the far side of the first hill when the skies are clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch ;
'T was here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago — or was it nine ? — last March.
'T was merry in the glowing morn among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we 've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'T was merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs ;
Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

Aye ! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat ;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang,
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat," —
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed ;
And the goldentinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath :
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed !
We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the gray,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bush-rangers at bay,
In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind !
There you grappled with the leader, man to man, and horse to horse,
And you rolled together when the chestnut rear'd.
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-course —
A narrow shave — his powder singed your beard !

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
Come back to us ; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung ;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall ?

Aye ! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone ;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards,
It matters little what became of him ;
But a steer ripped up Macpherson in the Cooramenta yards,
And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-swim ;
And Mostyn — poor Frank Mostyn — died at last, a fearful wreck,
In the "horrors" at the Upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horse-fall broke his neck —
Faith ! the wonder was he saved his neck so long !
Ah ! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans' in the glen —
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.

Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your
little Elsie then ;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I 've had my share of pastime, and I 've
done my share of toil,
And life is short — the longest life a
span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for
the oil,
Or for wine that maketh glad the heart
of man.
For good undone, and gifts misspent, and
resolutions vain,
'T is somewhat late to trouble. This I
know —
I should live the same life over, if I had to
live again ;
And the chances are I go where most
men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the
tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave
and fall ;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the
sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their
pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the
wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my
bed ;
Should the sturdy station children pull the
bush-flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping
overhead.

VALEDICTORY

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens, drooping, grow,
Where the young birds chirp and
sing —
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right.
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving blow for blow ;
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure ;
Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor.
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy, and show ;
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,
I am weary, let me go.

Other chance when I am gone
May restore the battle-call,
Bravely lead the good cause on
Fighting in the which I fall.
God may quicken some true soul
Here to take my place below
In the heroes' muster roll —
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standards on the wall,
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all ;
When our work is done, 't is best,
Brother, best that we should go —
I am weary, let me rest,
I am weary, lay me low.

James Brunton Stephens

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA

(A FORECAST)

She is not yet, but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where footfalls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast echoings,
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea —
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
Auroral heralds whispering " She is nigh."

She is not yet ; but he whose sight
Foreknows the advent of the light,
Whose soul to morning radiance turns
  Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,
And in its quivering folds discerns
  The mute monitions of the dawn,
With urgent sense strained onward to descry
Her distant tokens, starts to find her nigh.

Not yet her day. How long "not yet ?"
There comes the flush of violet !
And heavenward faces, all aflame
  With sanguine imminence of morn,
Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
  The Day of the Dominion born.
Prelusive baptism ! — ere the natal hour
Named with the name and prophecy of power.

Already here to hearts intense
A spirit force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
  Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
  To bid her tremble into form :
Already, like divining-rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls ;

For even as, from sight concealed,
By never flush of dawn revealed,
Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,
  Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,
Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,
  Nor visited of any star,
Beneath these lands a river waits to bless
(So men divine) our utmost wilderness, —

Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,
Soon as the wisdom of the wise
Conspires with nature to disclose
  The blessing prisoned and unseen,
Till round our lessening wastes there glows
  A perfect zone of broadening green, —
Till all our land Australia Felix called,
Become one Continent-Isle of Emerald ; —

So flows beneath our good and ill
A viewless stream of common will,
A gathering force, a present might,
  That from its silent depths of gloom
At Wisdom's voice shall leap to light,
  And hide our barren fields in bloom,
Till, all our sundering lines with love o'er-grown,
Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

George Gordon M'Crae

FORBY SUTHERLAND

A STORY OF BOTANY BAY

A. D. 1770

A LANE of elms in June ; — the air
  Of eve is cool and calm and sweet.
See ! straying here a youthful pair,
  With sad and slowly moving feet,

On hand in hand to yon gray gate,
  O'er which the rosy apples swing ;
And there they vow a mingled fate,
  One day when George the Third is king.

The ring scarce clasped her finger fair,
  When, tossing in their ivied tower,
The distant bells made all the air
  Melodious with that golden hour.

Then sank the sun out o'er the sea,
  Sweet day of courtship fond, . . . the last !
The holy hours of twilight flee
  And speed to join the sacred Past.

The house-dove on the moss-grown thatch
  Is murmuring love-songs to his mate,
As lovely Nell now lifts the latch
  Beneath the apples at the gate.

A plighted maid she nears her home,
  Those gentle eyes with weeping red ;
Too soon her swain must breast the foam,
  Alas ! with that last hour he fled.

And, ah ! that dust-cloud on the road,
  Yon heartless coach - guard's blaring horn ;
But naught beside, that spoke or showed
  Her sailor to poor Nell forlorn.

She dreams ; and lo ! a ship that ploughs
  A foamy furrow through the seas,
As, plunging gaily, from her bows
  She scatters diamonds on the breeze.

Swift, homeward bound, with flags displayed
  In pennoned pomp, with drum and fife,
And all the proud old-world parade
  That marks the man-o'-war man's life.

She dreams and dreams ; her heart 's at sea ;
  Dreams while she wears the golden ring ;
Her spirit follows lovingly
  One humble servant of the king.

And thus for years, since Hope survives
  To cheer the maid and nerve the youth.
" Forget-me-not ! " — how fair it thrives
  Where planted in the soil of Truth !

The skies are changed ; and o'er the sea,
  Within a calm, sequestered nook,
Rests at her anchor thankfully
  The tall-sterned ship of gallant Cook.

The emerald shores ablaze with flowers,
  The sea reflects the smiling sky,
Soft breathes the air of perfumed bowers —
  How sad to leave it all, and die !

To die, when all around is fair
  And steeped in beauty ; — ah ! 't is hard
When ease and joy succeed to care,
  And rest, to " watch " and " mounted guard."

But harder still, when one dear plan,
  The end of all his life and cares,
Hangs by a thread ; the dying man
  Most needs our sympathy and prayers !

'T was thus with Forby as he lay
  Wan in his narrow canvas cot ;
Sole tenant of the lone " sick bay,"
  Though " mates " came round, he heard them not.

For days his spirit strove and fought,
  But, ah ! the frame was all too weak.
Some phantom strange it seemed he sought,
  And vainly tried to rise and speak.

At last he smiled and brightened up,
  The noonday bugle went ; and he
Drained ('t was his last) the cooling cup
  A messmate offered helpfully.

His tongue was loosed — " I hear the horn !
  Ah, Nell ! *my number 's flying.* See ! —
The horses too ; — they 've had their corn.
  Alas, dear love ! . . . I part from thee ! "

He waved his wasted hand, and cried,
  " Sweet Nell ! Dear maid ! My own true Nell !
The coach won't wait for me ! " . . . and died —
  And this was Forby's strange farewell.

Next morn the barge, with muffled oars,
  Pulls slowly forth, and leaves the slip
With flags half-mast, and gains the shores,
  While silence seals each comrade's lip.

They bury him beneath a tree,
  His treasure in his bosom hid.
What was that treasure ? Go and see !
  Long since it burst his coffin-lid !

Nell gave to Forby, once in play,
  Some hips of roses, with the seeds
Of hedgerow plants, and flowerets gay
  (In England such might count for weeds).

" Take these," cries smiling Nell, " to sow
  In foreign lands ; and when folk see
The English roses bloom and grow,
  Some one may bless an unknown me."

The turf lies green on Forby's bed,
  A hundred years have passed, and more,
But twining over Forby's head
  Are Nell's sweet roses on that shore.

The violet and the eglantine,
  With sweet-breathed cowslips, deck the spot,
And nestling 'mid them in the shine,
  The meek, blue-eyed " Forget-me-not ! "

Henry Clarence Kendall

TO A MOUNTAIN

To thee, O father of the stately peaks,
Above me in the loftier light — to thee,
Imperial brother of those awful hills,
Whose feet are set in splendid spheres of flame,
Whose heads are where the gods are, and whose sides
Of strength are belted round with all the zones
Of all the world, I dedicate these songs.
And if, within the compass of this book,
There lives and glows one verse in which there beats
The pulse of wind and torrent — if one line
Is here that like a running water sounds,
And seems an echo from the lands of leaf,
Be sure that line is thine. Here, in this home,
Away from men and books and all the schools,
I take thee for my Teacher. In thy voice
Of deathless majesty, I, kneeling, hear
God's grand authentic gospel! Year by year,
The great sublime cantata of thy storm
Strikes through my spirit — fills it with a life
Of startling beauty! Thou my Bible art
With holy leaves of rock, and flower, and tree,
And moss, and shining runnel. From each page
That helps to make thy awful volume, I
Have learned a noble lesson. In the psalm
Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy
Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard
The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,
The broad foundations of a finer hope
Were gathered in; and thou hast lifted up
The blind horizon for a larger faith.
Moreover, walking in exalted woods
Of naked glory, in the green and gold
Of forest sunshine, I have paused like one
With all the life transfigured: and a flood
Of life ineffable has made me feel
As felt the grand old prophets caught away
By flames of inspiration; but the words
Sufficient for the story of my dream
Are far too splendid for poor human lips!
But thou, to whom I turn with reverent eyes —
O stately Father, whose majestic face
Shines far above the zone of wind and cloud,
Where high dominion of the morning is —
Thou hast the Songs complete of which my songs
Are pallid adumbrations! Certain sounds
Of strong authentic sorrow in this book
May have the sob of upland torrents — these,
And only these, may touch the great World's heart;
For lo! they are the issues of that grief
Which makes a man more human, and his life
More like that frank exalted life of thine.
But in these pages there are other tones
In which thy large, superior voice is not —
Through which no beauty that resembles thine
Has ever shown. These are the broken words
Of blind occasions, when the World has come
Between me and my dream. No song is here
Of mighty compass; for my singing robes
I've worn in stolen moments. All my days
Have been the days of a laborious life,
And ever on my struggling soul has burned
The fierce heat of this hurried sphere. But thou,
To whose fair majesty I dedicate
My book of rhymes — thou hast the perfect rest
Which makes the heaven of the highest gods!
To thee the noises of this violent time
Are far, faint whispers, and, from age to age,
Within the world and yet apart from it,
Thou standest! Round thy lordly capes the sea
Rolls on with a superb indifference
Forever; in thy deep, green, gracious glens

The silver fountains sing forever. Far
Above dim ghosts of waters in the caves,
The royal robe of morning on thy head
Abides forever! Evermore the wind
Is thy august companion; and thy peers
Are cloud, and thunder, and the face sublime
Of blue mid-heaven! On thy awful brow
Is Deity; and in that voice of thine
There is the great imperial utterance
Of God forever; and thy feet are set
Where evermore, through all the days and years,
There rolls the grand hymn of the deathless wave.

COOGEE

Sing the song of wave-worn Coogee, Coogee in the distance white,
With its jags and points disrupted, gaps and fractures fringed with light;
Haunt of gledes, and restless plovers of the melancholy wail,
Ever lending deeper pathos to the melancholy gale.
There, my brothers, down the fissures, chasms deep and wan and wild,
Grows the sea-bloom, one that blushes like a shrinking, fair, blind child;
And amongst the oozing forelands many a glad green rock-vine runs,
Getting ease on earthy ledges, sheltered from December suns.

Often, when a gusty morning, rising cold and gray and strange,
Lifts its face from watery spaces, vistas full with cloudy change,
Bearing up a gloomy burden which anon begins to wane,
Fading in the sudden shadow of a dark determined rain,
Do I seek an eastern window, so to watch the breakers beat
Round the steadfast crags of Coogee, dim with drifts of driving sleet:
Hearing hollow mournful noises sweeping down a solemn shore,
While the grim sea-caves are tideless, and the storm strives at their core.

Often when the floating vapors fill the silent autumn leas,
Dreaming memories fall like moonlight over silent sleeping seas,
Youth and I and Love together! other times and other themes
Come to me unsung, unwept for, through the faded evening gleams.
Come to me and touch me mutely — I that looked and longed so well,
Shall I look and yet forget them? — who may know or who foretell?
Though the southern wind roams, shadowed with its immemorial grief,
Where the frosty wings of Winter leave their whiteness on the leaf.

Friend of mine beyond the waters, here and there these perished days
Haunt me with their sweet dead faces and their old divided ways.
You that helped and you that loved me, take this song, and when you read
Let the lost things come about you, set your thoughts, and hear and heed.
Time has laid his burden on us — we who wear our manhood now,
We would be the boys we have been, free of heart and bright of brow,
Be the boys for just an hour, with the splendor and the speech
Of thy lights and thunders, Coogee, flying up thy gleaming beach.

Heart's desire and heart's division! who would come and say to me,
With the eyes of far-off friendship, "You are as you used to be?"
Something glad and good has left me here with sickening discontent,
Tired of looking, neither knowing what it was or where it went.
So it is this sight of Coogee, shining in the morning dew,
Sets me stumbling through dim summers once on fire with youth and you—
Summers pale as southern evenings when the year has lost its power
And the wasted face of April weeps above the withered flower.

Not that seasons bring no solace, not that time lacks light and rest,
But the old things were the dearest, and the old loves seem the best.
We that start at songs familiar, we that tremble at a tone
Floating down the ways of music, like a sigh of sweetness flown,

We can never feel the freshness, never find again the mood
Left among fair-featured places, brightened of our brotherhood.
This and this we have to think of when the night is over all,
When the woods begin to perish, and the rains begin to fall.

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA

GRAY Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the West
And the Spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And a music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift silver feet!
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces;
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion;
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The West, when it blows at the fall of the noon
And beats on the beaches,
So filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of Devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
In the cool mountain-mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the place
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of Morning
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning!
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud
Through its echoing gorges;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges!

On the tops of the hills, on the turreted cones —
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost, in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild at the forelands;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes — of shadow and shine —
September the splendid!
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices forever.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

He crouches, and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair ;
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there —
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their covers for fear ;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear —
With the nullah, the sling, and the spear.

Uloola, behold him ! The thunder that breaks
On the top of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,
Have made him a hunter again —
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought ;
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he fought
With those who will battle no more —
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills,
Goes moaning and moaning along ;
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
And he starts at a wonderful song —
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees through the rents of the scattering fogs,
The corroboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him —
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons and stands,
And gleams like a dream in his face —
Like a marvellous dream in his face ?

THE VOICE IN THE WILD OAK

Twelve years ago, when I could face
High heaven's dome with different eyes,
In days full-flowered with hours of grace,
And nights not sad with sighs,
I wrote a song in which I strove
To shadow forth thy strain of woe,
Dark widowed sister of the grove —
Twelve wasted years ago.

But youth was then too young to find
Those high authentic syllables
Whose voice is like the wintering wind
By sunless mountain fells ;
Nor had I sinned and suffered then
To that superlative degree
That I would rather seek, than men,
Wild fellowship with thee.

But he who hears this autumn day
Thy more than deep autumnal rhyme,
Is one whose hair was shot with gray
By grief instead of time.
He has no need, like many a bard,
To sing imaginary pain,
Because he bears, and finds it hard,
The punishment of Cain.

No more he sees the affluence
Which makes the heart of Nature glad ;
For he has lost the fine first sense
Of beauty that he had.
The old delight God's happy breeze
Was wont to give, to grief has grown ;
And therefore, Niobe of trees,
His song is like thine own.

But I, who am that perished soul,
Have wasted so these powers of mine,
That I can never write that whole,
Pure, perfect speech of thine.
Some lord of words august, supreme,
The grave, grand melody demands ;
The dark translation of thy theme
I leave to other hands.

Yet here, where plovers nightly call
Across dim melancholy leas —

Where comes by whistling fen and fall
  The moan of far-off seas —
A gray old Fancy often sits
  Beneath thy shade with tired wings,
And fills thy strong, strange rhyme by fits
  With awful utterings.

Then times there are when all the words
  Are like the sentences of one
Shut in by fate from wind and birds
  And light of stars and sun !
No dazzling dryad, but a dark
  Dream-haunted spirit, doomed to be
Imprisoned, cramped in bands of bark,
  For all eternity.

Yea, like the speech of one aghast
  At Immortality in chains,
What time the lordly storm rides past
  With flames and arrowy rains :
Some wan Tithonus of the wood,
  White with immeasurable years —
An awful ghost, in solitude
  With moaning moors and meres !

And when high thunder smites the hill
  And hunts the wild dog to his den,
Thy cries, like maledictions, shrill
  And shriek from glen to glen,
As if a frightful memory whipped
  Thy soul for some infernal crime
That left it blasted, blind, and stripped —
  A dread to Death and Time !

But when the fair-haired August dies,
  And flowers wax strong and beautiful,
Thy songs are stately harmonies
  By wood-lights green and cool,
Most like the voice of one who shows
  Through sufferings fierce, in fine relief,
A noble patience and repose —
  A dignity in grief.

But, ah ! conceptions fade away,
  And still the life that lives in thee,
The soul of thy majestic lay,
  Remains a mystery !
And he must speak the speech divine,
  The language of the high-throned lords,
Who 'd give that grand old theme of thine
  Its sense in faultless words.

By hollow lands and sea-tracts harsh,
  With ruin of the fourfold gale,
Where sighs the sedge and sobs the marsh,
  Still wail thy lonely wail ;
And, year by year, one step will break
  The sleep of far hill-folded streams,
And seek, if only for thy sake,
  Thy home of many dreams.

Percy F. Sinnett

THE SONG OF THE WILD STORM-WAVES

(AFTER THE LOSS OF THE "TARARUA")

Oh, ye wild waves, shoreward dashing,
  What is your tale to-day ?
O'er the rocks your white foam splashing,
  While the moaning wind your spray
  Whirls heavenwards away
    In the mist ?
Have ye heard the timbers crashing
  Of the good ship out at sea ?
Seen the masts the dank ropes lashing,
  While the sailors bend the knee,
  And vainly call on Heaven
    To assist ?

Oh, ay ! we 've seen and heard —
  Oh, ay ! we 've heard and seen
More than ever you could gather —
  More than ever you could glean
    From our tale.
We have seen, and heard, and laughed,
As we tossed the shattered craft,
  While those on board, aghast,
  Every moment thought their last,
    In the gale.

We tossed them like a plaything,
  And rent their riven sail ;
And we laughed our loud Ha ! ha !
  With the demons of the gale
    In their ears.
We have laughed, and heard, and seen,
In the lightning's lurid sheen,
  And the growling thunder's blast ;
  And we drowned them all at last
    For their fears.

There were mothers there on board
With their little ones in arms ;
There were maidens there on board
More lovely in their charms
Than the day ;
And again we heard, and laughed
As we dashed across the craft ;
While our master shrieked and roared,
As we swept them overboard,
And away.

And they battled all in vain,
With their puny human strength.
In our grasp they were as nothing ;
Down, down, they sank at length
In the sea ;
And still again we screamed,
As the lurid flashes gleamed,
And o'er their heads we swept,
And for joy we danced and leapt
In our glee.

This, this, now is the tale
We have to tell to-day,
And now to you we 've sung it
In our merry, mocking way.
Do you hear ?
How our havoc we have wrought,
And to destruction brought
The treasures of the Earth,
Held by man in price, and worth,
Very dear ?

Oh ! ye cruel waves up-dashing,
Why rejoice you so to-day ?
As shoreward ye come crashing
From your cruel, cruel play ;
Why fling ye up your spray
On the shore ?
The sand your salt spume splashing,
As ye frolic in your glee ;
As the iron rocks ye 're lashing,
Ye scourges of the sea, —
Will ye never then be glutted
Any more ?

A. C. Smith

THE WAIF

He went into the bush, and passed
Out of the sight of living men,
None knows the nook that held him last,
None ever saw his face again.

It may be, in the wildering wood
He wandered, weary, spent of breath,
Till the all-mastering solitude
Sank to the deeper hush of death.

Perchance he crawled where the low bush,
More verdant, whispered streams were nigh,
Hopeful, but desperate, made a rush,
And found, O God ! the bed was dry !

He was a waif, and friends had none ;
Who knows but in some distant land
A mother mourns her errant son,
A sister longs to clasp his hand ?

He was a waif, but with him died
A world of yearnings deep within —
Yearning to loftiest things allied,
But wrecked by cruel fate, or sin.

None heard the lone one's dying prayer
Save Infinite Pity bending o'er,
Who, haply, bore him quietly where
They hunger and they thirst no more.

O ye vast woods ! what fond life-dreams
Ye close ! what broken lives ye hide !
Darkly absorbed, like hopeful streams,
That in dry desert lands subside.

Stranger the tales ye could unfold
Than wild romancer ever penned,
Remaining buried in the mould
Till time shall cease, and mystery end !

Frances Tyrrell Gill

BENEATH THE WATTLE BOUGHS

THE wattles were sweet with September's rain,
We drank in their breath and the breath of the spring:
"Our pulses are strong with the tide of life,"
I said, "and one year is so swift a thing!"

The land all around was yellow with bloom,
The birds in the branches sang joyous and shrill,
The blue range rose 'gainst the blue of the sky,
Yet she sighed, "But death may be stronger still!"

Then I reached and gathered a blossomy bough,
And divided its clustering sprays in twain,
"As a token for each" (I closed one in her hand)
"Till we come to the end of the year again!"

Then the years sped on, strung high with life;
And laughter and gold were the gifts they gave,
Till I chanced one day on some pale dead flowers,
And spake, shaking and white, "One more gift I crave."
"Nay," a shadow voice in the air replied,
"'Neath the blossoming wattles you'll find a grave!"

Sarah Welch

THE DIGGER'S GRAVE

HE sought Australia's far-famed isle,
Hoping that Fortune on his lot would smile,
In search for gold. When one short year had flown,
He wrote the welcome tidings to his own
Betrothèd; told how months of toiling vain
Made ten-fold sweeter to him sudden gain;
With sanguine words, traced with love's eager hand,
He bade her join him in this bright south land.
Oft as he sat, his long day's labor o'er,
In his bush hut, he dreamed of home once more;
His thoughts to the old country home in Kent
Returned. 'T was Christmas-day, and they two went
O'er frost and snow; the Christmas anthem rang
Through the old church, which echoed as they sang.

That day had Philip courage gained to tell
His tale of love to pretty Christabel;
And she, on her part, with ingenuous grace,
Endorsed the tell-tale of her blushing face.
Dream on, true lover! never, never thou
Shalt press the kiss of welcome on her brow.
E'en now a comrade, eager for thy gold,
Above thy fond true heart the knife doth hold —
One stroke, the weapon's plunged into his breast;
So sure the aim that, like a child at rest,
The murdered digger lies, — a happy smile
Parts the full manly bearded lips the while.

Next day they found him. In his death-cold hand,
He held his last home letter, lately scanned
With love-lit eyes; and next his heart they found
A woman's kerchief which, when they unwound,
Disclosed a lock of silken auburn hair
And portrait of a girl's face, fresh and fair,
Dyed with the life-blood of his faithful heart.

To more than one eye, tears unbidden start;
With reverent hands, and rough, unconscious grace,
They laid him in his lonely resting-place.

The bright-hued birds true nature's requiem gave,
And wattle-bloom bestrews the digger's grave.

Arthur Patchett Martin

LOVE AND WAR

THE Chancellor mused as he nibbled his pen
(Sure no Minister ever looked wiser),
And said, "I can summon a million of men
To fight for their country and Kaiser;

"While that shallow charlatan ruling o'er France,
Who deems himself deeper than Merlin,
Thinks he and his soldiers have only to dance
To the tune of the *Can-can* to Berlin.

"But as soon as he gets to the bank of the Rhine,
He'll be met by the great German army."
Then the Chancellor laughed, and he said, "I will dine,
For I see nothing much to alarm me."

Yet still as he went out he paused by the door
(For his mind was in truth heavy laden),
And he saw a stout fellow, equipped for the war,
Embracing a fair-haired young maiden.

"Ho! ho!" said the Chancellor, "this will not do,
For Mars to be toying with Venus,
When these Frenchmen are coming — a rascally crew! —
And the Rhine only flowing between us."

So the wary old fox, just in order to hear,
Strode one or two huge paces nearer;
And he heard the youth say, "More than life art thou dear;
But, O loved one, the Fatherland's dearer."

Then the maid dried her tears and looked up in his eyes,
And she said, "Thou of loving art worthy:
When all are in danger no brave man e'er flies,
And thy love should spur on — not deter thee."

The Chancellor took a cigar, which he lit,
And he muttered, "Here's naught to alarm me;
By Heaven! I swear they are both of them fit
To march with the great German army."

THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS[1]

COME from busy haunts of men,
With nature to commune,
Which you, it seems, observe, and then
Laugh out, like some buffoon.

You cease, and through the forest drear
I pace, with sense of awe;
When once again upon my ear
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

I look aloft to yonder place,
Where placidly you sit,
And tell you to your very face,
I do not like your wit.

I'm in no mood for blatant jest,
I hate your mocking song,
My weary soul demands the rest
Denied to it so long.

Besides, there passes through my brain
The poet's love of fame —
Why should not an Australian strain
Immortalize my name?

[1] The giant kingfisher, or "laughing jackass."

And so I pace the forest drear,
  Filled with a sense of awe,
When louder still upon my ear
  Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

Yet truly, Jackass, it may be,
  My words are all unjust:
You laugh at what you hear and see,
  And laugh because you must.

You've seen Man civilized and rude,
  Of varying race and creed,
The black-skinned savage almost nude,
  The Englishman in tweed.

And here the lubra oft has strayed,
  To rest beneath the boughs,
Where now, perchance, some fair-haired maid
  May hear her lover's vows;

While you from yonder lofty height
  Have studied human ways,
And, with a satirist's delight,
  Dissected hidden traits.

Laugh on, laugh on! Your rapturous shout
  Again on me intrudes;
But I have found your secret out,
  O cynic of the woods!

Well! I confess, grim mocking elf,
  Howe'er I rhapsodize,
That I am more in love with self
  Than with the earth or skies.

So I will lay the epic by,
  That I had just begun:
Why should I scribble? Let me lie
  And bask here in the sun.

And let me own, were I endowed
  With your fine humorous sense,
I, too, should laugh — ay, quite as loud,
  At all Man's vain pretence.

Ethel Castilla

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL

She has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
  Than English belles.
The Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
  On rosy shells.

Her frank, clear eyes bespeak a mind
Old-world traditions fail to bind.
  She is not shy
Or bold, but simply self-possessed;
Her independence adds a zest
Unto her speech, her piquant jest,
  Her quaint reply.

O'er classic volumes she will pore
With joy; and some scholastic lore
  Will often gain.
In sports she bears away the bell,
Nor under music's siren spell
To dance divinely, flirt as well,
  Does she disdain.

Eleanor Montgomery

A NEW ZEALAND REGRET

Come! in this cool retreat,
Under the chestnut's shade,
Far from all noise and heat —
Distant and faint the beat
Of the great city — we two have strayed.
Come, linnet, sing to me,
Sing my soul across the sea.

Sing! let each rippling note
Carry my soul away;

Sweeter than wild bird's throat,
Backward my memory float,
On music's wing my heart convey,
Where southern stars in beauty glow,
And Egmont lifts her brow of snow.

Again I 'll see our long lost home
Upon Wairoa's grassy plain ;
Among the fern the cattle roam ;
With idle rein upon his arm o'erthrown
The shepherd guards his flocks again,
And his shrill whistle with his dog's bark blends,
As down the hill the woolly stream descends.

Or now, the early "muster" over,
With Jim and Tom I 'm slowly riding
Through the home-paddock white with clover,
And followed close by Nip and Rover,
Their warm allegiance now dividing,
For Tom's fair sisters here we meet,
And welcoming smiles their weary swains do greet.

Here in the world's great heart abiding,
We two have left the happy isle ;
Australian grass Tom's face is hiding,
Jim in the spirit-land is riding.
From weary thoughts my heart beguile !
Sing, linnet, sing to me,
Sing my soul across the sea.

Yes ! now my wings I feel,
Once more the isle I see ;
Let sleep my eyelids seal
While to those scenes I steal,
Borne thus on melody ;
So sweetly you have sung to me,
Sung my soul across the sea.

ADIEU

O SHEPHERDS ! take my crook from me,
For I no longer here can stay.
There comes a whisper from the sea,
Calling my soul from you away ;
Friends of my heart ! long tried and true,
O let me leave my crook with you.
An idle shepherd have I lain,
Dreaming while sheep-dogs barked in vain,
Or chasing rhymes to wreathe the strain
Which from sweet musing grew.

Above the stars I drift in thought,
Melodious murmurings in my ears ;
As though the upborne spirit caught
Soft echoes from the higher spheres.
But see ! far up the azure height,
Bright Sirius hails me with his light !
My soul, impatient of delay,
Rides on the wings of thought away,
My heart alone with you can stay :
My Shepherds dear — Good night !

DOMINION OF CANADA

Susanna Strickland Moodie

CANADIAN HUNTER'S SONG

THE Northern Lights are flashing
On the rapids' restless flow,
But o 'er the wild waves dashing
Swift darts the light canoe :
The merry hunters come, —
"What cheer ? What cheer ? "
"We 've slain the deer ! "
"Hurrah ! you 're welcome home ! "

The blithesome horn is sounding,
And the woodman's loud halloo ;
And joyous steps are bounding
To meet the birch canoe.
"Hurrah ! the hunters come ! "
And the woods ring out
To their noisy shout,
As they drag the dun deer home !

The hearth is brightly burning,
The rustic board is spread ;

To greet their sire returning
The children leave their bed.
With laugh and shout they come,
That merry band,
To grasp his hand
And bid him welcome home!

Charles Dawson Shanly

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW

SPEED on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go, —
The blight of the Shadow-hunter,
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
And the camp for which we steer.

'T was silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I, — "Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome,
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread;

Nor far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger,
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is falling low, —
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!

Charles Heavysege

SCENES FROM "SAUL"

DAVID EXORCISING MALZAH, THE EVIL SPIRIT FROM THE LORD

SCENE. — A chamber of the palace. DAVID playing on his harp. SAUL enters and listens, and at length DAVID ceases.

Saul. Still more, still more : I feel the demon move
Amidst the gloomy branches of my breast,
As moves a bird that buries itself deeper
Within its nest at stirring of the storm.
[DAVID *plays again.*
Were ever sounds so sweet ! — where am I ? O,
I have been down in hell, but this is heaven !
It grows yet sweeter, — 't is a wondrous air.
Methinks I lately died a hideous death,
And that they buried me accursed and cursing.
But this is not the grave ; for, surely, music
Comes not to reanimate man 'neath the clods.
Let me not think on 't ! yet a fiend fierce tore me.
Ah, I remember now, too much remember ;
But I am better : still methinks I fainted ;
Or was the whole a fearful, nightmare dream ?
Nay, am I yet not dreaming ? No ; I wake :
And, as from dream or as from being born,
Without the outcry of a mother's travail ;
Or, as if waking from a revery,
I to myself am ushered by strange music,
That, in its solemn gentleness, falls on me
Like a superior's blessing. Give me more
Of this sweet benefit.
[*After having listened again.*
Who is this stranger ? Yes, I know him now.
'T is not a heavenly spirit, though so like one,
With curving arms encompassing the harp,
As clasps the landscape the aërial bow :
It is the minstrel youth from Bethlehem ;
In form, indeed, surpassing beautiful.
Methinks he doth address himself to sing :
I 'll listen, for I love him as he sits
Rapt, like a statue conjured from the air.
Hist !

David. [*Sings, accompanying himself on his harp.*]
O Lord, have mercy on the king ;
The evil spirit from him take ;
His soul from its sore suffering
Deliver, for thy goodness' sake.

Saul. [*Aside.*] He for me prays.

O, heal thine own Anointed's hurt ;
Let evil from his thoughts be driven ;
And breathe upon his troubled heart
The balmy sense of fault forgiven.

Saul. [*Aside.*] I would not hide my faults ; amen.

Great God, thou art within this place ;
The universe is filled with thee :
To all thou givest strength and grace ;
O, give the king thy grace to see.

Saul. [*Aside.*] What have I done deserved the loss of grace ?
I cannot say "amen" ; — and if I did,
My feeble amen would be blown away
Before it had reached heaven. I cannot say it :
There disbelief takes prisoner my tongue !

As after winter cometh spring,
Make joy unto his soul return ; —
And me, in thy good pleasure, bring
To tend my flock where I was born.

Saul. [*Aside.*] So able, yet so humble !
[*Aloud.*] David, no ;
Thou shalt remain and be mine armor-bearer.
What, wouldst thou seek again the idle downs,
'Midst senseless sheep, to spend the listless day,
Watching the doings of thy ewes and rams !
Thou shalt go with me to the martial field
And see great deeds thereon.
Myself will teach thee military lessons ;
To tell the enemy's numbers ; to discover
His vulnerable points ; by stratagem
To draw him from his posts of vantage ; how
Swift to advance ; how to surprise the foe ;

And how to leaven others with thy courage ;
How win from Ammon and the strong Philistine,
And how at last to drink triumphantly,
From goblet of victorious return,
The blood-red wine of war.
Meantime, thy lyric pleasures need not end ;
For the fair maidens of the court affect
Music and song. Go now and tell the Queen
All the advantage thou hast been to me.
[*Exit David.*
How potent is the voice of music ! stronger
Even than is a king's command. How oft
In vain have I adjured this demon hence !
O Music, thou art a magician ! Strange,
Most strange, we did not sooner think of thee,
And charm us with thy gentle sorcery.

THE FLIGHT OF MALZAH

Malzah. Music, music hath its sway ;
Music's order I obey :
I have unwound myself at sound
From off Saul's heart, where coiled I lay.
'T is true, awhile I 've lost the game ;
Let fate and me divide the blame.
And now away, away ; but whither,
Whither, meantime, shall I go ?
Erelong I must returned be hither.
There's Jordan, Danube, and the Po,
And Western rivers huge, I know :
There's Ganges, and the Euphrates,
Nilus and the stretching seas :
There 's many a lake and many a glen
To rest me, as in heaven, again ;
With Alps, and the Himalayan range : —
And there 's the Desert for a change.
Whither shall I go ?
I 'll sit i' the sky,
And laugh at mortals and at care ;
(Not soaring, as before, too high,
And bring upon myself a snare ;)
But out my motley fancies spin
Like cobwebs on the yellow air ;
Laugh bright with joy, or dusky grin
In changeful mood of seance there.
The yellow air ! the yellow air !
He 's great who 's happy anywhere.

To be the vassals and the slaves of music
Is weakness that afflicts all heaven-born spirits.
But touch whom with the murmur of a lute,
Or swell and fill whom from the harmonious lyre,
And man may lead them wheresoe'er he wills,
And stare to see the nude demoniac
Sit clothed and void of frenzy. I 'll begone,
And take a posy with me from Saul's garden.
[*Exit ; and soon re-enters, bearing a huge nosegay, and thereat snuffing.*
Shall I fling it in the earth's face, whence I took it !
Albeit I 've seen, perhaps, flowers as mean in heaven.
Well, I will think that these are heaven's. Alack,
This is a poor excuse for asphodel ;
And yet it has the true divine aroma.
Here 's ladslove, and the flower which even death
Cannot unscent, the all-transcending rose.
Here 's gilly-flower, and violets dark as eyes
Of Hebrew maidens. There 's convolvulus,
That sickens ere noon and dies ere evening.
Here 's monkey's-cap. — Egad ! 't would cap a monkey
To say what I have gathered ; for I spread my arms
And closed them like two scythes. I have crushed many ;
I 've sadly mangled my lilies. However, here
Is the august camellia, and here 's marigold,
And, as I think, i' the bottom two vast sunflowers.
There are some bluebells, and a pair of foxgloves
(But not of the kind that Samson's foxes wore).
That 's mint ; and here is something like a thistle
Wherewith to prick my nose should I grow sleepy.
O, I 've not half enumerated them !
Here 's that and that, and many trifling things,
Which, had I time, and were i' the vein for scandal,
I could compare to other trifling things,
But shall not. Ah, here 's head-hanging-down narcissus,
A true and perfect emblem of myself.
I 'll count it my own likeness ; and so leave it
For delectation of my radiant mistress,

Who, lieu of keeping watch and ward o'er me,
May keep it over my pale effigy.
[*Drops the narcissus.*
I'll hang this matchless rose upon my lips,
And whilst I'm flying will inhale its breath.
[*Exit.*

MALZAH AND THE ANGEL ZELEHTHA

SCENE. — The Alps. Time, night, with stars. Enter MALZAH, walking slowly.

Malzah. So, so; I feel the signal.
It seems to reach me through the air,
To Saul it prompts me to repair.
I wish 't would cease; it doth not please
Me now to terminate my leisure.
I was alone; and here to groan
At present is my greatest pleasure.
I'll come anon; I say begone;
What is the wayward King to me?
I say begone; I'll come anon.
O, thou art strong; I'll follow thee.
[*Exit, and enter the angel Zelehtha.*
Zelehtha. He flees, he flees, across the seas
That eastward lead to Canaan's land;
And Heaven commands me not to cease
To urge, yet guide, his hand.
[*Looking upwards.*
How every star reminds me of my lover!
When we did part, he on me cast his eyes,
Bright as those orbs. Yet over them suffusion
Came like the mists o'er evening, as he charged me
Still to him to return (if so I might
Return afresh to him, my home and goal),
What time the earth returned day's light to heaven.
So would I now swift soar unto his bosom,
But I must not abandon this foul fiend,
Until his work is done. Hence do I follow
Him through the spaces of the universe,
Still tracking him in silence, as I track
Him now across these heaven-piercing heights,
O'er which the quiet, congregated stars
Dance, twinkling-footed, and, in gladness, make
Mute immemorial measure, without song.
Yet hearken; the immeasurable yawn
Methinks awakens, and, by me evoked,
This grave of silence gives a ghost of sound.
What song is that which wanders hitherward,
Falling as faintly and as dewlike down
Into the urn of my night-opened ear,
As might, like incense, to the nostril come
The floating fragrance of a far-off flower?
It is the voice of some desiring seraph,
That lonely sings unto her absent love;
And, in the breathing of her languishment,
Gives more than words unto the dumb abyss.
I'll also sing, since some ascending angel
May hear it, and repeat it to my cherub.
[*Sings.*

I said, farewell,
And smiled, — for tears yet never fell in heaven;
But thou didst sigh,
"Farewell," didst sigh; "return to me at even."

But why at even
Didst thou to thee solicit my return?
Since distance cannot
Divide us who in old embraces burn.

Then let's unsay
"Farewell,"— which we ought never to have said,
But, each to each,
Words of rejoicing and delight instead.

Lorn thoughts from thee
Put far, then, since, though now from thee apart,
I soon shall be
Again thy love-mate, whereso'er thou art.

Lo, where yon demon, with increasing speed,
Makes his dim way across the nighthung flood,
Due to the Hebrew King, with onward heed,
Like to a hound that snuffs the scent of blood.
I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

TWILIGHT

THE day was lingering in the pale northwest,
And light was hanging o'er my head,
Night where a myriad stars were spread;
While down in the east, where the light was least,
Seemed the home of the quiet dead.

And, as I gazed on the field sublime
To watch the bright pulsating stars,
Adown the deep, where the angels sleep,
Came drawn the golden chime
Of those great spheres that sound the years
For the horologe of time ; —
Millenniums numberless they told,
Millenniums a millionfold
From the ancient hour of prime !

John Hunter-Duvar

FROM THE DRAMA OF "DE ROBERVAL"

OHNÁWA

SCENE. — Within the fort of Quebec. Soldiers carousing.

One sings :

Fill, comrades, fill the bowl right well,
Trowl round the can with mirth and glee,
Zip-zip, huzza, Noël ! Noël !
A health to me, a health to thee
And Normandie.

Chorus :

Pass, comrades, pass the reaming can,
And swig the draught out every man !

Another round as deep as last,
Down to the bottom peg, pardie !
Eyes to the front, — half pikes, — stand fast !
A health to me, a health to thee
And Picardie.

Chorus :

Pass, comrades, pass the reaming can,
And swig the draught out every man !

Though this be naught but soldiers' tap,
None better wine none ne'er did see,
It riped on our own crofts mayhap,
So here 's a health to thee, to me
And fair Lorraine,
Again —
Lorraine !

Chorus :

May he be shot that shirks the can !
Quick, drain the draught out every man !

Enter OHNÁWA : Soldiers *crowd around her.*

1*st Soldier.* Whom have we here ? This is a shapely wench.
2*d Sold.* Clean-limbed.
3*d Sold.* Round-armed.
4*th Sold.* Svelte.
5*th Sold.* And lithe and lissome.
6*th Sold.* Like a Provençale in her mumming garb
On Pope Unreason's day. But where 's her dog ?
7*th Sold.* I saw one like that one in Italy ;
A statue like her as two peas. They called her
Bronze something, — I forget. They dug her up,
And polished her, and set her up on end.
1*st Sold.* Hi ! graven image, hast thou ne'er a tongue ?
2*d Sold.* How should she speak but as a magpie chatters,
Chat, chat ! pretty Mag !
3*d Sold.* Leave her alone, now.
4*th Sold.* Lay hold on her and see if she feels warm.
[OHNÁWA *draws a knife.*
All. Aha ! well done ! encore the scene ! well played !
[ROBERVAL *approaches ; she advances towards him.*
Soldiers. [*Retiring.*] Meat for our master.
Rob. Ohnāwa !
Ohn. Great Chief !
Rob. What then, my wild fawn, has 't indeed come in,
A live pawn for thy people ? Then I hope
'T will be long time ere they make matters up,
So that we still may keep thee hostage here.
But say, do practised warriors, shrewd and cunning,
Send such bright eyes as thine to armèd camp,
To glancing catch full note of our weak points

Or of our strength? We hang up spies, Ohnāwa.
Ohn. I am no spy. No warrior sent me here.
Rob. Why didst thou come?
Ohn. Didst thou thyself not ask me?
Rob. I did, i' faith; and now, thou being here
Shalt see such wonders as are to be seen.
They will impress thy untutored savage mind.
Not'st thou those arms upon that slender mast,
Whose fingers, sudden moving, form new shapes?
By that we speak, without the aid of words,
Long leagues away.
Ohn. This is not new to me.
Our braves, on journeys, speak in silent signs
By leaves, grass, mosses, feathers, twigs and stones,
So that our people can o'ertake the trail,
And tell a message after many moons.
Rob. I have heard of the woodland semaphore.
'T is a thing to be learned, — and acted on.
Ohn. Why dost thou raise thy head-gear to that blanket?
Rob. Blanket! young savage, — 't is the flag of France,
The far most glorious flag of earth and sea,
That, floating over all this continent,
Shall yet surmount the red brick towers of Spain.
But, pshaw! why do I speak.
Gunner, fire off a fauconet.
[*Gun.*
What, not a wink? Art thou, then, really bronze,
Insensible to wonder?
Ohn. All is new.
Rob. Then why not show astonishment? Young maids,
When marvels are presented to their view,
Clasp their fore-fingers, or put hand to ears,
Simper, cry "O, how nice!" look down and giggle,
And show the perturbation of weak minds.
Ohn. I see new marvels that I ne'er have seen,
But when I once have seen them they are old.
Rob. These are the stables where the chargers are.
[*Horse led out;* Groom *gallops.*
No wonder in thine eyes even at this sight?
Canst thou look on this steed, and yet not feel
No sight so beautiful in all the world?
Ohn. I have seen herds of these brave gallant beasts.
Rob. [*Quickly.*] When? where was this?
Ohn. When that I was a child
A tribe came scouting from the sinking sun,
The hatchet buried, on a pilgrimage
To take salt water back from out the sea,
As is their custom in their solemn rites.
They all were mounted, every one, on steeds.
Rob. Indeed!
Ohn. Our brethren, who live six moons nearer night,
And many more in number than the stars,
With steeds in number many more than they,
Dwell on the boundless, grassy, hunting-plains,
Beyond which mountains higher than the clouds,
And on the other side of them the sea.
Rob. Important this, but of it more anon.
[*They enter the caserne.*
These are called books. These are the strangest things
Thou yet hast seen. I take one of them down,
And lo! a learned dead man comes from his grave,
Sits in my chair and holds discourse with me.
And these are pictures.
Ohn. They are good totem.
Rob. These, maps.
Ohn. I, with a stick, upon the sand
Can trace the like.
Rob. By 'r Lady of St. Roque
That shalt thou do! The Pilot missed it there;
These savages must know their country well.
This girl shall be my chief topographer,
By her I 'll learn the gold and silver coast
That Cartier could not find.
Come hither to this window. Music, ho!
[*Band plays.*
Art thou not pleased with these melodious sounds?

Ohn. The small sounds sparkle like a forest fire,
The big horn brays like lowing of the moose,
The undertone is as Niagara.
Rob. Have ye no music, enfans, in the woods?
No brave high ballad that your warriors sing
To cheer them on a march?
Ohn. We have music,
But our braves sing not. We have tribal bards
Who see in dreams things to make music of.
They tell our squaws, and the good mothers croon
Them over to their little ones asleep.
Rob. Sing me a forest song, one of thine own.
[OHNÁWA *goes to a drum and beats softly with her hand, humming the while.*
This verily is music without words.
Explain, now, what its purport most may mean.
Ohn. The cataracts in the forests have many voices,
They talk all day and converse beneath the stars,
The mists hide their faces from the moon.
The spirits of braves come down from the hunting-grounds;
They swim in the night rainbows, and stalk among the trees,
Hearing the voice of the waters.
Rob. Poetic, by my soul. Why, Ohnáwa,
I 've found a treasure in thee. Go now, child;
Halt e'er thou goest!
Here are our wares for trading with the tribes;
Take something with thee for remembrance,
Bright scarlet cloth, beads, buttons, rosaries,
Ribbons and huswifes, scissors, looking-glasses —
To civilized and savage women dear.
Take one, take anything, nay, lade thyself.
Nothing? Shrewd damsel, but that shall not be;
No visitor declines a souvenir.
What hast thou ta'en? A dagger double-edged:
Good, 't is a choice appropriate; guard it well,
And hide it in thy corset, — I forget,
Thou wear'st none. Go now, girl, — and come again.

ADIEU TO FRANCE

ADIEU to France! my latest glance
Falls on thy port and bay, Rochelle;
The sun-rays on the surf-curls dance,
And springtime, like a pleasing spell,
Harmonious holds the land and sea.
How long, alas, I cannot tell,
Ere this scene will come back to me!

The hours fleet fast, and on the mast
Soon shall I hoist the parting sail;
Soon will the outer bay be passed,
And on the sky-line eyes will fail
To see a streak that means the land.
On, then! before the tides and gale,
Hope at the helm, and in God's hand.

What doom I meet, my heart will beat
For France, the débonnaire and gay;
She ever will in memory's seat
Be present to my mind alway.
Hope whispers my return to you,
Dear land, but should Fate say me nay,
And this should be my latest view,
Fair France, loved France, *my* France, adieu!
Salut à la France, salut!

TWILIGHT SONG

THE mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good-night!
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite;
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by the whoop owl 's eerie cry,
Whoo-oop! whoo-oop!
As like a fiend he flitteth by;
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,
The old man to his nightcap warm,
Young men and maids to slumbers light, —
Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!
Good-night! good-night!

THE GALLANT FLEET

A GALLANT fleet sailed out to sea
With the pennons streaming merrily.

On the hulls the tempest lit,
And the great ships split
In the gale,
And the foaming fierce sea-horses

Hurled the fragments in their forces
  To the ocean deeps,
  Where the kraken sleeps,
    And the whale.

The men are in the ledges' clefts,
  Dead, — but with motion of living guise
    Their bodies are rocking there ;
Monstrous sea-fish and efts
  Stare at them with glassy eyes
    As their limbs are stirred and their hair.

    Moan, O sea !
O death at once and the grave,
And sorrow in passing, O cruel wave !
  Let the resonant sea-caves ring,
  And the sorrowful surges sing,
For the dead men rest but restlessly.

  We do keep account of them
And sing an ocean requiem
    For the brave.

BRAWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY

The villeins clustered round the bowl
At merrie Yule to make good cheer,
And drank with froth on beard and jowl :
  " Was-hael to the Thane !
  May never Breton taste our beer,
    Nor Dane."

Till the red cock on the chimney crew,
And each man cried with a mighty yawn
As the tapster one more flagon drew :
  " To the Saxon land was-hael !
  May we never want for mast-fed brawn
    Nor ale ! "

The thane took up the stirrup-cup
And blew off the reaming head,
And at one draught he swigged it up
And smacked his lips and said :
  " Was-hael to coulter and sword !
  Was-hael to hearth and hall !
  To Saxon land and Saxon lord
    And thrall."

Charles Mair

FROM "TECUMSEH: A DRAMA"

LEFROY IN THE FOREST

This region is as lavish of its flowers
As Heaven of its primrose blooms by night.
This is the Arum, which within its root
Folds life and death ; and this the Prince's Pine,
Fadeless as love and truth — the fairest form
That ever sun-shower washed with sudden rain.
This golden cradle is the Moccasin Flower,
Wherein the Indian hunter sees his hound ;
And this dark chalice is the Pitcher-Plant,
Stored with the water of forgetfulness.
Whoever drinks of it, whose heart is pure,
Will sleep for aye 'neath foodfull asphodel,
And dream of endless love.

. . . . . .

  There was a time on this fair continent
When all things throve in spacious peacefulness.
The prosperous forests unmolested stood,
For where the stalwart oak grew there it lived
Long ages, and then died among its kind.
The hoary pines — those ancients of the earth —
Brimful of legends of the early world,
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued ;
And all things else illumined by the sun,
Inland or by the lifted wave, had rest.
The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew ; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day.
The prairie realm — vast ocean's paraphrase —
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and flowers
Unnamed save in mute Nature's inventory,
No civilized barbarian trenched for gain.
And all that flowed was sweet and uncorrupt :
The rivers and their tributary streams,
Undammed, wound on forever, and gave up
Their lonely torrents to weird gulfs of sea,

And ocean wastes unshadowed by a sail.
And all the wild life of this western world
Knew not the fear of man; yet in those woods,
And by those plenteous streams and mighty lakes,
And on stupendous steppes of peerless plain,
And in the rocky gloom of canyons deep,
Screened by the stony ribs of mountains hoar
Which steeped their snowy peaks in purging cloud,
And down the continent where tropic suns
Warmed to her very heart the mother earth,
And in the congealed north where silence self
Ached with intensity of stubborn frost,
There lived a soul more wild than barbarous;
A tameless soul — the sunburnt savage free —
Free and untainted by the greed of gain,
Great Nature's man, content with Nature's food.

IENA'S SONG

Fly far from me,
Even as the daylight flies,
And leave me in the darkness of my pain!
Some earlier love will come to thee again,
And sweet new moons will rise,
And smile on it and thee.

Fly far from me,
Even whilst the daylight wastes —
Ere thy lips burn me in a last caress;
Ere fancy quickens, and my longings press,
And my weak spirit hastes
For shelter unto thee!

Fly far from me,
Even whilst the daylight pales —
So shall we never, never meet again!
Fly! for my senses swim — Oh, Love! Oh, Pain! —
Help! for my spirit fails —
I cannot fly from thee!

THE BUFFALO HERDS

Lefroy. We left
The silent forest, and, day after day,
Great prairies swept beyond our aching sight
Into the measureless West: uncharted realms,
Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous wind
Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
And rushing tides, which never found a shore.
And tender clouds, and veils of morning mist
Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
Into interminable wildernesses,
Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by the rose,
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and bee.
The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
Turned by the cloven hoofs of thundering herds
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore.
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet —
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary pine;
And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
Which through long reaches of the prairie wound,
Then melted slowly into upland vales,
Lingering, far-stretched amongst the spreading hills.
Brock. What charming solitudes! And life was there!
Lefroy. Yes, life was there! inexplicable life,
Still wasted by inexorable death.
There had the stately stag his battle-field —
Dying for mastery among his hinds.
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
The dancing grouse, at their insensate sport,
Heard not the stealthy footstep of the fox;
The gopher on his little earthwork stood,
With folded arms, unconscious of the fate
That wheeled in narrowing circles overhead,
And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling bent,
Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.
At length we heard a deep and solemn sound —
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet.

A growing uproar blending in our ears,
With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of bellowings, fierce breath and battle shock,
And ardor of unconquerable herds.
A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,
With discord of harsh sound and rumblings deep,
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,
And from some adamantine peak recoiled —
Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill —
The last and loftiest of a file of such —
And, lo ! before us lay the tameless stock,
Slow-wending to the northward like a cloud !
A multitude in motion, dark and dense —
Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,
In countless myriads stretched for many a league.

John E. Logan

("BARRY DANE")

THE NOR'-WEST COURIER

Up, my dogs, merrily,
The morn sun is shining,
Our path is uncertain,
And night's sombre curtain
May drop on us, verily,
Ere time for reclining ;
So, up, without whining,
You rascals, instanter,
Come into your places
There, stretch out your traces,
And off, at a canter.

Up, my dogs, cheerily,
The noon sun is glowing ;
Fast and still faster,
Come, follow your master ;
Or to-night we may wearily,
Tired and drearily,
Travel, not knowing
What moment disaster
May sweep in the storm-blast,
And over each form cast
A shroud in its blowing.

On, my dogs, steadily,
Though keen winds are shifting
The snowflakes, and drifting
Them straight in your faces ;
Come, answer me readily,
Not wildly nor headily,
Plunging and lifting
Your feet, keep your paces ;
For yet we shall weather
The blizzard together,
Though evil our case is.

Sleep, my dogs, cosily,
Coiled near the fire,
That higher and higher
Sheds its light rosily
Out o'er the snow and sky ;
Sleep in the ruddy glow,
Letting Keewaydin blow
Fierce in his ire.
Sleep, my dogs, soundly ;
For to-morrow we roundly
Must buffet the foe.

A BLOOD-RED RING HUNG ROUND THE MOON

A blood-red ring hung round the moon,
Hung round the moon. Ah me ! Ah me !
I heard the piping of the Loon,
A wounded Loon. Ah me !
And yet the eagle feathers rare,
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.

He left me in the early morn,
The early morn. Ah me ! Ah me !
The feathers swayed like stately corn,
So like the corn. Ah me !
A fierce wind swept across the plain,
The stately corn was snapped in twain.

They crushed in blood the hated race,
The hated race. Ah me ! Ah me !
I only clasped a cold, blind face,
His cold, dead face. Ah me !
A blood-red ring hangs in my sight,
I hear the Loon cry every night.

A DEAD SINGER

FAIR little spirit of the woodland mazes,
Thou liest sadly low,
No more the purple vetch and star-eyed daisies
Thy mating hymn shall know.

No more the harebell by the silent river
Shall bend her dainty ear,
When nigh thou fliest, and her petals quiver
With maiden joy to hear.

No more to flit among the yellow mustard,
Imperial thistle tops,
And intertwining woodbine, thickly clustered
With tendrils of wild hops.

No more the dragon's darting course to follow
O'er golden, sunlit sheaves;
No more to catch, within the shady hollow,
The dew from spangled leaves.

No more above the scented rose to hover,
Sipping its fragrant fee;
No more to chase, across the billowy clover,
The velvet-coated bee.

What fatal stroke has torn the downy cincture,
Round thy once tuneful throat
And pulseless bosom, where a deathly tincture
Dyes thy soft feathery coat?

No gentle mate and thou shalt wing together,
With tender chicks, your way,
To sunnier southern fields, when autumn weather
Chills the short northern day.

Dead is the soul of love and song and laughter,
That thrilled thy fragile breast, —
There is no more for thee, but dead hereafter
Of unbegotten rest.

George Murray

TO A HUMMING BIRD IN A GARDEN

BLITHE playmate of the Summer time,
Admiringly I greet thee;
Born in old England's misty clime,
I scarcely hoped to meet thee.

Com'st thou from forests of Peru,
Or from Brazil's savannahs,
Where flowers of every dazzling hue
Flaunt, gorgeous as Sultanas?

Thou scannest me with doubtful gaze,
Suspicious little stranger!
Fear not, thy burnished wings may blaze
Secure from harm or danger.

Now here, now there, thy flash is seen,
Like some stray sunbeam darting,
With scarce a second's space between
Its coming and departing.

Mate of the bird that lives sublime
In Pat's immortal blunder,
Spied in two places at a time,
Thou challengest our wonder.

Suspended by thy slender bill,
Sweet blooms thou lov'st to rifle;
The subtle perfumes they distil
Might well thy being stifle.

Surely the honey-dew of flowers
Is slightly alcoholic,
Or why, through burning August hours,
Dost thou pursue thy frolic?

What though thy throatlet never rings
With music, soft or stirring;
Still, like a spinning-wheel, thy wings
Incessantly are whirring.

How dearly I would love to see
  Thy tiny *cara sposa*,
As full of sensibility
  As any coy mimosa!

They say, when hunters track her nest
  Where two warm pearls are lying,
She boldly fights, though sore distrest,
  And sends the brigands flying.

What dainty epithets thy tribes
  Have won from men of science!
Pedantic and poetic scribes
  For once are in alliance.

Crested Coquette, and Azure Crown,
  Sun Jewel, Ruby-Throated,
With Flaming Topaz, Crimson Down,
  Are names that may be quoted.

Such titles aim to paint the hues
  That on the darlings glitter,
And were we for a week to muse,
  We scarce could light on fitter.

Farewell, bright bird! I envy thee,
  Gay rainbow-tinted rover;
Would that my life, like thine, were free
  From care till all is over!

A LESSON OF MERCY

Beneath a palm-tree by a clear cool spring
God's Prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering,
Till, roused by chance, he saw before him stand
A foeman, Durther, scimitar in hand.
The chieftain bade the startled sleeper rise;
And with a flame of triumph in his eyes,
"Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.
"God," said the Prophet, "God, my friend and guide."
Awe-struck the Arab dropped his naked sword,
Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord:
And, "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"
Exclaimed the Prophet. Durther answered, "None!"
Then spake the victor: "Though thy hands are red
With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,
I spare thy life, I give thee back thy steel:
Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."
And thus the twain, unyielding foes of yore,
Clasped hands in token that their feud was o'er.

George Frederick Cameron

THE GOLDEN TEXT

You ask for fame or power?
  Then up, and take for text:—
This is my hour,
  And not the next, nor next!

Oh, wander not in ways
  Of ease or indolence!
Swift come the days,
  And swift the days go hence.

Strike! while the hand is strong:
  Strike! while you can and may:
Strength goes ere long,—
  Even yours will pass away.

Sweet seem the fields, and green,
  In which you fain would lie;
Sweet seems the scene
  That glads the idle eye;

Soft seems the path you tread,
  And balmy soft the air,—
Heaven overhead
  And all the earth seems fair;

But, would your heart aspire
  To noble things,—to claim
Bard's, statesman's fire—
  Some measure of their fame;

Or, would you seek and find
  The secret of success
With mortal kind?
  Then, up from idleness!

Up—up! all fame, all power
  Lies in this golden text:
This is my hour—
  And not the next nor next!

STANDING ON TIPTOE

STANDING on tiptoe ever since my youth,
  Striving to grasp the future just above,
I hold at length the only future — Truth,
  And Truth is Love.

I feel as one who being awhile confined
  Sees drop to dust about him all his bars: —
The clay grows less, and, leaving it, the mind
  Dwells with the stars.

WHAT MATTERS IT

WHAT reck we of the creeds of men?
  We see them — we shall see again.
What reck we of the tempest's shock?
What reck we where our anchor lock,
  On golden marl or mould,
In salt-sea flower or riven rock,
  What matter, so it hold?

What matters it the spot we fill
  On Earth's green sod when all is said?
When feet and hands and heart are still
  And all our pulses quieted?
When hate or love can kill nor thrill,
  When we are done with life and dead?

So we be haunted night nor day
  By any sin that we have sinned,
What matter where we dream away
  The ages? In the isles of Ind,
In Tybee, Cuba, or Cathay,
  Or in some world of winter wind?

It may be I would wish to sleep
  Beneath the wan, white stars of June,
And hear the southern breezes creep
  Between me and the mellow moon;
But so I do not wake to weep
  At any night or any moon,

And so the generous gods allow
  Repose and peace from evil dreams,
It matters little where or how
  My couch be spread: by moving streams,
Or on some eminent mountain's brow
  Kissed by the morn's or sunset's beams.

For we shall rest; the brain that planned,
  That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
  Not working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
  Shall all be still — shall all be still!

Isabella Valancey Crawford

THE CANOE

MY masters twain made me a bed
Of pine-boughs resinous, and cedar;
Of moss, a soft and gentle breeder
Of dreams of rest; and me they spread
With furry skins, and, laughing, said, —
"Now she shall lay her polished sides
As queens do rest, or dainty brides,
Our slender lady of the tides!"

My masters twain their camp-soul lit,
Streamed incense from the hissing cones;
Large crimson flashes grew and whirled,
Thin golden nerves of sly light curled,
Round the dun camp, and rose faint zones
Half-way about each grim bole knit,
Like a shy child that would bedeck
With its soft clasp a Brave's red neck,
Yet sees the rough shield on his breast,
The awful plumes shake on his crest,
And fearful drops his timid face,
Nor dares complete the sweet embrace.

Into the hollow hearts of brakes
Yet warm from sides of does and stags,
Passed to the crisp dark river flags,
Sinuous, red as copper, snakes, —
Sharp-headed serpents, made of light,
Glided and hid themselves in night.

My masters twain the slaughtered deer
Hung on forked boughs, with thongs of leather.
Bound were his stiff, slim feet together,
His eyes like dead stars cold and drear;
The wandering firelight drew near
And laid its wide palm, red and anxious,

On the sharp splendor of his branches ;
On the white foam grown hard and sere
On flank and shoulder.
Death, hard as breast of granite boulder,
And under his lashes,
Peered through his eyes at his life's gray ashes.

My masters twain sang songs that wove
(As they burnished hunting blade and rifle)
A golden thread with a cobweb trifle,
Loud of the chase, and low of love.

"O Love ! art thou a silver fish,
Shy of the line and shy of gaffing,
Which we do follow, fierce, yet laughing,
Casting at thee the light-winged wish ?
And at the last shall we bring thee up
From the crystal darkness under the cup
Of lily folden,
On broad leaves golden ?

"O Love ! art thou a silver deer ?
Swift thy starred feet as wing of swallow,
While we with rushing arrows follow :
And at the last shall we draw near,
And over thy velvet neck cast thongs,
Woven of roses, of stars, of songs,
New chains all moulden
Of rare gems olden ?"

They hung the slaughtered fish like swords
On saplings slender ; like scimitars
Bright, and ruddied from new-dead wars,
Blazed in the light the scaly hordes.

They piled up boughs beneath the trees,
Of cedar-web and green fir tassel ;
Low did the pointed pine tops rustle,
The camp fire blushed to the tender breeze.

The hounds laid dew-laps on the ground,
With needles of pine sweet, soft and rusty,
Dreamed of the dead stag stout and lusty ;
A bat by the red flames wove its round.

The darkness built its wigwam walls
Close round the camp, and at its curtain
Pressed shapes, thin woven and uncertain,
As white locks of tall waterfalls.

THE AXE

High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
And all was silent in the wilderness ;
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her face
While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work.

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree !
What doth thy bold voice promise me ?"

"I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the lives of kings !

"For every silver ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow !"

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree !
Tell wider prophecies to me."

"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift his head.

"His crown the very Heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might !"

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree ;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy !"

Max smote the snow-weighed tree, and lightly laughed.
"See, friend," he cried to one that looked and smiled,
"My axe and I — we do immortal tasks —
We build up nations — this my axe and I !"

William Douw Schuyler-Lighthall

THE CONFUSED DAWN

What are the Vision and the Cry
  That haunt the new Canadian soul ?
Dim grandeur spreads we know not why
  O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly.
Some magic moment sure is nigh.
  O Seer, the curtain roll !

The Vision, mortal, it is this :
  Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree,
Awaken all endued with bliss,
  A native land — O think ! to be
Thy native land ! and, ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
  From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
  Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand
  O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain "A Native Land !"
  Thine be the ear, the sight.

PRÆTERITA EX INSTANTIBUS

How strange it is that, in the after age, —
When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry,
That all the accustomed things we now pass by
Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage
The antique reverence of men to be ;
And that quaint interest which prompts the sage
The silent fathoms of the past to gauge
Shall keep alive our own past memory,
Making all great of ours, the garb we wear,
Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire,
The very skull whence now the eye of fire
Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare.
So shall our annals make an envied lore,
And men will say, "Thus did the men of yore."

THE BATTLE OF LA PRAIRIE

1691

That was a brave old epoch,
  Our age of chivalry,
When the Briton met the Frenchman
  At the fight of La Prairie ;
And the manhood of New England,
  And the Netherlanders true
And Mohawks sworn, gave battle
  To the Bourbon's lilied blue.

That was a brave old governor
  Who gathered his array,
And stood to meet, he knew not what,
  On that alarming day.
Eight hundred, amid rumors vast
  That filled the wild wood's gloom,
With all New England's flower of youth,
  Fierce for New France's doom.

And the brave old half five hundred !
  Theirs should in truth be fame ;
Borne down the savage Richelieu,
  On what emprise they came !
Your hearts are great enough, O few :
  Only your numbers fail, —
New France asks more for conquerors
  All glorious though your tale.

It was a brave old battle
  That surged around the fort,
When D'Hosta fell in charging,
  And 't was deadly strife and short ;
When in the very quarters
  They contested face and hand,
And many a goodly fellow
  Crimsoned yon La Prairie sand.

And those were brave old orders
  The colonel gave to meet
That forest force with trees entrenched
  Opposing the retreat :
"De Callière's strength 's behind us,
  And in front your Richelieu ;
We must go straightforth at them ;
  There is nothing else to do."

And then the brave old story comes,
Of Schuyler and Valrennes,
When "Fight" the British colonel called,
Encouraging his men,
"For the Protestant Religion
And the honor of our King!"—
"Sir, I am here to answer you!"
Valrennes cried, forthstepping.

Were those not brave old races?
Well, here they still abide;
And yours is one or other,
And the second 's at your side;
So when you hear your brother say,
"Some loyal deed I 'll do,"
Like old Valrennes, be ready with
"I 'm here to answer you!"

MONTREAL

Reign on, majestic Ville Marie!
Spread wide thine ample robes of state;
The heralds cry that thou art great,
And proud are thy young sons of thee.
Mistress of half a continent,
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;
We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.

Sprung of the saint and chevalier!
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head,
And, past thy footstool, broad and clear
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea;
Reign on, majestic Ville Marie!

Charles G. D. Roberts

CANADA

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now,
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow:

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame;
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future: all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane:
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes, — beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall, —
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide, —
Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;

And some Canadian lips are dumb
  Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile ! Thy secret yields
  Before us ; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
  And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou !
  Wake, and behold how night is done, —
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
  Bursts the uprising sun !

THE ISLES

FAITHFUL reports of them have reached me oft !
  Many their embassage to mortal court,
  By golden pomp, and breathless-heard consort
    Of music soft, —
By fragrances accredited, and dreams.
  Many their speeding heralds, whose light feet
Make pause at wayside brooks, and fords of streams,
  Leaving transfigured by an effluence fleet
    Those wayfarers they meet.

No wind from out the solemn wells of night
  But hath its burden of strange messages,
  Tormenting for interpreter ; nor less
    The wizard light
That steals from noon-stilled waters, woven in shade,
  Beckons somewhither, with cool fingers slim.
No dawn but hath some subtle word conveyed
  In rose ineffable at sunrise rim,
    Or charactery dim.

One moment throbs the hearing, yearns the sight.
  But though not far, yet strangely hid, the way,
  And our sense slow ; nor long for us delay
    The guides their flight !
The breath goes by ; the word, the light, elude ;
  And we stay wondering. But there comes an hour
Of fitness perfect and unfettered mood,
  When splits her husk the finer sense with power,
    And — yon their palm-trees tower !

Here Homer came, and Milton came, though blind.
  Omar's deep doubts still found them nigh and nigher,
  And learned them fashioned to the heart's desire.
    The supreme mind
Of Shakespeare took their sovereignty, and smiled.
  Those passionate Israelitish lips that poured
The Song of Songs attained them ; and the wild
  Child-heart of Shelley, here from strife restored,
    Remembers not life's sword.

BURNT LANDS

ON other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue, — but not such scenes are these,
Where comes no cheer of Summer leaves and bees,
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn.
These serious acres vast no groves adorn ;
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern gray isolation grimly borne.
The months roll over them, and mark no change ;
But when spring stirs, or autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
Through their parched dreams, — some old-time notes ring strange,
When in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

I HEAR the low wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,

Full filled with April forecast, hath no light.
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers ; and hark ! The height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go !
High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

THE NIGHT SKY

O Deep of Heaven, 't is thou alone art boundless,
'T is thou alone our balance shall not weigh,
'T is thou alone our fathom-line finds soundless, —
Whose infinite our finite must obey !
Through thy blue realms and down thy starry reaches
Thought voyages forth beyond thy furthest fire,
And homing from no sighted shoreline, teaches
Thee measureless as is the soul's desire.
O deep of Heaven ! No beam of Pleiad ranging
Eternity may bridge thy gulf of spheres !
The ceaseless hum that fills thy sleep unchanging
Is rain of the innumerable years.
Our worlds, our suns, our ages, — these but stream
Through thine abiding like a dateless dream.

THE DESERTED CITY

There lies a little city leagues away.
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long.
Its busy, sun-bright wharves with sailors' song
And clamor of trade ring loud the live-long day.
Into the happy harbor hastening, gay
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng.
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace belong,
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of gray.
'T was long ago this city prospered so,
For yesterday a woman died therein.
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din ;
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been ; —
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

AUTOCHTHON

I am the spirit astir
To swell the grain,
When fruitful suns confer
With laboring rain ;
I am the life that thrills
In branch and bloom ;
I am the patience of abiding hills,
The promise masked in doom.

When the sombre lands are wrung,
And storms are out,
And giant woods give tongue,
I am the shout ;
And when the earth would sleep,
Wrapped in her snows,
I am the infinite gleam of eyes that keep
The post of her repose.

I am the hush of calm,
I am the speed,
The flood-tide's triumphing psalm,
The marsh-pool's heed ;
I work in the rocking roar
Where cataracts fall ;
I flash in the prismy fire that dances o'er
The dew's ephemeral ball.

I am the voice of wind
And wave and tree,
Of stern desires and blind,
Of strength to be ;
I am the cry by night
At point of dawn,
The summoning bugle from the unseen height,
In cloud and doubt withdrawn.

I am the strife that shapes
The stature of man,
The pang no hero escapes,
The blessing, the ban ;
I am the hammer that moulds
The iron of our race,
The omen of God in our blood that a people beholds,
The foreknowledge veiled in our face.

MARSYAS

A LITTLE gray hill-glade, close-turfed, withdrawn
Beyond resort or heed of trafficking feet,
Ringed round with slim trunks of the mountain ash.
Through the slim trunks and scarlet bunches flash —
Beneath the clear chill glitterings of the dawn —
Far off, the crests, where down the rosy shore
The Pontic surges beat.
The plains lie dim below. The thin airs wash
The circuit of the autumn-colored hills,
And this high glade, whereon
The satyr pipes, who soon shall pipe no more.
He sits against the beech-tree's mighty bole, —
He leans, and with persuasive breathing fills
The happy shadows of the slant-set lawn.
The goat-feet fold beneath a gnarlèd root ;
And sweet, and sweet the note that steals and thrills
From slender stops of that shy flute.
Then to the goat-feet comes the wide-eyed fawn
Hearkening ; the rabbits fringe the glade, and lay
Their long ears to the sound ;
In the pale boughs the partridge gather round,
And quaint hern from the sea-green river reeds ;
The wild ram halts upon a rocky horn
O'erhanging ; and, unmindful of his prey,
The leopard steals with narrowed lids to lay
His spotted length along the ground.
The thin airs wash, the thin clouds wander by,
And those hushed listeners move not. All the morn
He pipes, soft-swaying, and with half-shut eye,
In rapt content of utterance, — nor heeds
The young God standing in his branchy place,
The languor on his lips, and in his face,
Divinely inaccessible, the scorn.

EPITAPH FOR A SAILOR BURIED ASHORE

HE who but yesterday would roam
Careless as clouds and currents range,
In homeless wandering most at home,
Inhabiter of change ;

Who wooed the west to win the east,
And named the stars of north and south,
And felt the zest of Freedom's feast
Familiar in his mouth ;

Who found a faith in stranger speech,
And fellowship in foreign hands,
And had within his eager reach
The relish of all lands —

How circumscribed a plot of earth
Keeps now his restless footsteps still,
Whose wish was wide as ocean's girth,
Whose will the water's will !

THE KEEPERS OF THE PASS

(WHEN ADAM DULAC AND HIS COMRADES, SWORN NOT TO RETURN ALIVE, SAVED MONTREAL FROM THE IROQUOIS)

Now heap the branchy barriers up.
No more for us shall burn
The pine-logs on the happy hearth,
For we shall not return.

We 've come to our last camping-ground.
Set axe to fir and tamarack.
The foe is here, the end is near,
And we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait,
The home-dear faces yearn,
The watchers on the steeple watch, —
For we shall not return.

For them we're come to these hard straits,
  To save from flame and wrack
The little city built far off;
  And we shall not turn back.

Now beat the yelling butchers down.
  Let musket blaze, and axe-edge burn.
Set hand to hand, lay brand to brand,
  But we shall not return.

For every man of us that falls
  Their hordes a score shall lack.
Close in about the Lily Flag!
  No man of us goes back.

For us no morrow's dawn shall break.
  Our sons and wives shall learn
Some day from lips of flying scout
  Why we might not return.

A dream of children's laughter comes
  Across the battle's slack,
A vision of familiar streets, —
  But we shall not go back.

Up roars the painted storm once more.
  Long rest we soon shall earn.
Henceforth the city safe may sleep,
  But we shall not return.

And when our last has fallen in blood
  Between these waters black,
Their tribe shall no more lust for war, —
  For we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait,
  The home-dear faces yearn,
The watchers in the steeple watch,
  For we shall not return.

THE BIRD'S SONG, THE SUN, AND THE WIND

The bird's song, the sun, and the wind —
  The wind that rushes, the sun that is still,
The song of the bird that sings alone,
  And wide light washing the lonely hill!

The Spring's coming, the buds and the brooks —
  The brooks that clamor, the buds in the rain,
The coming of Spring that comes unprayed for,
  And eyes that welcome it not for pain!

AFOOT

Comes the lure of green things growing,
Comes the call of waters flowing —
  And the wayfarer desire
Moves and wakes and would be going.

Hark the migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon!
  Hark the gossip of the grasses
Bivouacked beneath the moon!

Long the quest and far the ending
When my wayfarer is wending —
  When desire is once afoot,
Doom behind and dream attending!

In his ears the phantom chime
Of incommunicable rhyme,
  He shall chase the fleeting camp-fires
Of the Bedouins of Time.

Farer by uncharted ways,
Dumb as death to plaint or praise,
  Unreturning he shall journey,
Fellow to the nights and days;

Till upon the outer bar
Stilled the moaning currents are,
  Till the flame achieves the zenith,
Till the moth attains the star,

Till through laughter and through tears
Fair the final peace appears,
  And about the watered pastures
Sink to sleep the nomad years!

DOMINE, CUI SUNT PLEIADES CURAE

Father, who keepest
  The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
  Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
  The soft night through
Thy long, white lilies
  Asleep in Thy dew.

William Wilfred Campbell

TO THE LAKES

With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven,
O blue lakes pulsing on ;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures dead to wrong ;
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song.

I know no gladder dreaming
In all the haunts of men,
I know no silent seeming
Like to your shore and fen ;
No world of restful beauty like your world
Of curvèd shores and waters,
In sunlight vapors furled.

I pass and repass under
Your depths of peaceful blue ;
You dream your wild, hushed wonder
Mine aching heart into ;
And all the care and unrest pass away
Like night's gray, haunted shadows
At the red birth of day.

You lie in moon-white splendor
Beneath the northern sky,
Your voices soft and tender
In dream-worlds fade and die,
In whispering beaches, haunted bays and capes,
Where mists of dawn and midnight
Drift past in spectral shapes.

Beside your far north beaches
Comes late the quickening spring ;
With soft, voluptuous speeches
The summer, lingering,
Fans with hot winds your breast so still and wide,
Where June, with trancèd silence,
Drifts over shore and tide.

Beneath great crags the larches,
By some lone, northern bay,
Bend, as the strong wind marches
Out of the dull, north day,
Horning along the borders of the night,
With icèd, chopping waters
Out in the shivering light.

Here the white winter's fingers
Tip with dull fires the dawn,
Where the pale morning lingers
By stretches bleak and wan ;
Kindling the icèd capes with heatless glow,
That renders cold and colder
Lone waters, rocks and snow.

Here in the glad September,
When all the woods are red
And gold, and hearts remember
The long days that are dead ;
And all the world is mantled in a haze ;
And the wind, a mad musician,
Melodious makes the days ;

And the nights are still, and slumber
Holds all the frosty ground,
And the white stars whose number
In God's great books are found,
Gird with pale flames the spangled, frosty sky ;
By white, moon-curvèd beaches
The haunted hours go by.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat ;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall,

And a kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

A LAKE MEMORY

The lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain
Across these flats, athwart the sunset's glow,
I see her face, I know her voice again,
Her lips, her breath, O God, as long ago.

To live the sweet past over I would fain,
As lives the day in the red sunset's fire,
That all these wild, wan marshlands now would stain,
With the dawn's memories, loves and flushed desire.

I call her back across the vanished years,
Nor vain — a white-armed phantom fills her place;
Its eyes the wind-blown sunset fires, its tears
This rain of spray that blows about my face.

THE WERE-WOLVES

They hasten, still they hasten,
From the even to the dawn;
And their tired eyes gleam and glisten
Under north skies white and wan.
Each panter in the darkness
Is a demon-haunted soul,
The shadowy, phantom were-wolves,
Who circle round the Pole.

Their tongues are crimson flaming,
Their haunted blue eyes gleam,
And they strain them to the utmost
O'er frozen lake and stream;
Their cry one note of agony,
That is neither yelp nor bark,
These panters of the northern waste,
Who hound them to the dark.

You may hear their hurried breathing,
You may see their fleeting forms,
At the pallid polar midnight
When the north is gathering storms;
When the arctic frosts are flaming,
And the ice-field thunders roll;
These demon-haunted were-wolves,
Who circle round the Pole.

They hasten, still they hasten,
Across the northern night,
Filled with a frighted madness,
A horror of the light;
Forever and forever,
Like leaves before the wind,
They leave the wan, white gleaming
Of the dawning far behind.

Their only peace is darkness,
Their rest to hasten on
Into the heart of midnight,
Forever from the dawn.
Across far phantom ice-floes
The eye of night may mark
These horror-haunted were-wolves
Who hound them to the dark.

All through this hideous journey,
They are the souls of men
Who in the far dark-ages
Made Europe one black fen.
They fled from courts and convents,
And bound their mortal dust
With demon wolfish girdles
Of human hate and lust.

These who could have been god-like,
Chose, each a loathsome beast,
Amid the heart's foul graveyards,
On putrid thoughts to feast;
But the great God who made them
Gave each a human soul,
And so 'mid night forever
They circle round the Pole;

A praying for the blackness,
A longing for the night,
For each is doomed forever
By a horror of the light;
And far in the heart of midnight,
Where their shadowy flight is hurled,
They feel with pain the dawning
That creeps in round the world.

Under the northern midnight,
The white, glint ice upon,
They hasten, still they hasten,
With their horror of the dawn;
Forever and forever,
Into the night away
They hasten, still they hasten
Unto the judgment day.

Frederick George Scott

KNOWLEDGE

THEY were islanders, our fathers were,
And they watched the encircling seas,
And their hearts drank in the ceaseless stir,
And the freedom of the breeze ;
Till they chafed at their narrow bounds
And longed for the sweep of the main,
And they fretted and fumed like hounds
Held in within sight of the plain,
And the play
And the prey.

So they built them ships of wood, and sailed
To many an unknown coast ;
They braved the storm and battles hailed,
And danger they loved most ;
Till the tiny ships of wood
Grew powerful on the globe,
And the new-found lands for good
They wrapped in a wondrous robe
Of bold design,
Our brave ensign.

And islanders yet in a way are we,
Our knowledge is still confined,
And we hear the roar of encircling sea,
To be crossed in the ship of the mind ;
And we dream of lands afar,
Unknown, unconquered yet,
And we chafe at the bounds there are,
And our spirits fume and fret
For the prize
Of the wise.

But we 'll never do aught, I know, unless
We are brave as our sires of old,
And face like them the bitterness
Of the battle and storm and cold ;
Unless we boldly stand,
When men would hold us back,
With the helm-board in our hand,
And our eyes to the shining track
Of what may be
Beyond the sea.

There are rocks out there in that wide, wide sea,
'Neath many a darkling stream,
And souls that once sailed out bold and free
Have been carried away in a dream ;
For they never came back again —
On the deep the ships were lost ;
But in spite of the danger and pain,
The ocean has still to be crossed,
And only they do
Who are brave and true.

TIME

I SAW Time in his workshop carving faces ;
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting griefs,
Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
Of light and shade ; sorrows that smooth the traces
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without fresh graces
His handiwork, for ofttimes rough were ground
And polished, oft the pinched made smooth and round ;
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire replaces.
Long time I stood and watched ; with hideous grin
He took each heedless face between his knees,
And graved and scarred and bleached with boiling tears.
I wondering turned to go, when, lo ! my skin
Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn, white with years.

SAMSON

PLUNGED in night, I sit alone
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet,
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell ;

Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay,
All that dared withstand my way,

Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb, —
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

Clay was I; the potter Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spital-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame;
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them on their course,
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death —
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back, for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show —
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

VAN ELSEN

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;
He spake by sickness first and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured

Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord ;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child ;
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And, kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM

Thy glory alone, O God, be the end of all that I say ;
Let it shine in every deed, let it kindle the prayers that I pray ;
Let it burn in my innermost soul, till the shadow of self pass away,
And the light of Thy glory, O God, be unveiled in the dawning of day.

Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts

IN THE GOLDEN BIRCH

How the leaves sing to the wind !
And the wind with its turbulent voices sweet
Gives back the praise of the leaves, as is meet,
To the soft blue sky, where the cumulous clouds are thinned,
And driven away, like a flock of frightened sheep,
By the wind that waketh and putteth to sleep.

Here, in the golden birch,
Folded in rapture of golden light,
I taste the joy of the birds in their flight ;
And I watch the flickering shadows, that sway and lurch
And flutter, like dancing brownies, over the green,
And the birch is singing wherein I lean.

From over the purple hills
Comes the wind with its strange sweet song to the land ;
And the earth looks bright, as it might when planned
By the Maker, and left unblemished of human ills ;
And the river runs, like a child to its mother's knee,
To the heart of the great unresting sea.

How perfect the day, and sweet !
Over me, limitless heavens of blue ;
Close to me, leaves that the wind sifts through ;
And the one sweet song, that the wind and the leaves repeat,
Till the mild, hushed meadows listen, crowned with light,
And the hill-tops own its might !

Archibald Lampman

HEAT

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
  The road runs by me white and bare ;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
  Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half way, or it may be
  Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
  With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
  Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
  Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
  From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
  In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
  Soaks in the grass and hath his will ;
I count the marguerites one by one ;
  Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
  Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
  The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
  Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
  Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
  Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
  His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
  The cricket from the droughty ground ;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
  A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze :
  The burning sky-line blinds my sight ;
The woods far off are blue with haze ;
  The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
  Is always sharp or always sweet ;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
  I lean at rest, and drain the heat ;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
  Hath brought me wandering idly here :
In the full furnace of this hour
  My thoughts grow keen and clear.

BETWEEN THE RAPIDS

The point is turned ; the twilight shadow fills
  The wheeling stream, the soft receding shore,
And on our ears from deep among the hills
  Breaks now the rapids' sudden quickening roar.
Ah, yet the same ! or have they changed their face,
  The fair green fields, and can it still be seen,
The white log cottage near the mountain's base,
  So bright and quiet, so home-like and serene ?
Ah, well I question, for as five years go,
How many blessings fall, and how much woe.

Aye there they are, nor have they changed their cheer,
  The fields, the hut, the leafy mountain brows ;
Across the lonely dusk again I hear
  The loitering bells, the lowing of the cows,
The bleat of many sheep, the stilly rush
  Of the low whispering river, and, through all,
Soft human tongues that break the deepening hush
  With faint-heard song or desultory call :
O comrades, hold ! the longest reach is past ;
The stream runs swift, and we are flying fast.

The shore, the fields, the cottage, just the same,
  But how with them whose memory makes them sweet ?
Oh, if I called them, hailing name by name,
  Would the same lips the same old shouts repeat ?

Have the rough years, so big with death and ill,
Gone lightly by and left them smiling yet?
Wild black-eyed Jeanne whose tongue was never still,
Old wrinkled Picaud, Pierre and pale Lisette,
The homely hearts that never cared to range,
While life's wide fields were filled with rush and change.

And where is Jacques, and where is Verginie?
I cannot tell; the fields are all a blur.
The lowing cows whose shapes I scarcely see,
Oh, do they wait and do they call for her?
And is she changed, or is her heart still clear
As wind or morning, light as river foam?
Or have life's changes borne her far from here,
And far from rest, and far from help and home?
Ah comrades, soft, and let us rest awhile,
For arms grow tired with paddling many a mile.

The woods grow wild, and from the rising shore
The cool wind creeps, the faint wood odors steal;
Like ghosts adown the river's blackening floor
The misty fumes begin to creep and reel.
Once more I leave you, wandering toward the night,
Sweet home, sweet heart, that would have held me in;
Whither I go I know not, and the light
Is faint before, and rest is hard to win.
Ah, sweet ye were and near to heaven's gate;
But youth is blind and wisdom comes too late.

Blacker and loftier grow the woods, and hark!
The freshening roar! The chute is near us now,
And dim the canyon grows, and inky dark
The water whispering from the birchen prow.
One long last look, and many a sad adieu,
While eyes can see and heart can feel you yet,
I leave sweet home and sweeter hearts to you,
A prayer for Picaud, one for pale Lisette,
A kiss for Pierre, my little Jacques, and thee,
A sigh for Jeanne, a sob for Verginie.

Oh, does she still remember? Is the dream
Now dead, or has she found another mate?
So near, so dear; and ah, so swift the stream;
Even now perhaps it were not yet too late.
But, oh, what matter; for, before the night
Has reached its middle, we have far to go:
Bend to your paddles, comrades; see, the light
Ebbs off apace; we must not linger so.
Aye thus it is! Heaven gleams and then is gone.
Once, twice, it smiles, and still we wander on.

A FORECAST

What days await this woman, whose strange feet
Breathe spells, whose presence makes men dream like wine,
Tall, free and slender as the forest pine,
Whose form is moulded music, through whose sweet
Frank eyes I feel the very heart's least beat,
Keen, passionate, and full of dreams and fire:
How in the end, and to what man's desire
Shall all this yield, whose lips shall these lips meet?
One thing I know: if he be great and pure,
This love, this fire, this beauty shall endure;
Triumph and hope shall lead him by the palm:
But if not this, some differing thing he be,
That dream shall break in terror; he shall see
The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm.

THE LOONS

ONCE ye were happy, once by many a shore,
Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,
Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men; he bore
Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
And then at last he took his unseen way.
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more:
And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres
Still must ye search and wander querulously,
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light
With weird entreaties, and in agony
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS

BESIDE the pounding cataracts
Of midnight streams unknown to us,
'T is builded in the dismal tracts
And valleys huge of Tartarus.
Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
It hath no rounded name that rings,
But I have heard it called in dreams
The City of the End of Things.

Its roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flaming terrible and bright
Shakes all the stalking shadows there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.
Through its grim depths reëchoing,
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway,
The beat, the thunder, and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night nor day.

And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that, with clanking hands,
Obey a hideous routine.
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,
And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry.
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean Death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venomed air;
Or, caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapped and cut,
His soul would shrivel, and its shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.

It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,
Fair voices echoed from its stones,
The light above it leaped and shone.
Once there were multitudes of men
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered, age by age, and died;
And now of that prodigious race
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,
Beyond the reach of memories:
Fast-rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more
Or mind or soul, — an idiot!

But some time in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the masters' touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness, absolute as death,
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall smoulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,

And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century.
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Or trunk of tree or blade of grass ;
No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
Nor sound of any foot shall pass.
Alone of its accursèd state
One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
For the grim Idiot at the gate
Is deathless and eternal there !

Bliss Carman

MARIAN DRURY

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,
How are the marshes full of the sea !
Acadie dreams of your coming home
All year through, and her heart gets free, —

Free on the trail of the wind to travel,
Search and course with the roving tide,
All year long where his hands unravel
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,
How are the marshes full of the surge !
April over the Norland now
Walks in the quiet from verge to verge.

Burying, brimming, the building billows
Fret the long dikes with uneasy foam.
Drenched with gold weather, the idling willows
Kiss you a hand from the Norland home.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,
How are the marshes full of the sun !
Blomidon waits for your coming home,
All day long where the white wings run.

All spring through they falter and follow,
Wander, and beckon the roving tide,
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,
How are the marshes full of the rain !
April over the Norland now
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain, —

Halts before the forsaken dwelling,
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,
Love, whom the fingers of death are quelling,
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,
How are the marshes filled with you !
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home, —
Dreams while the rainbirds all night through,

Far in the uplands calling to win you,
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide ;
And never the burning heart within you
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

A SEA CHILD

The lover of child Marjory
Had one white hour of life brim full ;
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,
Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,
The glad indomitable sea,
The strong white sun.

GOLDEN ROWAN

She lived where the mountains go down to the sea,
And river and tide confer.
Golden Rowan, in Menalowan,
Was the name they gave to her.

She had the soul no circumstance
Can hurry or defer.
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
How time stood still for her !

Her playmates for their lovers grew,
But that shy wanderer,
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
Knew love was not for her.

Hers was the love of wilding things ;
To hear a squirrel chir
In the golden rowan of Menalowan
Was joy enough for her.

She sleeps on the hill with the lonely sun,
Where in the days that were,
The golden rowan of Menalowan
So often shadowed her.

The scarlet fruit will come to fill,
The scarlet spring to stir
The golden rowan of Menalowan,
And wake no dream for her.

Only the wind is over her grave,
For mourner and comforter ;
And "Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,"
Is all we know of her.

SPRING SONG

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir !
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir !

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish ;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one !

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing !
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow —
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing !

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again ;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain ;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir !
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whiskey-jack, or tanager, —
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir !

Make me even (How do I know ?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there ;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.
Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there !

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night !
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,
For the perishing delight, —
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night !

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir !
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr !
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir !

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return ;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor
Where the Indian willows burn ;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return,

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self, bird, bud, or Bluenose,
Some day I may capture (Who knows ?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb, —
Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,
Vasts and verges of illusion, —

So I win, to time's confusion,
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap forgets to climb !

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world !
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colors once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled !
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world !

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more ;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore !
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more !

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main !
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain !

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir !
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone of fir ;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir !

A MORE ANCIENT MARINER

THE swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly velveted rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder ;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

He harries the ports of the Hollyhocks,
And levies on poor Sweetbrier ;
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox,
And the Rose is his desire.

He hangs in the Willows a night and a day ;
He rifles the Buckwheat patches ;
Then battens his store of pelf galore
Under the tautest hatches.

He woos the Poppy and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily.

There 's not a soul in the garden world
But wishes the day were shorter,
When Mariner B. puts out to sea
With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say ! But I have my doubts ;
For the flowers are only human,
And the valor and gold of a vagrant bold
Were always dear to woman.

He dares to boast, along the coast,
The beauty of Highland Heather, —
How he and she, with night on the sea,
Lay out on the hills together.

He pilfers from every port of the wind,
From April to golden autumn ;
But the thieving ways of his mortal days
Are those his mother taught him.

His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed ;
He prospers after his kind,
And follows an instinct, compass-sure,
The philosophers call blind.

And that is why, when he comes to die,
He 'll have an easier sentence
Than some one I know who thinks just so,
And then leaves room for repentance.

He never could box the compass round ;
He does n't know port from starboard ;
But he knows the gates of the Sundown Straits,
Where the choicest goods are harbored.

He never could see the Rule of Three,
But he knows a rule of thumb

Better than Euclid's, better than yours,
Or the teachers' yet to come.

He knows the smell of the hydromel
As if two and two were five ;
And hides it away for a year and a day
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, hap-hazard, alone,
Booms the old vagrant hummer,
With only his whim to pilot him
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He steers and steers on the slant of the gale,
Like the fiend or Vanderdecken ;
And there 's never an unknown course to sail
But his crazy log can reckon.

He drones along with his rough sea-song
And the throat of a salty tar,
This devil-may-care, till he makes his lair
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord,
And works like a Trojan hero ;
Then loafs all winter upon his hoard,
With the mercury at zero.

A WINDFLOWER

Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

The chance of straying feet came by, —
Nor death nor love nor any name
Known among men in all their lands, —
Yet failure put desire to shame.

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone ;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon.

How fair my thousand brothers wave
Upon the floor of God's abode :
Whence came that careless wanderer
Between the woodside and the road !

THE MENDICANTS

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old ;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless ! Not one heeds,
As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
One great new-minted gold To-day.

Ungrateful heart and grudging thanks,
His beggar's wisdom only sees
Housing and bread and beer enough ;
He knows no other things than these.

O foolish ones, put by your care !
Where wants are many, joys are few ;
And at the wilding springs of peace,
God keeps an open house for you.

But that some Fortunatus' gift
Is lying there within his hand,
More costly than a pot of pearls,
His dulness does not understand.

And so his creature heart is filled ;
His shrunken self goes starved away.
Let him wear brand-new garments still,
Who has a threadbare soul, I say.

But there be others, happier few,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with spring ;
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They too receive each one his Day ;
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,
And laughing flipped it in the air ;

But when two strolling pipe-players
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;
Then supperless he laid him down
That night, and slept beneath the stars.

SONG

Love, by that loosened hair
Well now I know
Where the lost Lilith went
So long ago.

Love, by those starry eyes
I understand
How the sea maidens lure
Mortals from land.

Love, by that welling laugh
Joy claims his own
Sea-born and wind-wayward
Child of the sun.

HACK AND HEW

Hack and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now:
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
To beauty and speed outgrew, —
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,
And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We 'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with those shadowy two, —
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

ENVOY

I

Have little care that Life is brief,
And less that Art is long.
Success is in the silences
Though Fame is in the song.

II

With the Orient in her eyes,
Life my mistress lured me on.
"Knowledge," said that look of hers,
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves,
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers,
And I drank who now am here
Where my dust with dust confers.

S. Frances Harrison

("SERANUS")

CHATEAU PAPINEAU

(AFLOAT)

I

THE red tiled towers of the old Château,
  Perched on the cliff above our bark,
Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau
  Consumes them still with its fever spark,
The red tiled towers of the old Château!

Drift by and mark how bright they show,
  And how the mullioned windows — mark!
Burn in the western evening glow!

Drift down, or up, where'er you go,
  They flame from out the distant park,
The red tiled towers of the old Château.

So was it once with friend, with foe;
  Far off they saw the patriot's ark
Burn in the western evening glow.

Think of him now! One thought bestow,
  As, blazing against the pine trees dark,
The red tiled towers of the old Château
Burn in the western evening glow!

(ASHORE)

II

Within this charmèd cool retreat
  Where bounty dwelt and beauty waits,
The Old World and the New World meet.

Quitting the straggling village street,
  Enter, — passing the great gray gates,
Within this charmèd cool retreat.

Where thrives a garden, ancient, neat,
  Where vulgar noise ne'er penetrates,
The Old World and the New World meet.

For mouldering vault and carven seat
  Tell us that France predominates
Within this charmèd cool retreat,
Though Canada be felt in beat
  Of summer pulse that enervates:
The Old World and the New World meet

In dial, arbor, tropic heat.
  Enter! And note, how clear all states
That, in this charmèd cool retreat,
The Old World and the New World meet.

III

The garden 's past. 'T is forest now
  Encircling us with leafy tide,
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

So beautiful a wood, we vow,
  Was never seen, so fresh, so wide.
The garden 's past, 't is forest now,

'T is more, 't is Canada, and how
  Should feudal leaven lurk and hide
Close clustering in green branch and bough?

Quaintly the dial on the brow
  Of yonder open glade is spied;
The garden 's past, 't is forest now,

Yet doth the dial straight endow
  The green with glamor undenied,
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

Such relics who would disallow?
  We pause and ponder; turn aside;
The garden 's past, 't is forest now,
Close clustering in green branch and bough.

IV

The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade,
  "Monseigneur" up in his tarnished frame,
A long low terrace, half sun, half shade;

Tapestry, dusty, dim and frayed,
  Fauteuil and sofa, a flickering flame,
A glint of steel, a gleam of brocade;

"Mdme" on the wall as a roguish maid,
  Later — some years — as a portly dame,
The long low terrace, half sun, half shade,

Where "Mdme's" ghost and "Monsieur's" parade,
And play at *ombre*, their favorite game!
The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade,

Hang over hall and balustrade.
Paceth a spectral peacock tame
The long low terrace, half sun, half shade.

Waketh a nightly serenade
Where daylight now we see proclaim
The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade,
The long low terrace, half sun, half shade!

V

The spell of Age is over all,
The lichened vault, the massive keep,
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall,

And mediæval mists enthrall
The senses bathed in beauty sleep,—
The spell of age is over all!

No marvel if a silken shawl
Be sometimes heard to trail and sweep
The shaded walks, the shadowy hall.

No marvel if a light footfall
Adown the stair be heard to creep,—
The spell of age is over all.

A foot — we muse — both arched and small,
Doth often tread this terrace steep,
Those shaded walks, this shadowy hall

A foot as white as trilliums tall —
Musing, the wall we lightly leap.
The spell of Age is over all!
The shaded walks — the shadowy hall.

SEPTEMBER

I

Birds that were gray in the green are black in the yellow.
Here where the green remains rocks one little fellow.

Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?
More than that — do you know that the yellow is showing?

II

Singer of songs, do you know that your youth is flying?
That Age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?
More than that — do you know that the gray is showing?

Duncan Campbell Scott

ABOVE ST. IRÉNÉE

I rested on the breezy height,
In cooler shade and clearer air,
Beneath a maple tree;
Below, the mighty river took
Its sparkling shade and sheeny light
Down to the sombre sea,
And clustered by the leaping brook
The roofs of white St. Irénée.

The sapphire hills on either hand
Broke down upon the silver tide,
The river ran in streams,
In streams of mingled azure-gray
With here a broken purple band,
And whorls of drab, and beams
Of shattered silver light astray,
Where far away the south shore gleams.

I walked a mile along the height
Between the flowers upon the road,
Asters and golden-rod;
And in the gardens pinks and stocks,
And gaudy poppies shaking light,
And daisies blooming near the sod,
And lowly pansies set in flocks
With purple monkshood overawed.

And there I saw a little child
Between the tossing golden-rod,
Coming along to me;
She was a tender little thing,
So fragile-sweet, so Mary-mild,
I thought her name Marie;
No other name methought could cling
To any one so fair as she.

And when we came at last to meet,
I spoke a simple word to her,
"Where are you going, Marie?"
She answered and she did not smile,
But oh, her voice, — her voice so sweet,
"Down to St. Irénée,"
And so passed on to walk her mile,
And left the lonely road to me.

A LITTLE SONG

The sunset in the rosy west
Burned soft and high;
A shore-lark fell like a stone to his nest
In the waving rye.

A wind came over the garden beds
From the dreamy lawn,
The pansies nodded their purple heads,
The poppies began to yawn.

One pansy said: It is only sleep,
Only his gentle breath:
But a rose lay strewn in a snowy heap,
For the rose it was only death.

Heigho, we've only one life to live,
And only one death to die:
Good-morrow, new world, have you nothing to give? —
Good-bye, old world, good-bye.

AT LES ÉBOULEMENTS

The bay is set with ashy sails,
With purple shades that fade and flee,
And curling by in silver wales
The tide is straining from the sea.

The grassy points are slowly drowned,
The water laps and overrolls
The wicker pêche; with shallow sound
A light wave labors on the shoals.

The crows are feeding in the foam,
They rise in crowds tumultuously,
"Come home," they cry, "come home, — come home,
And leave the marshes to the sea."

OTTAWA

City about whose brow the north winds blow,
Girdled with woods and shod with river foam,
Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they but pure as thine own snow;
Rather flash up amid the auroral glow,
The Lamia city of the northern star,
Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,
Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.
Thou art too bright for guile, too young for tears,
And thou wilt live to be too strong for Time;
For he may mock thee with his furrowed frowns,
But thou wilt grow in calm throughout the years,
Cinctured with peace and crowned with power sublime,
The maiden queen of all the towered towns.

AT THE CEDARS

You had two girls — Baptiste —
One is Virginie —
Hold hard — Baptiste!
Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed,
In that bend at the Cedars;
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The Devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days — not a budge!
"She's as tight as a wedge
On the ledge,"
Says our foreman:
"Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear."

He cursed at the men,
And we went for it then ;
With our cant-dogs arow,
We just gave he-yo-ho,
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled, and tore
For the shore ;
The logs gave a grind,
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaàc Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in the front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole
And tossed us a song.
But, just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet fair and square,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock ;
And when he was there,
In the air,
Kissed his hand
To the land.
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him
And crushed him ;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know, — on the still side
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaàc
Fall back.

She did not scream, Baptiste,
She launched her canoe ;
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink —

Baptiste !
He had two girls,
One is Virginie ;
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

IN NOVEMBER

The ruddy sunset lies
  Banked along the west ;
In flocks with sweep and rise
  The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
  And the reeds look cold,
Standing above the pools,
  Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod
  Has lost her worldly mood,
She 's given herself to God,
  And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde,
  That kept the summer revel,
Have taken the serge and cord,
  And given the slip to the Devil.

The winter 's loose somewhere,
  Gathering snow for a fight ;
From the feel of the air
  I think it will freeze to-night.

THE REED-PLAYER

By a dim shore where water darkening
  Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, hearkening
  For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
  Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bittern's cry, as one that grieves
  Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fire-flies shine below the wood,
  Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel, from some great altitude,
  The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill ;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern ;
Its enigmatic fall
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
And argent interval.

I could not know the message that he bore,
The springs of life from me
Hidden ; his incommunicable lore
As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.

LIFE AND DEATH

I THOUGHT of death beside the lonely sea
That went beyond the limit of my sight,
Seeming the image of his mastery,
The semblance of his huge and gloomy might.

But firm beneath the sea went the great earth,
With sober bulk and adamantine hold,
The water but a mantle for her girth,
That played about her splendor fold on fold.

And life seemed like this dear familiar shore
That stretched from the wet sand's last wavy crease,
Beneath the sea's remote and sombre roar,
To inland stillness and the wilds of peace.

Death seems triumphant only here and there ;
Life is the sovereign presence everywhere.

THE END OF THE DAY

I HEAR the bells at eventide
Peal slowly one by one,
Near and far off they break and glide,
Across the stream float faintly beautiful
The antiphonal bells of Hull ;
The day is done, done, done,
The day is done.

The dew has gathered in the flowers
Like tears from some unconscious deep,
The swallows whirl around the towers,
The light runs out beyond the long cloud bars,
And leaves the single stars ;
'T is time for sleep, sleep, sleep,
'T is time for sleep.

The hermit thrush begins again,
Timorous eremite,
That song of risen tears and pain,
As if the one he loved was far away :
"Alas ! another day —"
"And now Good-Night, Good-Night,"
"Good-Night."

Gilbert Parker

SONNETS FROM "A LOVER'S DIARY"

LOVE'S OUTSET

As one would stand who saw a sudden light
Flood down the world, and so encompass him,
And in that world illumined Seraphim
Brooded above and gladdened to his sight ;
So stand I in the flame of one great thought,
That broadens to my soul from where she waits,
Who, yesterday, drew wide the inner gates
Of all my being to the hopes I sought.

Her words came to me like a summer-song,
Blown from the throat of some sweet nightingale;
I stand within her light the whole day long,
And think upon her till the white stars fail:
I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,
And see no farther than my lady's eyes.

A WOMAN'S HAND

I

None ever climbed to mountain height of song,
But felt the touch of some good woman's palm;
None ever reached God's altitude of calm,
But heard one voice cry, "Follow!" from the throng.
I would not place her as an image high
Above my reach, cold, in some dim recess,
Where never she should feel a warm caress
Of this my hand that serves her till I die.
I would not set her higher than my heart, —
Though she is nobler than I e'er can be, —
Because she placed me from the crowd apart,
And with her tenderness she honored me.
Because of this, I hold me worthier
To be her kinsman, while I worship her.

II

A woman's hand. Lo, I am thankful now
That with its touch I have walked all my days;
Rising from fateful and forbidden ways,
To find a woman's hand upon my brow,
Soft as a pad of rose-leaves, and as pure
As upraised palms of angels, seen in dreams:
And soothed by it, to stand as it beseems
A man who strives to conquer and endure.
A woman's hand! — There is no better thing
Of all things human; it is half divine;
It hath been more to this lame life of mine,
When faith was weakness, and despair was king.
Man more than all men, Thou wast glad to bless
A woman's sacrifice and tenderness.

ART

I

Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's large corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to merge
The lines of color that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly scan!
To draw in a stark light a shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!
To cherish honor, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give thoughts a name!

II

But wherein shall art work? Shall beauty lead
It captive, and set kisses on its mouth?
Shall it be strained unto the breast of youth,
And in a garden live where grows no weed?
Shall it, in dalliance with the flaunting world,
Play but soft airs, sing but sweet-tempered songs?
Veer lightly from the stress of all great wrongs,
And lisp of peace 'mid battle-flags unfurled?
Shall it but pluck the sleeve of wantonness,
And gently chide the folly of our time?
But wave its golden wand at sin's duress,
And say, "Ah me! ah me!" to fallow crime?
Nay; Art serves Truth, and Truth, with Titan blows,
Strikes fearless at all evil that it knows.

INVINCIBLE

WHY, let them rail! God's full anointed ones
Have heard the world exclaim, "We know you not!"
They who by their soul's travailing have brought
Us nearer to the wonder of the suns.
Yet, who can stay the passage of the stars?
Who can prevail against the thunder-sound?
The wire that flashes lightning to the ground
Diverts, but not its potency debars.
So, men may strike quick stabs at Cæsar's worth, —
They only make his life an endless force,
'Scaped from its penthouse, flashing through the earth,
And whelming those who railed about his corse.
Men's moods disturb not those born truly great:
They know their end; they can afford to wait.

ENVOY

WHEN you and I have played the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword; and, smiling, draw the breath,
The first long breath of freedom; when the flower
Of Recompense hath fluttered to our feet,
As to an actor's; and the curtain down,
We turn to face each other all alone —
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
Alone, and absolute, and free: oh, then,
Oh, then, most dear, how shall be told the tale?
Clasped hands, pressed lips, and so clasped hands again;
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan
Of joy; and then our infinite Alone.

E. Pauline Johnson

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing 's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest:
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow:
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!
And far to forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle ! be brave, canoe !
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We 've raced the rapids ; we 're far ahead :
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

AT HUSKING TIME

At husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades
  Whose rustling sheath enswathes the corn
  That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades
'Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked, and torn
  At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids ;
  The sly raccoon with craft inborn
  His portion steals, — from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
  At husking time.

THE VAGABONDS

What saw you in your flight to-day,
Crows a-winging your homeward way ?

Went you far in carrion quest,
Crows that worry the sunless west ?

Thieves and villains, you shameless
  things !
Black your record as black your wings.

Tell me, birds of the inky hue,
Plunderous rogues — to-day have you

Seen with mischievous, prying eyes
Lands where earlier suns arise ?

Saw you a lazy beck between
Trees that shadow its breast in green,

Teased by obstinate stones that lie
Crossing the current tauntingly ?

Fields abloom on the farther side
With purpling clover lying wide,

Saw you there as you circled by,
Vale-environed a cottage lie —

Girt about with emerald bands,
Nestling down in its meadow lands ?

Saw you this on your thieving raids ?
Speak — you rascally renegades.

Thieved you also away from me
Olden scenes that I long to see ?

If O crows ! you have flown since morn
Over the place where I was born,

Forget, will I, how black you were
Since dawn, in feather and character ;

Absolve, will I, your vagrant band,
Ere you enter your slumber-land.

Arthur Weir

SNOWSHOEING SONG

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
Gather, gather, ye men in white ;
The winds blow keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white ;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo !
Swiftly in single file we go,
The city is soon left far below,
Its countless lights like diamonds glow ;
And as we climb we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the
  snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Like winding-sheet about the dead,
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread;
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The magpies toss their boughs o'erhead.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past.
Descent begins, 't is ever fast —
One short quick run, and toil is done,
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow;
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie,
Fling tuque and mittens lightly by;
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast!
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring;
Here 's to our host, drink down the toast,
Then up! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
The moon is sinking out of sight,
Across the sky dark clouds take flight,
And dimly looms the mountain height;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE WIND OF DEATH

The wind of death that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate,
As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my veins early and late,
But now a wind falls from above —

The wind of death that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled,
But now the old time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath!

And once, but once at Love's dear feet,
I yielded strength, and life, and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete;
The wind blows loves like leaves apart —
The wind of death that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood,
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at mid day standeth Night
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls:
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me — make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

THE SNOW STORM

THE great soft downy snow storm like a cloak
Descends to wrap the lean world head to feet;
It gives the dead another winding sheet,
It buries all the roofs until the smoke
Seems like a soul that from its clay has broke.
It broods moon-like upon the Autumn wheat,
And visits all the trees in their retreat
To hood and mantle that poor shivering folk.
With wintry bloom it fills the harshest grooves
In jagged pine stump fences. Every sound
It hushes to the footstep of a nun.
Sweet Charity! that brightens where it moves
Inducing darkest bits of churlish ground
To give a radiant answer to the sun.

TO FEBRUARY

BUILD high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers,
Storm with a loud and a portentous lip.
And April with a fragmentary breeze,
And half a score of gentle golden hours,
Will leave no trace of your stern workmanship.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

These Notes are restricted, for the most part, to the simplest biographical data concerning the poets quoted in this volume, with mention of their leading works. In "Victorian Poets"—the book, by the present editor, to which "A Victorian Anthology" is adapted—a critical review is essayed of those among the following authors who became known earlier than the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign.

Where records of birth, death, etc., differ from those previously accepted, there is good authority for the statements made.

ADAMS, Sarah Fuller (Flower), b. Harlow, 1805; d. 1848. Daughter of Benjamin Flower, journalist and politician. In 1834 she married William Bridges Adams. Was connected with the religious society at Finsbury, under the care of William Johnson Fox. "Vivia Perpetua," her dramatic poem, was published in 1841.

ADDLESHAW, Percy, barrister, b. Bowden, Cheshire, 186–. Was graduated at Christchurch, Oxford. Was called to the bar, 1893. Has written articles, poems, and reviews for various publications, and under the pseudonym of "Percy Hemingway" published "Out of Egypt," a volume of short stories, 1894, and "The Happy Wanderer and other Poems," 1895.

AÏDÉ, Hamilton, novelist and song-writer, b. Paris, 1829. Educated at the University of Bonn. Has written a number of novels, and is well known as the author of many favorite songs, set to music by Blumenthal and others. His "Eleonore, and other Poems" appeared in 1856; "The Romance of the Scarlet Leaf, and other Poems," 1865; "Songs without Music," 1882.

AIRD, Thomas, journalist, b. Bowden, 1802; d., Castle Bank, Dumfries, 1876. Educated at Edinburgh University. Editor of the "Dumfries Herald" and later of the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal." In 1852 brought out the works of D. M. Moir, with a memoir, and in 1856 a collective edition of his own poems. Contributor to "Blackwood's."

ALEXANDER, Cecil Frances (Humphries), b. Strabane, Ireland, 182–. Daughter of Major Humphries. Married Rev. William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry, in 1850. Her publications, consisting of stories and poems for children, were issued anonymously. Edited the "Sunday Book of Poetry," of the "Golden Treasury" Series.

ALFORD, Henry, divine, b. London, 1810; d. Canterbury, 1871. Educated at Trinity College, where he took a fellowship in 1834. From 1853 to 1857 preached in the Quebec Street Chapel. In 1857 succeeded to the deanery of Canterbury. First editor of the "Contemporary Review," and author of a standard critical edition of the Greek Testament. The fourth edition of his poems appeared in 1865.

ALLINGHAM, William, editor and balladist, b. Ballyshannon, 1824; d. Whitby, 1889. Contributed to the "Athenæum" and other periodicals, and edited "Fraser." In 1850 his first volume, "Poems," appeared, and in 1855 an enlarged edition of "Day and Night Songs," illustrated by Rossetti, Millais, and A. Hughes. Author of "Songs, Poems and Ballads," 1877; "Evil May-Day," 1883; "Ashby Manor," a drama, 1883; and "Blackberries," 1884.

ANDERSON, Alexander, railway laborer, b. Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, 1845. Adopted the pseudonym of "Surfaceman," and has published "Songs of Labor," 1873; "The Two Angels and other Poems: with Introductory Sketch by George Gilfillan," 1875; "Songs of the Rail," 1877, 1881; "Ballads and Sonnets," 1879.

ARMSTRONG, G. F.—See *G. F. Savage-Armstrong.*

ARNOLD, Sir Edwin, editor and Sanscrit scholar, b. Sussex, 1832. Educated at King's College, London, and University College, Oxford. Was made Principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poona and Fellow of the University of Bombay. In 1861 he returned to England and went on the staff of the London "Daily Telegraph," during his connection with which he brought about the expedition of George Smith to Assyria in 1873, and that of Henry M. Stanley to Africa in 1874. When the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, he was named a Companion of the Star of

India; the King of Siam conferred upon him the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant; and in 1876 he received the Second Class of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan of Turkey. Visited America, 1892, and gave readings from his poems. As will be seen from the following list of his principal poetical works, he has devoted his muse to the idealization of the Oriental legendary, and especially the Buddhist faith, making this a field of his own, as compared with any English poet since Sir William Jones. Was knighted by the Queen in 1888. Author of "Poems Narrative and Lyrical," 1853; "Griselda and other Poems," 1856; "The Poets of Greece," 1869; "The Light of Asia," 1879; "Indian Poetry," 1881; "Pearls of the Faith," 1883; "India Revisited," 1886; "Lotus and Jewel," 1887; "The Light of the World," 1891; "Japonica," 1891; "Potiphar's Wife and other Poems," 1892; "The Tenth Muse," 1895.

ARNOLD, Matthew, critic of life, letters, and belief, b. Laleham, 24 December, 1822; d. Liverpool, 15 April, 1888. Eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the renowned master of Rugby. Educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford. Scholar of Balliol, 1840; winner of the Newdigate prize by his poem of "Cromwell," 1843; Fellow of Oriel College, 1845. Professor of Poetry, Oxford, 1857-67. Eminently a university man and equally an independent thinker, he made and retained his hold on Oxford thought as no other man of his generation, arousing younger minds to a fine enthusiasm. Was a comrade of Clough, — the subject of his poem, "The Scholar Gypsy," and of the pastoral elegy, "Thyrsis," — and with him experienced the unsettling effect of the Tractarian movement. A noble melancholy thenceforth tinged his writings. He arrived at something like agnosticism, and warred against dogma of every kind; but emancipated thought, and was the rebuker of vulgarity and the apostle of true culture. Was the greatest of Victorian critics, as may be seen from his lectures "On Translating Homer," 1861; "Celtic Literature," 1868, etc.; and from his typical books of social and theological criticism: "Culture and Anarchy," 1869; "St. Paul and Protestantism," 1870; "Literature and Dogma," 1873; "Literature and Science," 1882. His earliest poems were "The Strayed Reveller," etc., 1848; "Empedocles on Etna," 1855. These were followed by "Merope," 1861; "New Poems," 1868. The prefaces to some of his own editions, and to editions of Wordsworth and Byron, are of the highest order. For years he held official positions as Inspector of Schools and Commissioner on Education. Received the following degrees: LL. D., Edinburgh, 1869; Oxford, 1870; Cambridge, 1883. Cp. "Victorian Poets," chaps. iii, xii. [E. C. S.]

ASHBY-STERRY, Joseph, essayist, poet, and novelist, b. London, 1838. Resident in London, where he is an authority on matters connected with pleasure-boating on the Thames, of which he has always been an ardent devotee. Much of his writing is related to his out-door life. Besides his contributions to magazines, he has written regularly for the press, and is a member of the editorial staff of the London "Graphic." Among his best known works are "Shuttlecock Papers," 1873; "Tiny Travels," 1874; "Boudoir Ballads," 1876; "Cucumber Chronicles," 1887; "The Lazy Minstrel," 1887; "Nutshell Novels," 1890; "A Naughty Girl," 1893.

ASHE, Thomas, instructor, b. Stockport, Cheshire, 1836; d. 1889. Was graduated at St. John's, Cambridge; was ordained and became a teacher. Afterwards was curate of Silverstorn, Northamptonshire, but in a short time resigned and resumed teaching. Author of several volumes of verse, the first appearing in 1859. Published a drama, "The Sorrows of Hypsipyle," "Songs Now and Then" appeared in 1875, and in 1886 a complete edition of his poems was issued.

AUSTIN, Alfred, journalist and critic, b. Headingley, near Leeds, 1835. Educated at Stonyhurst, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. Took a degree at the University of London, 1853; was called to the bar in 1857, but devoted himself almost entirely to literature. Has been a writer for the "Standard" and the "Quarterly Review," and editor of the "National Review." Author of notable criticism on "The Poetry of the Period," of various essays, three novels, and of many volumes of poems and poetic dramas. Among the latter are: "The Human Tragedy," 1872, 1876; "Savonarola," 1881; "At the Gate of the Convent," 1885; "English Lyrics," 1890; "Prince Lucifer," 1891; "Narrative Poems," 1891; "Fortunatus the Pessimist," 1892.

AYTOUN, William Edmonstoune, professor, b. Edinburgh, 1813; d. Blackhills, near Elgin, 1865. Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," 1848, and many other poems, and also of stories published in "Blackwood's." He was at one time a member of the staff of "Blackwood's" and then professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh. In addition to his other literary labors, he collected and annotated the ballads of Scotland. "Firmilian," 1854, was a brilliant take-off, satirizing the "Spasmodic School" of poetry. The racy "Bon Gualtier's Book of Ballads," 1856, was the joint work of Aytoun and Sir Theo. Martin.

BAILEY, Philip James, barrister, b. Nottingham, 1816. Studied at the University of Glasgow. Admitted to the bar in 1840. "Festus," his extended poem, was first published in 1839, and, after it had passed through a great number of editions, the enlarged "Jubilee Edition" was brought out in 1889, and included most of his other poems, viz.: "The Angel World," 1850; "The Mystic," "The Spiritual Legend," and "The Universal Hymn," 1868.

BALLANTINE, James, artist, b. Edinburgh, 1808; d. 1877. Published "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," 1843; "The Miller of Dearbaugh," and a collective edition of his poems, in 1856. Known also as a painter on glass. Some of his art work may be found in Westminster Palace.

BANIM, John, dramatist and novelist, b. Kilkenny, 1798; d. 1842. With his brother Michael, wrote a series of novels dealing with Irish life. "Tales of the O'Hara Family" vividly portray the condition of the Irish peasantry. His few poems are published chiefly in a volume entitled "The Chant of the Cholera: Songs for the Irish People."

BARHAM, Richard Harris, clerical wit, b. Canterbury, 1788; d. 1845. Known as "Thomas Ingoldsby," and contributed a series of quaint and comical stories in rhyme, "The Ingoldsby Legends," to "Bentley's Miscellany." These were afterwards collected in book form, and are still famous in their kind. Also wrote a novel, "My Cousin Nicholas." Appointed minor canon of St. Paul's and became vicar of the City churches of St. Augustine and St. Faith.

BARING-GOULD, Sabine, clergyman, b. Exeter, 1834. Took the degree of M. A. at Clare College, Cambridge, 1856. Appointed incumbent of Dalton, Thirsh, 1869, and rector of East Mersea, Colchester, 1871. In 1881 became rector of Lew-Trenchard. Has written extensively on religious subjects, and of late years has become well known as a novelist. Brought out a volume of poems in 1868.

BARLOW, George, b. London, 1847. Educated at Harrow School and at Exeter College, Oxford. His first book, "Poems and Sonnets," 1871, appeared while he was an undergraduate. Since then, a fluent lyrical writer, he has written many volumes of poetry, of which "The Pageant of Life," 1888, has gained the most attention.

BARLOW, Jane, b. Clontarf, County Dublin, in which neighborhood she has always resided. Daughter of the Rev. James Barlow, of Dublin University. Her verses picturing Irish life and sentiment have been issued in both England and the United States. "Bogland Studies," her first book, was published in 1892. This was followed by "Irish Idyls," 1893; "Kerrigan's Quality," 1894. Encouraged by the favor awarded to these sketches and poems, Miss Barlow is engaged upon other work. "The End of Elfintown," a fairy tale in verse, and an English rendering of the "Batrachomyomachia," are announced for publication.

BARNES, William, clergyman, b. Dorset, 1801; d. 1886. Was an engraver in his youth, but meanwhile took up the study of Oriental languages. In 1847 became curate of Whitcombe, and in 1862 rector of Winterbourne Came. His poems in Dorset dialect were published in 1844, and again in 1856. "Poems of Rural Life," 1868, is a translation into ordinary English of some of his unpublished poems. Was author, also, of important works bearing on philology and early English history.

BAYLY, Thomas Haynes, song-writer, b. Bath, 1797; d. Boulogne-sur-Mer, 1839. Studied theology and law. Began writing poetry when young. At one time his ballads were quite popular among the English upper classes; some of the best known are, "The Rose that all are Praising," "O, no! We never mention Her," and "Gaily the Troubadour."

BEACONSFIELD, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of, novelist, statesman, and Premier of the Realm, b. London, 1804; d. London, 1881. Educated under tutors. Entered Parliament, 1837. Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852 and again in 1858, and prime minister in 1868 and 1874–80. In 1877 was raised to the peerage and created Earl of Beaconsfield. His novels, "Coningsby," 1844, and "Sybil," 1845, revolutionized certain political methods of the time and gave him a brilliant reputation as a novelist of politics and high-life which he maintained to his closing years, "Lothair," 1870, having been read still more widely than his earlier works. "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy" appeared in 1833; "Rise of Iskander" and the "Revolutionary Epic," 1834; "Tragedy of Count Alarcos," 1839. "Endymion," his last novel, was issued in 1880.

BEATTY, Pakenham Thomas, b. 1855. Author of "To my Lady," 1878; "Three Women of the People," 1881; and "Marcia, a Tragedy," 1884.

BEDDOES, Thomas Lovell, physiologist, b. Clifton, 1803; d. Basle, Switzerland, 1849. Son of Thomas Beddoes, M. D., an eminent savant. Took his degree at Pembroke College, Oxford; adopted his father's profession, but having means, studied in Germany and mastered and advanced the science of physiology. A precocious genius, he wrote plays and lyrics while yet a youth, publishing "The Bride's Tragedy" in 1822. This gained the critical favor of George Darley, like whom he was indeed "a belated Elizabethan." The maturer and more powerful drama, "Death's Jest Book," appeared after his death, in the Pickering collection of his plays and poems, 1851.

BEECHING, Henry Charles, clergyman, b. 185–. Rector of Yattendon, Berks. Edited some of Shakespeare's plays, and in conjunction with J. W. Mackail and J. B. B. Nichols wrote "Love in Idleness," published in 1883, and "Love's Looking Glass," 1891, both volumes of verse. Author of "In a Garden," a volume of lyrics, 1895.

BELL, H. T. Mackenzie, critic, b. Liverpool, 1856. He has had an active literary career, contributing to the "Academy" and other periodicals, and writing many critical and biographical notices of Victorian authors. Has published in verse "The Keeping of the Vow," 1879; "Verses of Varied Life," 1882; "Old

Year Leaves," 1883. In 1884 brought out a biographical and critical monograph on Charles Whitehead, of which an enlarged edition has since appeared. "Spring's Immortality and other Poems" was issued in 1893. Is now about to publish a monograph on Christina Rossetti.

BENNETT, William Cox, journalist, b. Greenwich, 1820. Has always taken an active interest in educational matters and in the establishment of local institutions for the benefit of the people. Has written several volumes of verse, the first of which appeared in 1843. Was a member of the staff of the "Weekly Dispatch," the London "Figaro," and other periodicals. Received the degree of LL. D. from the University of Tusculum in 1869.

BENSON, Arthur Christopher, educator, b. Wellington College (of which his father was then head-master), Wokingham, 1862. Eldest surviving son of Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. Took a first class in the Classical Tripos, 1884. Became an assistant master at Eton College, 1885, a position which he still holds. Has published "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," 1886, under the pseudonym of "Christopher Carr;" "Life of Archbishop Laud," 1887; "Poems," 1893; "Lyrics," 1885.

BLACKIE, John Stuart, professor, b. Glasgow, 1809; d. 1895. Educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities; also studied in Germany and Italy. In 1841 became Professor of Humanity at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1852 Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Author of "Homer and the Iliad," 1868, and "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece," 1869. In 1860 his "Lyrical Poems" appeared, and in 1869 "Musa Burschicosa," a book of rollicking student songs. Much sturdy and characteristic verse came from the pen of this fine old Greek and German scholar. His nature was of a Scotch-Homeric cast, his person and manner not to be forgotten, and he left his impress upon all who came within his range.

BLAIKIE, John Arthur, b. 185-. For a time was on the staff of the "Saturday Review." Published his first book, "Poems by Two Friends," with Mr. Edmund Gosse.

BLANCHARD, Laman, journalist and humorist, b. Great Yarmouth, 1804; d. 1845. Became secretary to the Zoölogical Society in 1827. Brought out his first book of poems, 1828. Wrote for numerous magazines and papers; editor of the "Courier" and sub-editor of the "Examiner." In 1876 an edition of his poems was issued, with a memoir by Blanchard Jerrold.

BLAND, Edith (Nesbit), b. 1858. Wrote verses before her twelfth year. Her first published poems appeared in the "Sunday Magazine" and "Good Words." In 1879 married Mr. Bland. Published "Lays and Legends," 1886, and "Leaves of Life," 1888. Has also been a successful writer of children's stories and verse.

BLEW, William John, clergyman, b. about 1806; d. 1894. Was graduated at Wadham College, Oxford, 1830; ordained, 1832. Has published several religious works.

BLIND, Mathilde, b. 1850. A noteworthy article on Shelley which appeared in the "Westminster Review" was her first published work. "The Prophecy of Oran," a narrative poem, was issued in 1881; "Heather on Fire," 1886; "The Ascent of Man," a poem on evolution, 1889; "Songs and Sonnets," 1893. She also translated the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff.

BLUNT, Wilfrid Scawen, b. Crabbet Park, Crawley, Sussex, 1840. Educated at Stonyhurst, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. Member of the diplomatic service from 1858 to 1869. In the latter year married Lady Anne Isabella Noel, granddaughter of Lord Byron. Has spent much time in the East. He favored the cause of Arabi Pasha, and is an ardent advocate of justice to Ireland. Author of "The Love-Songs of Proteus," 1881; "In Vinculis," and "The New Pilgrimage," both issued in 1889.

BONAR, Horatius, divine, b. Edinburgh, 1808. Educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1837 was ordained; became the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Kelso, and while there began the publication of the "Kelso Tracts." Joined the Free Church movement in 1843, and since 1866 has been the pastor of the Chalmers Memorial Free Church in Edinburgh. At one time editor of "The Journal of Prophecy," and "The Christian Treasury." Published several volumes of hymns.

BOURDILLON, Francis William, educator, b. Woolbedding, 1852. Son of Rev. Francis Bourdillon, author of many religious works. Educated at Worcester College, Oxford. For some years private resident tutor to the sons of Prince and Princess Christian. Some of his published works are "Among the Flowers and other Poems," 1874; "Ailes d'Alouette," republished in the United States, 1891; "A Lost God," 1892; and "Sursum Corda," 1893.

BOWRING, Sir John, scholar and diplomatist, b. Exeter, 1792; d. 1872. An editor of the "Westminster Review." Took an active part in political and social questions. Elected to Parliament in 1835, and afterwards filled diplomatic positions in China and India. Was knighted in 1854. He was widely famous as a linguist, and published translations of the poetry of many lands.

BRIDGES, Robert Seymour, physician, b. 1844. Educated at Eton, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. After travelling in foreign countries, studied medicine in London and practised until 1882. A number of his poems, under the title of "The Growth of Love," were beautifully printed at the private press of a friend. "Shorter Poems," published in 1890, and enlarged in 1894, contains the greater portion of

his lyrical work. He has written several classical plays.

BRONTË, Emily and **Anne**. Emily, b. Yorkshire, 1818; d. 1848. Anne, b. Yorkshire, 1820; d. 1849. Daughters of Rev. Patrick Brontë. Educated at home and at a school for clergymen's daughters. Emily adopted the pseudonym of "Ellis Bell," and Anne that of "Acton Bell." In conjunction with their sister, Charlotte Brontë, they published a book of verse, "Poems," 1846. Emily also wrote one novel, "Wuthering Heights," 1846; and Anne produced two, "Agnes Grey," 1846, and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," 1848.

BROOKE, Stopford Augustus, clergyman, b. Letterkenny, Donegal, 1832. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Curate of St. Matthew, Marylebone, and afterwards of Kensington; minister of St. James' Chapel, 1866–75; appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, 1872; and in 1876 became minister of Bedford Chapel. In 1880 seceded from the Church of England. He has published several theological works, besides "Riquet of the Tuft," 1880; "Poems," 1888; "Tennyson: His Art in Relation to Modern Life," 1894; and "Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robertson," which appeared in 1865.

BROUGH, Robert Barnabas, dramatist and journalist, b. 1828; d. 1860. His early literary work consisted of amusing dramas produced at the Olympic and other theatres, and of journalism in a light vein. Later endeavored to do more serious work. Published "Songs of the Governing Classes," 1855; and a collection of "tales in prose and verse."

BROWN, Ford Madox, artist, b. Calais, 1821; d. 1893. A veteran leader in the Pre-Raphaelite school, and wrote and lectured on art. Was engaged for eleven years on a fresco series in the Manchester Town Hall. His wife was the sister of D. G. Rossetti.

BROWN, Oliver Madox, son of Ford Madox Brown, b. Finchley, 1855; d. 1874. He possessed unwonted literary and artistic gifts. Exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy, and showed marked precocity as a writer of verse and prose. "The Black Swan," his prose romance, was revised and published as "Gabriel Denver," but the original and better text appears in his collected works, edited in two volumes after his premature death, by Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Dr. Hueffer.

BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett (Moulton-Barrett), the most inspired of woman-poets, b. Coxoe Hall, Durham, 6 March, 1806; d. Florence, Italy, 29 June, 1861. The record of her birth is now substantiated, it having been given, until recently, as "at Hope End, Ledbury, 1809." She was, therefore, six years older than her husband, and in her forty-third year when Robert Barrett Browning, their only child, was born. Her youth was passed in Ledbury, at the home of her father, a rich Jamaican, Mr. Moulton, who had added the name of Barrett to his own. In childhood, her precocity and love of study were marvellous. She wrote verse, delighted in the classics, and, as she grew older, learned Hebrew and Italian. She read Greek poetry and philosophy in the original texts, and even the Greek Christian Fathers, — often in company with Hugh Stuart Boyd, as exquisitely related in "Wine of Cyprus." Published anonymously her first book of verse, "An Essay on Mind," 1827. Her translation of the "Prometheus Bound" appeared, with poems of her own, 1833. In 1837 she ruptured a blood-vessel, and thenceforth was always fragile, — confined for years at a time to her room, where she pursued her work and studies, and, until after her marriage, saw only her near and devoted friends. Meantime her reputation increased with "The Seraphim," 1838; "The Romaunt of the Page," 1839; and "A Drama of Exile," 1844; and in the last-named year she brought out the first collective edition of her poems. John Kenyon made her acquainted, 1845, with Robert Browning, who was gratified by an allusion to himself in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The poets fell in love, but Mr. Barrett absolutely forbade his daughter to contract marriage. Disregarding his mandate, she wedded Browning, 12 Sept., 1846, and went with him to Italy, never again seeing her father, and being relentlessly unforgiven by him to the end. After her marriage her poetry increased in beauty and power; she wrote her most sustained works and noblest lyrics, and her fame, despite her technical shortcomings, became world-wide. America loved her, and was loved by her in turn. A poet of humanity, freedom, and enthusiasm, she sang spontaneously, and from a glowing heart. Her masterpiece of art and feeling is the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," 1850, — inspired by her love and marriage, and unequalled by any English sonnet-series except Shakespeare's own. "Casa Guidi Windows," 1851, is her chief tribute to the Italian cause; "Aurora Leigh," her longest work, a highly subjective romantic tale, embodying her humane and liberal views, appeared in 1856; and "Poems before Congress" in 1860. Her "Last Poems" were edited by her husband the year after her death. Her only prose relics are her letters, and the Essays on the Greek-Christian and English Poets, contributed to the "Athenæum," 1842. Her remains lie in the English burying-ground at Florence. — Cp. *R. H. Horne*, *J. Kenyon*, and "Victorian Poets," chap. iv. [E. C. S.]

BROWNING, Robert, the poet of dramatic psychology, and in years, genius, and fame the Laureate's only peer, b. Camberwell, near London, 7 May, 1812; d. Venice, Dec. 12, 1889. On his father's side he was of somewhat humble English stock, and inherited West Indian creole blood from his paternal grandmother. On his mother's side he was Scottish and German. His father's means were limited, but young Browning attended lectures at the University of London, and was afterward enabled to travel on the Continent. From the first he

showed originality, and was little affected by current modes of art and thought. His earliest book was the fragmentary "Pauline," 1833, afterward suppressed, but latterly included in the "complete editions." This was followed by "Paracelsus," 1835, which secured for the poet a small set of firm adherents. "Strafford," his first acting drama, was played by Macready at Covent Garden, 1837. The enigmatical "Sordello," 1840, made it plain that he was no candidate for immediate popularity, but took his appeal to the intellectual few. From 1841 to 1846, however, many of his most beautiful and dramatic lyrics and idyls came out in the eight parts of "Bells and Pomegranates;" which embraced, also, the great series of earlier dramas: "Pippa Passes," 1840; "King Victor and King Charles," 1842; "The Return of the Druses," 1843; "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," 1843; "Colombe's Birthday," 1844; "Luria," 1846; and "A Soul's Tragedy," 1846. These intensely wrought and penetrating studies of human life, thought, and circumstance, fervid with color, and saturated with learning, came from the brain of one who could be as melodious or as rugged as he chose, and at will impassioned or analytic. They impressed careful readers with his greatness; but he failed to reach the common people, or gain the fame then won by Tennyson, until the afternoon of his vigorous life. Meantime he wrote ceaselessly; his marriage with Miss Barrett, of itself, with their life in Rome, invested him with interest, and finally such works as "Men and Women," 1855, "Dramatis Personæ," 1864, "The Ring and the Book," 1868-69, were as eagerly welcomed by the English-reading world as by those who so long had recognized his gifts. After his marriage (related in the preceding notice), the thoroughly ideal life of "the wedded poets" was something that has become historic, no other union of two poets so individually great having ever occurred. When Mrs. Browning died, Browning left Florence, and resided chiefly in London for many years. Among his volumes hitherto unmentioned are "Balaustion's Adventure," 1871; "Fifine at the Fair," 1872; "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," 1873; "Aristophanes' Apology," 1875; "The Inn Album," 1875; "La Saisiaz," 1878; "Dramatic Idyls," 1879, 1880; "Jocoseria," 1883; "Ferishtah's Fancies," 1884; "Parleyings," etc., 1887; and the small collection of his last lyrics, "Asolando," 1889. Browning, after all this prodigal work, and a hale and optimistic old age, died serenely, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. For years before his death his name had been as splendid as it was formerly obscure. The original Browning Club was founded in 1881, for the study and exposition of his works. His extreme votaries rank him with Shakespeare, praise him for his more involved and prosaic labors, and look askance at other modern poets, — Tennyson not excepted. But these are they who care less for absolute poetry than for metaphysics. Of late a finer discrimination is exercised, and the poet's highest qualities are more clearly comprehended, even by the Browning societies. His truest lover is one who takes him at his best, as an affluent artist, and the most profound modern revealer of the human soul, without over-valuing his excess of analysis and didacticism. Cp. "Victorian Poets," chaps. ix, xii.

[E. C. S.]

BUCHANAN, Robert, dramatist and novelist, b. Glasgow, 1841. Educated at the University of Glasgow, where he met the poet David Gray, with whom he afterwards occupied lodgings in London. He is a versatile and polemic man of letters, has won distinction in various departments of literature, and is an active writer of plays for the stage. Has been a regular contributor to the "Contemporary Review" for a number of years. Author of "Undertones," 1860; "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," 1865; "London Poems," 1866; "The Book of Orm," 1870; "Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor," 1882. He has also written several novels. Among his successful plays are "A Nine Days' Queen," "Lady Clare," "Storm-Beaten," and "Sophia." A beautiful edition of his collected poems, in three volumes, came out in 1874. Cp. "Victorian Poets," ch. x.

BULWER, Sir Edward Lytton. See *Edward, Lord Lytton.*

BURBIDGE, Thomas, b. 1816. Author of "Poems, Longer and Shorter," 1838; "Hours and Days," 1851. Published, in connection with A. H. Clough, "Ambarvalia, and other Poems," 1849.

BYRON, Mary C. G. (Mary C. Gillington), b. Cheshire, 1861. Became associate of the Royal Academy of Music, 1887. Married George F. Byron in 1892. Joint author, with her sister, of "Poems," 1892, and is a contributor of both verse and prose to English and American journals.

CALL, Wathen Marks Wilks, reformer, b. 1817; d. 1890. Was graduated at Cambridge; took Holy Orders, but withdrew from the church in 1856. Contributed to the "Leader," and the "Westminster," "Theological," and "Fortnightly" Reviews. Interested in social and political reform. Published, in verse, "Reverberations," 1842, and "Golden Histories," in addition to an early volume which contained some fine translations.

CALVERLEY, Charles Stuart, educator and lecturer, b. Martley, Worcestershire, 1831; d. 1884. Educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and Christ's College, Cambridge. Translated successfully from the Latin, and wrote clever parodies and humorous verse. Published "Verses and Translations," 1862; a "Verse Translation of Theocritus," 1869; "Fly Leaves," 1872. Resided in Cambridge, teaching and lecturing at college. Studied law, and became a member of the Inner Temple, 1865.

CAMERON, George Frederick, journalist, b. New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, 1854; d. 1887.

Educated at Queen's University, Kingston. Resided in the United States for several years, and wrote for the American and Canadian periodicals. Author of "Lyrics on Freedom, Love, and Death." A writer of promise, whose loss was deeply regretted.

CAMPBELL, William Wilfred, government service, b. Western Ontario, 1861. Educated at University College, Toronto, and Cambridge, Mass. His verse appears in American magazines. Has held an appointment in the Department of the Secretary of State at Ottawa since 1893. Author of "Lake Lyrics," 1889; "The Dread Voyage," 1893; "Mordred, a Tragedy," and "Hildebrand," dramas in blank verse, 1895.

CANTON, William, journalist, b. Island of Chusan, off the coast of China, 1845. Passed his childhood in Jamaica and was educated in France. Removed to Scotland and joined the staff of the Glasgow "Herald." "A Lost Epic and other Poems" was published in 1887.

CARLYLE, Jane Welsh, b. Haddington, 1801; d. London, 1866. Married Thomas Carlyle, 1826. A collection of her letters was made and edited by J. A. Froude, 1883. Her verse, of which at one time she wrote a great deal, was spirited and original.

CARLYLE, Thomas, essayist and historian, b. Ecclefechan, Scotland, 1795; d. Chelsea, London, 1881. Educated at Edinburgh University. Studied for the ministry, but gave that up for law, which he also shortly abandoned. He taught school and was tutor in a private family. Owing to his individual style, he did not take his proper place in literature until the publication of the "French Revolution," 1837. Most of his verse was contributed to magazines between 1823 and 1833. Was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1866. Among his works are "Sartor Resartus," 1833–34; "Chartism," 1839; "Heroes and Hero-Worship," 1841; "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," 1845; "History of Frederick the Great," 1858–65.

CARMAN, Bliss, man of letters, b. Fredericton, N. B., 1861. Was graduated at the University of New Brunswick, 1881, receiving the degree of M. A., 1884. During the past few years has resided chiefly in the United States, where he has been actively engaged as an editor and writer. Member of the editorial staff of several periodicals, including the New York "Independent" and the Chicago "Chap-Book." A frequent contributor of poetry and critical articles to the mazagines. His published books are, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," 1893; and "Songs from Vagabondia," with Richard Hovey as joint author, 1894.

"CARROLL, Lewis."—See *Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.*

CASTILLA, Ethel, resident of Victoria, Australia. "An Australian Girl" was contributed to a Melbourne newspaper.

CLARKE, Herbert Edwin, b. Chatteris, Isle of Ely, 1852. Educated in schools conducted by the Society of Friends, of which denomination his parents were members. Published "Songs in Exile," 1879; "Storm-Drift," 1882.

CLEPHANE, Elizabeth Cecilia, b. Edinburgh, 1830; d. Melrose, 1869. Her poem, "The Ninety and Nine," made famous by the singing evangelist, Ira D. Sankey, first appeared in the "Family Treasury," and afterwards in the "Christian Age."

CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh, educator, b. Liverpool, 1819; d. Florence, Italy, 1861. Spent most of his childhood in the United States, but later was sent to Rugby, and was a favorite pupil of Dr. Arnold. He took the Balliol Scholarship in 1836 and went to Oxford. Subsequently he was appointed Fellow and tutor at Oriel. Visited Rome and Paris, and wrote a notable series of letters from both places. In 1852 he came to the United States and established himself at Cambridge, Mass., where he lectured, taught, and contributed to various periodicals. During his American sojourn he won the friendship and alliance of the selectest leaders of the Harvard literary group. At Oxford he is remembered with Matthew Arnold and the struggle for freedom of opinion. His life and death inspired Arnold's "The Scholar Gypsy," and elegy of "Thyrsis." In 1853 he returned to England, accepting office in the Education Department of the Privy Council, which he held until his death. "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" was published in 1848, and a volume of poems, "Ambarvalia," which he wrote with Thomas Burbidge, appeared in 1849. Completed his revision of Dryden's "Plutarch," 1859. After his death, his collected poems were brought out, 1862, with a memoir by his friend, Prof. C. E. Norton.

COLERIDGE, Hartley, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, b. Clevedon, 1796; d. 1849. Attended Merton College, Oxford, and obtained a Fellowship at Oriel College. Attempted a literary career in London, and afterward started a boys' school at Ambleside, but was unsuccessful in both. Met Wordsworth when a boy and formed a friendship with him that lasted until his death. Contributed to "Blackwood's." Published a volume of poems in 1833. His works were edited and republished by his brother in 1851.

COLERIDGE, Sara, daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, b. Keswick, 1802; d. 1852. For a number of years made her home with her uncle, Robert Southey. In 1829, married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge. Did some valuable editorial work, and translating. "Phantasmion," a fairy tale, appeared in 1837.

COLLINS, Mortimer, novelist and journalist, b. Plymouth, 1827; d. Richmond, 1876. Published his first book of verse, "Idyls and Rhymes," in 1855, while master of mathematics at Queen Elizabeth's College, Guernsey. In

1856 gave up this position and devoted himself entirely to writing. "Summer Songs" appeared in 1860. Was the author of a number of novels, of which "Sweet Anne Page," 1868, is one of the best known. Contributed to newspapers and magazines.

COOK, Eliza, b. Southwark, 1812; d. 1889. In her youth her writings were published in periodicals and attracted a great deal of notice. Established "Eliza Cook's Journal," a weekly periodical, 1849, but owing to failing health discontinued it in 1854. "Lays of a Wild Harp" appeared in 1835, and her collected "Poems," 1840; "New Echoes," 1864; and "Diamond Dust," 1865. Her poems attained wide popularity and have passed through various editions.

COOPER, Thomas, "The Chartist," b. Leicester, 1805; d. 1892. Self-educated, and pursued his studies under great disadvantages. Took an active part in political reform and devoted his time to lecturing in England and Scotland. Collected his poetical works in 1878.

CORY, William, educator, b. 1823; d. 1892. Known as William Johnson during the greater part of his life, and while bearing this name published "Ionica," a book of chaste and exquisite verse, 1858, and several text-books on the classics. Was educated at Eton, and held a Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. Assistant master at Eton, 1847–71. Soon after leaving Eton, adopted the name of Cory, and brought out a "Guide to Modern English History." A new edition of "Ionica" appeared in 1891.

COTTERELL, George, journalist, b. Walsall, in the English Midlands, 1839. Studied law and practised for some years, but afterwards entered literature as a profession. For eight years he has been the editor of the "Yorkshire Daily Herald." Published "Poems: Old and New," 1894; also two privately printed volumes of verse, 1870, 1887. The "Banquet," a satire, appeared in 1884.

COURTHOPE, William John, b. Sussex, 1842. Educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford. Contributed to the "Quarterly Review," and was one of the founders of the "National Review." Appointed Civil Service Commissioner, 1887. At present Fellow of New College, Cambridge, and the most prominent candidate for the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, soon to be vacated by Prof. Palgrave. Author of "Ludibria Lunæ," 1869; "The Paradise of Birds," 1870; "Addison" in the "English Men of Letters," 1884. The first volume of his masterwork, "A History of English Poetry," has now (1895) appeared.

CRAIGMYLE, Elizabeth. Published "Poems and Translations," 1886; "A Handful of Pansies," 1888.

CRAIK, Dinah Maria (Mulock), novelist, b. Stoke-upon-Trent, 1826; d. 1887. Married George Lillie Craik, Jr., 1865. Received a pension of £60 in consideration of her literary labors. Published her first novel, "The Ogilvies," in her twenty-third year. "John Halifax, Gentleman," her best known work, appeared in 1856–57; "A Life for a Life," 1860. Collected her poems in a volume entitled "Thirty Years, being Poems New and Old," 1881.

CRANE, Walter, painter, b. Liverpool, 1845. Also a decorative designer and illustrator of books. President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, founded 1888. "The Sirens Three," a poem written and illustrated by himself, appeared in 1886. He is also the author of illustrated books for children.

CRAWFORD, Isabella Valancey, b. about 1857; d. Toronto, 1887. Published "Old Spooks's Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems," in 1884.

CRAWFORD, Louise (Macartney). One of the active contributors to Chapman and Hall's "Metropolitan Magazine." Beginning about 1835, she published therein a series of "Autobiographical Sketches," and also collaborated with Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch, the well-known composer, in the issue of several books of songs, she writing the words for his music. "Kathleen Mavourneen," as given in this Anthology, appeared in "Echoes from the Lakes," the first of the series. It was subsequently elongated for dramatic representation, by three supplementary songs, in the same measure, of which "Dermot Astore" begins as follows: —

"Oh, Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping
I heard thy dear voice, and wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping,
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away."

CROSS, Mary Ann Evans (Lewes), "George Eliot," novelist, b. Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, 1819; d. London, 1880. Educated at the village school and at a boarding school at Nuneaton. Became associate editor of the "Westminster Review," and meeting George Henry Lewes, she formed an alliance with him, although for legal reasons they could not marry. Mr. Lewes died in 1878, and she was married to J. W. Cross, 1880. Her first book of fiction was "Scenes from Clerical Life," written in 1856, and published under the pseudonym of "George Eliot." Author also of "Adam Bede," 1859; "The Mill on the Floss," 1860; "Silas Marner," 1861; "Romola," 1863; "Felix Holt," 1866; "Middlemarch," 1871–72; "Daniel Deronda," 1876. Of her poetry, "The Spanish Gypsy" was published, 1868; "Agatha," 1869; "The Legend of Jubal and other Poems," 1864. "How Lisa loved the King" appeared after her death.

CURRIE, Lady Mary Montgomerie (Lamb), b. 184–, known as "Violet Fane," eldest daughter of Savile Montgomery Lamb, of Beaufort, Sussex, and great-granddaughter of Archibald, Earl of Eglinton. Was married to Henry Sydenham Singleton, 1864; after his death in 1893, she became the wife of Sir Philip Currie, British ambassador to Turkey, and re-

sides at present in Constantinople. Her first book of verse appeared in 1872. Since then she has published five volumes of poetry and a number of prose works. An eclectic edition of her Poems, in two volumes, appeared in 1892.

CUSTANCE, Olive, b. Weston Park, Norwich, 1874. Daughter of Colonel Custance. Her work appears in the leading English periodicals.

DARLEY, George, critic and mathematician, b. Dublin, 1795; d. 1846. Took his B. A. at Trinity College, Dublin, 1820. Going to London, he wrote critical and other papers for the magazines, and finally, after a period of travel, went on the staff of the "Athenæum." At intervals, from the first, he produced highly lyrical dramas, children of the Elizabethan fantasy, born out of time. Of these the most noted and poetic is "Sylvia, or the May Queen," 1827. Darley is well called by Mr. Ingram "a laureate of fairyland." To his songs and melodies given in this Anthology the following lyric may be added as a foil: —

THE FALLEN STAR

A star is gone! a star is gone!
  There is a blank in Heaven,
One of the cherub choir has done
  His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
  That hung for ages there,
And lent his music to the choir
  That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are passed,
  With a cherubic sigh
He vanished with his car at last,
  For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn —
  The minstrels of the spheres —
Each chiming sadly in his turn
  And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all
  Join in the fatal song,
And weep this hapless brother's fall
  Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
  The Lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass according hand
  Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome
  Where sleepless Uriel lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
  Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,
  The wandering eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
  Who fell just now from Heaven.

DARMESTETER, Agnes Mary Frances (Robinson), b. Leamington, 1857. Studied at the University College, paying special attention to Greek literature. Was married to M. James Darmesteter, the eminent Orientalist, in 1888, and has since resided in Paris. Author of several volumes of verse, among which are "A Handful of Honeysuckle," 1878; "An Italian Garden," 1886; "Lyrics," 1891; and "Retrospect," 1893. Has written, also, a novel and several prose essays, and translated the "Crowned Hippolytus" of Euripides.

DAVIDSON, John, b. Barrhead, Renfrewshire, 1857. Educated at the Highlanders Academy, Greenock, and Edinburgh University. His "In a Music Hall and other Poems," appeared in 1891; "Fleet Street Eclogues," 1893; "Ballads and Poems," 1895. In addition to these he has written several dramas in verse.

DAVIS, Thomas Osborn, b. Mallow, County Cork, 1814; d. Dublin, 1845. Was graduated from Trinity College, 1836. Intensely patriotic, he was one of the most effective contributors to the "Nation," — the revolutionary Irish journal established by Chas. Gavan Duffy in 1842. His poems and essays were collected after his death and published in Duffy's "Library of Ireland."

DAWSON, William James, clergyman, b. Towcester, Northamptonshire, 1854. Entered the Wesleyan ministry, 1875. In 1892 resigned from the Wesleyan ministry and entered the Congregational. Has been a successful historical lecturer. His "Arvalon, a first Poem," appeared in 1878; "A Vision of Souls," 1884; and "Poems and Lyrics," 1893.

DE TABLEY, Lord (John Byrne Leicester Warren), b. 1835. Took his degree at Christ Church College, Oxford, 1856. Called to the Bar, 1860. His early work appeared under the assumed name of "William P. Lancaster." Author of "Eclogues and Monodramas," 1864; "Orestes," a drama in verse, 1867; "Rehearsals," 1870; "Searching the Net," 1873; "The Soldier of Fortune," 1876. After years of retirement as a poet, Lord De Tabley brought out his later "Poems," 1893, and a second series, 1894. Both these collections are distinguished for rare lyrical qualities, and have been warmly received by select lovers of poetry.

DE VERE, Aubrey Thomas, b. Curragh Chase, Limerick, 1814. Third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Among his published works are "The Waldenses; or the Fall of Rora," 1842; "The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece and other Poems," 1843. In addition to these he is the author of a number of volumes of verse and two volumes of essays. A selection of his poems, edited by Prof. G. E. Woodberry, appeared in New York, 1894.

DISRAELI, Benjamin. — See *Earl of Beaconsfield*.

DIXON, Richard Watson, clergyman, b. London, 1833. Educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Pembroke College, Oxford. With Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and others, started the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" as an advocate of Pre-Raphaelite ideas. Curate at Lambeth, 1868, and later vicar of Warksworth and honorary canon of Carlisle. Author of "Christ's Com-

pany and other Poems," 1861; "Mano," 1883; "Odes and Eclogues," 1884; "Lyrical Poems," 1886; and "The Story of Eudocia and her Brothers," 1888.

DOBELL, Sydney Thompson, b. Cranbrook, Kent, 1824; d. 1874. Succeeded his father in the wine trade, but found time to produce several volumes of poetry, and a political pamphlet on reform in parliamentary elections. His first work, "The Roman," a dramatic poem, appeared 1850; followed by "Balder," 1854; "Sonnets of the War," in which he collaborated with Alexander Smith, 1855; "England in Time of War," 1856. In early days he used the pen-name of "Sydney Yendys."

DOBSON, Henry Austin, Civil Service, b. Plymouth, 1840. Educated in Wales and on the Continent. In 1856 received a clerkship in the Board of Trade, and has since remained in official life. In the early seventies he attracted attention by novel and charming lyrics in light but thoroughly poetic vein; and upon the issue of his first collection, "Vignettes in Rhyme, and Vers de Société," 1873, it was evident that a new and artistic master of "Society Verse" had arisen. From that time, advancing in both art and feeling, he has stood at the head of his own school. Is the foremost writer upon the mode of Queen Anne's time, and quite imbued with its atmosphere. Since 1873 has issued, in verse, "Proverbs in Porcelain," 1877; "Old World Idyls," 1883; "At the Sign of the Lyre," 1885; "Ballade of Beau Brocade," 1892. All of these have been brought out in select and elegant editions, both in England and America. As a prose writer he has given us Lives of Hogarth, Fielding, Steele, and Goldsmith, and various critical works. Cp. "Victorian Poets," pp. 273, 473.

DODGSON, Charles Lutwidge, clergyman and scholar, b. about 1833. Popularly known by his pseudonym "Lewis Carroll." Educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Entered the Church, and is at present a lecturer on mathematics. His first story for children, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," was published in 1865. Author also of "Phantasmagoria," a collection of poems and parodies, 1869; "Through the Looking-Glass," 1872; "The Hunting of the Snark," 1876; "Doublets," 1879; and "Rhyme and Reason," 1883.

DOMETT, Alfred, colonial statesman, b. Camberwell Grove, Surrey, 1811; d. London, 1887. Studied at St. John's College, Cambridge. Was called to the bar, 1841. Went to New Zealand in 1842, and remained there for thirty years, during which time he held important political offices. Published his first book of poems in 1833. Some of his verses, which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1837, attracted a great deal of attention. "Ranolf and Amohia" was issued in 1872: and "Flotsam and Jetsam; Rhymes Old and New," 1877. He was thought to be the "Waring" of Browning's poem by that name.

DOWDEN, Edward, critic, b. Cork, 1843. Was graduated with honors at Trinity College, Dublin. A divinity student for two years, and, later, President of the Philosophical Society. At the age of twenty-four was appointed Professor of English Literature at Trinity. An accomplished student and editor of Shakespeare. His "Poems" appeared in 1877. "Studies in Literature," 1878, has been supplemented by a collection of more recent essays, "New Studies in Literature," 1895. One of the most important of his later works is the "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," in two volumes.

DOWLING, Bartholomew, b. Limerick, Ireland, 182–. Was clerk to the treasurer of the Corporation of Limerick. Resided for a time in the United States. Is known by his lyric, "The Brigade at Fontenoy," and by "The Revel." The latter poem has been erroneously attributed to Alfred Domett.

DOWNING, Ellen Mary Patrick, b. Cork, 1828; d. 1869. In her youth contributed to the "Nation," and was known as "Mary of the Nation."

DOYLE, Sir Francis Hastings, barrister, b. Nunappleton, Yorkshire, 1810; d. 1888. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Called to the bar, 1831. Held an appointment in the Customs, and was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1867, occupying the chair for ten years. Published his first volume, 1840, selections from which were reprinted in "The Return of the Guards, and other Poems," 1866. His "Reminiscences" appeared in 1886.

DUFFERIN, Lady Helen Selina (Sheridan), afterwards Lady Gifford, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, b. 1807; d. 1867. Married Mr. Price Blackwood, who became Lord Dufferin in 1839, and died in 1841. She wrote many beautiful songs and lyrics. A posthumous collection of her poems, edited by her son, Lord Dufferin, has recently (1895) appeared.

DUFFY, Sir Charles Gavan, journalist, b. Cork, 1816. Editor and one of the founders of the "Nation." Joined the Irish Confederacy, a branch of the Young Ireland Party, in 1847. Went to Australia in 1856, where he held several important offices. Was knighted in 1877.

DUTT, Toru, b. Calcutta, 1856; d. Calcutta, 1877. In 1869, her father, a high-caste Hindu, took her with her sister Aru to Europe to study English and French. After visiting Italy and England she returned to her Indian home, in 1873. Her first book, "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," was published at Bhowanipore, 1876. The little volume of her poems, "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan," with a memoir by Edmund Gosse, came out in 1882.

DUVAR, J. H.—See *John Hunter-Duvar*.

EDMESTON, James, architect, b. Wapping, London, 1791; d. Homerton, 1867. A well-known writer of hymns. Published his

first volume of poems in 1817, and another in 1847, the latter being a select collection.

"ELIOT, GEORGE."—See *M. A. E. (Lewes) Cross.*

ELLIOT, Lady Charlotte, b. 183–. Daughter of Sir James Carnegie, and sister of the sixth earl of Southesk. Was married to F. F. Scrymsoure-Fothringham in 1860. Her second husband was Frederick Boileau Elliot. Her "Medusa and other Poems" appeared in 1878.

ELLIOTT, Charlotte, b. Brighton, 1789; d. 1871. Became a confirmed invalid, but for many years edited "The Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book," and contributed largely to and revised the "Invalid's Hymn Book."

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer, known as the "Corn Law Rhymer," b. Wasborough, Yorkshire, 1781; d. Argilt Hill, 1849. Son of a poorly-paid clerk in an iron foundry, his opportunities for acquiring an education were limited. The beginning of his business career was a failure: but in 1821 he started as an ironworker in Sheffield, and in 1841 was able to retire to a small estate near Barnsley Hill, where he passed the remainder of his days. "Corn Law Rhymes," with "The Ranter," appeared in 1827; "The Village Patriarch," 1829. Was also a contributor to Bulwer's "New Monthly Magazine."

EVANS, Sebastian, barrister and journalist, b. Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, 1830. Was graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 1853. Received degree of LL.D., 1868. Editor of the "Birmingham Daily Gazette" for three years. Called to the bar, 1873, and some years later became editor of the "People," a conservative journal. "Brother Fabian's Manuscript and other Poems" was issued in 1865, and "In the Studio" in 1875.

FABER, Frederick William, churchman, b. Yorkshire, 1814; d. 1863. Educated at Harrow and Oxford. Entered the Church of England, but in 1845 became a Roman Catholic. Was received into the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and in 1849 was appointed Superior of the Oratory at London. Published several prose works, but is known chiefly by his hymns, a complete edition of which appeared in 1862.

"FATHER PROUT."—See *Francis Mahoney.*

FERGUSON, Sir Samuel, scholar, b. Belfast, 1810; d. 1886. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Admitted to the Bar, 1838. Was made Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland, 1867, knighted in 1878, and elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, 1882. Author of "Lays of the Western Gael," 1865; "Congal," an epic poem, 1867, and of several articles on Irish antiquities.

FIELD, Michael, the Parnassian name of two unmarried ladies, aunt and niece, whose reserve is properly held in respect by the editorial guild. Authors of "Calirrhoë" and "Fair Rosamond," 1884; "The Father's Tragedy," etc., 1885; "Canute the Great," 1887; "The Tragic Mary," 1890, and other vigorous poetic dramas, as well as the lyrical volumes entitled, "Long Ago," 1889; "Sight and Song," 1892, and "Under the Bough," 1893.

FITZGERALD, Edward, b. Suffolk, 1809; d. Norfolk, 1883. Took a degree at Trinity College, Cambridge. His translations from the Spanish, the Greek, and the Persian, most of which were issued anonymously, reproduce the quality of the originals with such taste and poetic feeling as to be almost original works in themselves. His best known translations are "Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth," 1851; "Polonius, a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances," 1852; "Six Dramas of Calderon," 1853; and the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," his greatest work, 1859. A superb American edition of the Rubáiyát, illustrated by Elihu Vedder's imaginative series of designs, was brought out in 1884.

FOX, William Johnson, preacher and man of letters, b. Suffolk, 1786; d. 1864. Studied for the Orthodox ministry, and finally became a radical Unitarian pastor at Chichester, and at the celebrated Finsbury Chapel, London. Wrote for various periodicals and was an eloquent speaker. Greatly interested in questions of reform. A memorial edition of his works was published in twelve volumes, 1868.

FRASER-TYTLER, C. C.—See *Catherine C. Liddell.*

GALE, Norman, b. Kew, Surrey, 1862. Educated at Oxford and then took up teaching, but since 1892 has devoted his time almost entirely to literature. "A Country Muse" appeared in 1892, followed by "Orchard Songs" and "A Country Muse: Second Series," in 1893, and "A June Romance" (prose) and "Cricket Songs," 1894.

GARNETT, Richard, librarian, b. Lichfield, 1835. Became an assistant in the Library of the British Museum at the age of sixteen, and has risen to his present dignity of Keeper, and is widely known and esteemed. In 1883 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. His "Primula and other Poems" appeared in 1858; "Io in Egypt," 1859; "Iphigenia in Delphi," 1890; and "Poems," a collective edition, 1893.

GILBERT, William Schwenck, dramatist, b. London, 1836. Educated at Great Ealing and at King's College. Obtained a clerkship and afterwards became a barrister, but finally gave all his time to literature. Has collaborated with Sir Arthur Sullivan in the production of many popular light operas. Author of "Bab Ballads" and a number of dramas.

GILFILLAN, Robert, b. Dunfermline, 1798; d. Leith, 1850. The son of a master weaver, he was apprenticed to a cooper, but after acting as merchants' clerk for several years, finally became collector of police rates at Leith. Contributed to various Scotch periodicals and to the anthology, "Whistle Binkie." A collection of his works, with a prefatory biography, was published after his death in 1851.

GILL, Frances Tyrrell, Victoria, Australia. No collection of her poems has been made, although she contributed much to Australian periodicals.

GILLINGTON, Alice E., b. Cheshire. Is the daughter of a clergyman, and has passed much of her life in the south of England. Conjointly with her sister she published "Poems" in 1892. Is a frequent contributor to periodicals in England and the United States.

GILLINGTON, M. C.—See *Mary C. Byron.*

GOODCHILD, John Arthur, physician, b. 1851. Educated at the Philberds, Maidenhead, and St. George's Hospital. Practiced medicine at Ealing, and for the past fifteen years at Bordighera, Italy. Has published three series of "Somnia Medici," the first appearing in 1884. "Lyrics and Tales in Verse" was issued in 1893.

GORDON, Adam Lindsay, b. Fayal in the Azores, 1833; d. 1870. Son of a distinguished English officer. After receiving a college education and developing a somewhat wild and adventurous spirit, he left England in 1853 for South Australia. There he was a trooper in the mounted police, and afterwards followed various occupations, but without continued success. About 1867 he settled in Melbourne, and was considered "the best amateur steeple-chase rider in the colonies." Here he published his first book, "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift," 1868. His racy ballads of the bush and turf made him the most striking figure among the Australian poets. Disappointment and exposure undermined his health, and in a fit of despair he died by his own hand. Collective editions of his poems, with a memoir, are published in London and Melbourne.

GOSSE, Edmund (William), critic and literary historian, b. London, 1849. Son of Philip Henry Gosse, the naturalist. Was assistant librarian at the British Museum, 1867, and after 1875 translator to the Board of Trade. Elected Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, and during the season of 1884–85 delivered the Lowell Lectures in the United States. Mr. Gosse is a Norse scholar, and an authoritative writer upon Scandinavian literature. Is actively engaged in critical journalism. Has published "Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets," 1870; "On Viol and Flute," 1873; "King Erik," a drama, and "New Poems," 1879; "Firdausi in Exile, and other Poems," 1886; "In Russet and Silver," 1894.

GRAVES, Alfred Perceval, Civil Service, b. Dublin, 1846. Son of the Bishop of Limerick. Educated in England and at Trinity College, Dublin. Has held various positions in the Civil Service, London. His "Songs of Killarney" was published in 1873; "Irish Songs and Ballads," 1882. A new collection of his poems is announced.

GRAY, David, b. Kirkintulloch, 1838; d. 1861. His home was on the banks of the Luggie, the little stream celebrated in his poem. In 1860 he went to London, but met with disappointments, and, his health failing, he went home to die. "The Luggie and other Poems," including a series of sonnets, "In the Shadows," was published after his death, with an introduction by Lord Houghton.

GREENWELL, Dora (Dorothy), b. on the family estate, Greenwell Ford, Lanchester, Durham, 1821; d. Clifton, 1882. Remained at Greenwell Ford until 1848. Afterwards resided at Northumberland, Durham, and London. Contributed to the "Contemporary Review." Author of several books of poetry, among which are "Carmina Crucis," 1871, and "Songs of Salvation," 1873.

GRIFFIN, Gerald, novelist, b. Limerick, 1803; d. Cork, 1840. Went to London at the age of nineteen. In 1827 published his first volume of Irish stories, "Holland Tide." This was followed by another series of tales and by his novel, "The Collegians." Joined the order of the Christian Brothers in 1838. After his death his works were brought together in a uniform edition.

HAKE, Thomas Gordon, anatomist, b. Leeds, 1809; d. 1894. Educated at Christ's Church School, London, and studied medicine at Edinburgh, the University of Glasgow, and in France. Became a specialist in comparative osteology, and wrote a number of treatises on that and kindred subjects. Published "Madeline and Other Poems," 1871; "Parables and Tales," 1872; "New Symbols," 1876; "Legends of the Morrow," 1879; "Maiden Ecstasy," 1880; "The Serpent Play," 1883; "The New Day," a book of sonnets, 1890.

HALL, Christopher Newman, clergyman, b. Maidstone, Kent, 1816. Graduate of London University, Pastor of Albion Chapel, Hull, and of Surrey Chapel, London. Has often visited America, and the tower of his present church is named "Lincoln," after the Emancipator.

HALLAM, Arthur Henry, b. London, 1811; d. Vienna, 1833. Son of Henry Hallam, historian, and comrade of Tennyson, who commemorated him in "In Memoriam." Took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1832. Author of some noteworthy essays and of poems which were to have been published with those of the friend who afterward became his elegist.

HAMERTON, Philip Gilbert, artist and art-critic, b. Laneside, Lancashire, 1834; d. Boulogne-sur-Seine, 1894. Educated at Burnley and Doncaster Grammar Schools, and prepared for Oxford but did not matriculate. Studied art in Paris, and in 1861 took up a permanent residence in France. In 1869 founded "The Portfolio," which he edited until his death. His "Etching and Etchers," 1868, has never been supplanted as an authority on the art of etching. Author, also, of "The Intellectual Life," 1873; "The Graphic Arts," 1882; "Human Intercourse," 1884; "Land-

scape," 1885; "Man in Art," 1893. His early volume of poetry, "The Isles of Loch Awe," appeared in 1859.

HANMER, John, 1st Lord, politician, b. 1809; d. Knotley Hall, near Tunbridge Wells, 1881. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. An advocate of political reform. Published "Fra Cipolla and Other Poems," 1839; "Sonnets," 1840.

HARPUR, Charles, government service, b. New South Wales, 1817; d. 1868. Educated at the Government School. Originally a squatter and farmer, he was appointed to the gold commissionership at Araluen in 1858. Published a volume of sonnets in 1840, and an edition of his poems appeared in 1883.

HARRISON, S. Frances ("Seranus") b. Toronto, Canada, of Irish parentage. In 1879 was married to Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, an English professor of music. She has contributed to Canadian periodicals for a number of years, using the pseudonym "Seranus." In addition to her poems, "Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lys," 1890, she has compiled an anthology of the Canadian poets, and has produced a volume of short stories.

HARTLEY, John, a Yorkshire miner, whose volume of poems was published in 1872. His poem, "To a Daisy," was given to the present editor from memory by Mr. David Christie Murray.

HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, b. Astley, 1836; d. Swanna, South Wales, 1879. A fine musician and linguist. Contributed to religious periodicals, and has published several little volumes of hymns and verse.

HAWKER, Robert Stephen, clergyman, b. Plymouth, 1804; d. Plymouth, 1875. Educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. A stalwart and heroic character. In 1834 became Vicar of Morwenstow, a lonely parish on the Cornish coast. His "Echoes from Old Cornwall" appeared in 1845; "Cornish Ballads," in 1869. Joined the Roman Catholic Church shortly before his death. His poetical works, memoir, etc., were published in 1879.

HEAVYSEGE, Charles, journalist, b. Yorkshire, 1816; d. Montreal, 1869. A woodcarver by trade, and mainly self-educated. Emigrated to Montreal, 1853, where he became a writer for the press. "Saul: a Drama in three Parts," appeared in 1857, and impressed Nathaniel Hawthorne, then consul at Liverpool, to such an extent that he brought it to the notice of the "North British Review," in which it was reviewed at length in 1858. Heavysege's "Ode on Shakespeare" and "Jephtha's Daughter" were published in 1855.

HERVEY, Thomas Kibble, editor, b. Paisley, 1799; d. Kentish Town, London, 1859. Studied law, but soon adopted a literary career. Went to London about 1820. Contributed to the "Art Journal," and edited the "Athenæum" for several years. His poems were collected and published, with a memoir, by his widow, in 1866.

HICKEY, Emily Henrietta, b. Wexford County, Ireland, 1845. Contributed to the "Cornhill Magazine," "Academy," and other periodicals. "A Sculptor and Other Poems" appeared in 1881, and in the same year she assisted in founding the Browning Society. "Verse Tales, Lyrics and Translations" was published in 1889, and "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and Other Poems," in 1891.

HINKSON, Katharine (Tynan), b. Dublin, 186–. Educated at the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Drogheda. Published her first book, "Louise de la Vallière and other Poems," 1885. "Shamrocks" appeared in 1887; "Ballads and Lyrics," in 1892; and "Cuckoo Songs," in 1894. Contributes to leading journals in England and the United States.

HOME, F. Wyville, b. Edinburgh, 1851. Author of "Songs of a Wayfarer," 1878; "Lay Canticles and Other Poems," 1883; "The Wrath of the Fay," 1887.

HOOD, Thomas, journalist, b. London, 1799; d. London, 1845. Studied engraving, but, that profession disagreeing with his health, he turned his attention to literature. Was employed as sub-editor on the "London Magazine," and his early work comprised examples of nearly all the styles of composition in which he afterward excelled. The two series of "Whims and Oddities" appeared 1826–27, and were followed by the now entirely forgotten "National Tales." Then came the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," the dramatic romance "Lamia," "Tylney Hall," and many exquisite songs and ballads. "Miss Kilmansegg," a lyrical extravaganza, is the best example of his serio-comic style. "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are everywhere familiar. Was editor successively of the "Gem" and the "New Monthly Magazine." Afterwards established "Hood's Magazine," and published the "Comic Annual." He had the faculty of blending mirth and pathos in his poetry as in his life, his own experience being a struggle against poverty and ill health, which he maintained with cheerful fortitude. In 1854 a monument was erected above his grave in Kensal Green, adorned with bas-reliefs suggested by "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and "The Bridge of Sighs," and inscribed with the legend, "He sang the Song of the Shirt." Cp. "Victorian Poets," chap. iii.

HORNE, Herbert P., architect, b. London, 1864. About 1882, began the study of art with Selwyn Image, and with him, in 1886, started the "Hobby Horse," but afterwards assumed the sole editorship of that magazine. An expert with relation to printing and the decoration of books. "Diversi Colores," a small volume of verse, appeared in 1891.

HORNE, Richard Hengist (originally Hen-

ry), dramatist and poet, b. London, 1803; d. Margate, 1884. An adventurous wanderer of the purely English type of Trelawny, Domett, and Oliphant. Spent years in Australia and other lands, and served in the Mexican army during the war with the United States. In his old age settled down in London, poor in means, but a picturesque and impressive figure. He began his literary career in 1828, with a poem in the "Athenæum," and developed virile, almost Elizabethan, dramatic genius as a poet. He was throughout life a prolific, uneven writer of prose and verse, but among his superior dramas are "Cosmo de' Medici," 1837; "The Death of Marlowe," 1837; "Gregory VII," 1840; "Judas Iscariot," 1848; "Prometheus the Fire-Bringer," 1864. His still famous allegorical epic of "Orion" was first issued at the price of a farthing. In 1844, conjointly with Mrs. Browning and Robert Bell, he published "A New Spirit of the Age," a series of critical essays. It was after his visit to Australia that he styled himself "Hengist." Mrs. Browning's letters to him were published in two volumes, 1877. [E. C. S.]

HOUGHTON, Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord, parliamentarian, b. London, 1809; d. Vichy, 1885. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed friendships with Tennyson, Hallam, Trench, and others. Entered Parliament in 1837, and during his political career took an active part in leading movements of the time. Was raised to the peerage by Lord Palmerston in 1863. He was always ready to befriend young writers and artists, and gathered about him a circle of the most brilliant men of the day. Published several volumes of travel on the Continent, and "Poems of Many Years," 1838; "Memorials of Many Seasons," 1840; "Poetry for the People," 1840; "Poems, Legendary and Historical," 1844; "Palm Leaves," 1844; "Life and Letters of Keats," 1848.

HOWITT, William and Mary, miscellaneous writers. William b. Derbyshire, 1792; d. Rome, 1879. Mary (Botham) b. Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, about 1799; d. Rome, 1888. Married in 1820, and worked together in a kind of literary partnership. Published their first volume of poems, "The Forest Minstrel," in 1823, followed by "The Desolation of Eyam," 1827. William Howitt was the author of "The Book of the Seasons," 1831, and "The Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," 1847. Mrs. Howitt translated the works of Frederika Bremer into English, and wrote a number of children's stories.

HUNTER-DUVAR, John, b. England, 1830. Has lived most of his life in Canada. For a time held an appointment in the Canadian Civil Service. His prose and verse have appeared in English and American periodicals, and he has made a number of translations. Published "De Roberval," a drama of early Canadian romance, 1888; "The Triumph of Constancy," 18—; "Annals of the Court of Oberon," 1895.

HUXLEY, Thomas Henry, scientist, b. Ealing, Middlesex, 1825; d. Eastbourne, Sussex, 1895. In 1846 took the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, and entered the royal navy as assistant surgeon. Rose to eminence as a biologist, and has held many important professorships. Was a strong supporter of the Darwinian theory, and the comrade of Tyndall and Spencer. Author of scientific works of the highest grade. President of the Royal Society, 1873–85. The following lines, written by Mrs. Huxley, have been carved upon his tombstone, in compliance with his own request:

> And if there be no meeting past the grave,
> If all is darkness, silence, yet 't is rest.
> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
> For God still giveth His beloved sleep.
> And if an endless sleep He wills — so best!

IMAGE, Selwyn, artist, b. about 1850. Educated at Brighton College and Marlborough, and took a degree at New College, Oxford, 1872. Was ordained in the same year, and continued in orders until 1880, when he gave up clerical work altogether and began the study of art. With Mr. Herbert Horne, he started the "Hobby Horse," 1886.

INGELOW, Jean, b. Boston, Lincolnshire, about 1830. In addition to her poetical works, has written several popular novels, and some stories for children. Published "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incident and Feeling," 1850; a first series of "Poems" in 1863, which instantly won the public affection in both England and America, and was followed by others in 1865, 1867, 1879, 1881, and 1886.

"INGOLDSBY, Thomas." — See *Richard Harris Barham.*

INGRAM, John Kells, political economist, b. Newry, near Belfast, about 1820. Fellow and professor of Trinity College, Dublin. His poem, "Ninety-Eight," first appeared in the Dublin "Nation."

JAMESON, Anna Brownell, b. Dublin, 1794; d. Ealing, Middlesex, 1860. Eldest daughter of D. Brownell Murphy, a miniature-painter. Became a governess at the age of sixteen, and in 1825 married Robert Jameson. In 1846 she visited Italy to collect material for her "Sacred and Legendary Art."

JAPP, Alexander Hay, journalist and critic, b. Forfarshire, Scotland, 1840. Educated at the University of Edinburgh. Became a contributor to Scottish journals, but removed to London, where he formed connections with "Good Words" and the "Sunday Magazine." Has been an industrious and successful writer, signing the pseudonym, "H. A. Page," to many of his most important works. Among his prose books are "Three Great Teachers of our Time," "Thomas De Quincey: his Life and Writings," and "Hours in my Garden." His latest volumes in verse are "Circle of the Year, a Sonnet Sequence," privately printed in 1893, and "Dramatic Pictures, English Rispetti, Sonnets, and other Verse," 1894.

JOHNSON, E. Pauline, b. on the Grand

River Indian Reserve, Ontario, 1862. Daughter of the head chief of the Mohawks, her mother being an Englishwoman. Has written verse for English and American journals, a collection of which is announced for publication in England.

JONES, Ebenezer, agitator, b. Islington, 1820; d. Brentwood, 1860. Was reared in a Calvinistic atmosphere, but being of a passionate nature, found restraint most irksome. Took a clerkship in 1837, and at the same time began his literary work, which he pursued under difficulties. Issued his book of poems, "Studies in Sensation and Event," in 1843, but subsequently devoted himself to prose writing on political subjects.

JONES, Ernest Charles, barrister, b. Berlin, Germany, 1819; d. Manchester, 1868. Educated at St. Michael's College, Lüneburg. Called to the Bar in London, 1844. Sacrificed the best years of his life to writing and speaking in behalf of social reform, and, in 1848, was imprisoned for two years on a charge of sedition. Author of "The Battle Day," 1855; "The Emperor's Vigil and other Waves of War," 1856; "Corydon and Other Poems," 1860.

JOYCE, Robert Dwyer, physician and journalist, b. Glenosheen, County Limerick, 1830; d. Dublin, 1883. Went to the United States in 1866, and took up his residence in Boston, where he practised medicine and wrote continually. A sturdy balladist and legendary poet. His "Ballads of Irish Chivalry" were first collected into a volume in Boston, 1872. These were followed in the eighties by "Deirdrè," an Irish epic, and "Blanid," the former of which brought its author into general repute.

KEBLE, John, divine, b. Fairford, 1792; d. Bournemouth, 1866. Educated at Oxford. Became a college tutor, and afterward accepted a curacy. Was professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1831–41. Vicar of Hursley from 1835 until his death. Author of several prose works in addition to "The Christian Year," 1827; "Lyra Innocentium," 1845; and "Poems," issued after his death. Was a leader in the High Church movement, afterwards called Tractarianism. Keble College, Oxford, founded after his design, now bears his name.

KELLY, Mary Eva (Mrs. Kevin O'Doherty), b. Galway, and now living in Australia. Was one of the regular contributors to the "Nation."

KEMBLE, Frances Anne, actress, b. London, 1809; d. 1893. Daughter of Charles Kemble, the actor, and niece of Mrs. Siddons. Began to write for the stage at an early age. Appeared first as Juliet, at the Covent Garden Theatre, 1809. Made a professional tour of America in 1832. Married Mr. Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, and was divorced in 1839. Lived in the United States for twenty years, and then took up her residence in England. Was a frequent prose writer, and published two volumes of verse.

KENDALL, Henry Clarence, government service, b. New South Wales, 1841; d. near Sydney, 1882. Held an appointment at one time in the Civil Service, wrote for the press, and occupied several mercantile positions. In 1881 was made Inspector of Forests. Published "Leaves from an Australian Forest," 1869, and "Songs from the Mountains," 1880. His collected poems, with a memoir by Alexander Sutherland, were issued in London.

KENDALL, May, b. Bridlington, Yorkshire, 1861. Author of "From a Garret," "White Poppies," "Such is Life," "Dreams to Sell," 1887; "Songs from Dreamland," 1894.

KENT, William Charles Mark (known as **Charles Kent**), journalist, b. London, 1823. Educated at Prior Park and Oscott Colleges. Editor of "The Sun" and the "Weekly Register." Was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, 1859. His collected "Poems" appeared in 1870.

KENYON, John, b. Jamaica, 1784; d. Cowes, 1856. Educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge. Took up his residence at Woodlands, Somerset, where he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and other noted authors. He was a distant relative of Elizabeth Barrett, and first made her acquainted with the poetry of Browning and with the poet himself, and afterward remained the beloved friend of both, bequeathing six thousand guineas to Mrs. Browning, and four thousand to her husband. His "Poems for the most part Occasional" appeared in 1838; "A Day at Tivoli, with Other Verse," 1849.

[E. C. S.]

KING, Harriet Eleanor (Hamilton), b. Edinburgh, 1840. Daughter of Admiral W. A. B. Hamilton. In 1863 married Mr. Henry S. King. Author of "Aspromonte," 1869; "The Disciple," 1873; "Book of Dreams," 1883.

KINGSLEY, Charles, clergyman and novelist, b. Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, 1819; d. Eversley, 1875. Educated at Clifton and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Ordained in 1842, and became rector of Eversley in 1844. An active worker in the cause of social reform, he became one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Chartist movement, and, in 1849, published his novel, "Alton Locke," an exposition of the aims and views of Chartism. Was made canon of Chester in 1869, and canon of Westminster in 1873. Of his poetical works, "The Saint's Tragedy" was published in 1848, and "Andromeda and Other Poems," in 1858. Author of literary essays and of many noted prose works, of which "Yeast," 1851, "Hypatia," 1853, "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," 1855, "Westward Ho!" 1855, "The Water-Babies, a Book for Children," 1863, and "Prose Idylls," 1873, are, perhaps, the best known.

KIPLING, Rudyard, romancer and balladist, b. Bombay, 1865. Educated in England, but returned to India and went on the staff of the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette," and contributed to the Indian daily press until 1889, when he went to England, and quickly achieved

a reputation throughout the English-speaking world by his dramatic and original tales and poems of Anglo-Indian life. Married Miss Balestier, sister of Wolcott Balestier, and took up a residence in the United States, where he now lives. His first volume of verse, "Departmental Ditties," appeared in 1886, and "Plain Tales from the Hills" in 1888. "Soldiers Three" and "Barrack Room Ballads" were published in America in 1891. Has written two novels, in one of which, "The Naulahka," he collaborated with Wolcott Balestier. "The Jungle Book," 1894, is a unique and imaginative production, and immediately became a favorite with young and old.

KNOX, Isa (Craig), b. Edinburgh, 1831. Took an active interest in social science. Her Ode on Burns won the place in the competition on the occasion of the Burns Centenary. Was married to her cousin, Mr. John Knox, of London. Published her first book of poems in 1856. "Songs of Consolation" appeared in 1874.

LAING, Alexander, b. Brechin, Scotland, 1787; d. Brechin, 1857. Engaged in the business of flax-dressing, and afterwards became a pedler. Contributed to local newspapers and to "Smith's Scottish Minstrels," "Harp of Renfrewshire," and "Whistle Binkie." Published a collection of his poems, called "Wayside Flowers," in 1846.

LAMPMAN, Archibald, Civil Service, b. Western Ontario, 1861. The son of an Anglican clergyman. Educated and took a degree at the University of Trinity College, Toronto. In 1883 received an appointment in the Civil Service at Ottawa, where he has since remained. His "Among the Millet and Other Poems" was published in 1888. His lyrics appear in the leading American magazines.

LANDOR, Walter Savage, b. Warwick, 30 Jan., 1775; d. Florence, Italy, 17 Sept., 1864. Was a classical enthusiast of a very genuine type, and held a unique position in literature. Never popular in the sense of being widely read by the common people, he is known better as a prose-writer than as a poet. Spent the latter years of his life in Italy. As an epigrammatist in verse, a writer of elegant bits of satire, elegy, gallantry, and social rhyme, he had no master in the English tongue. He was a man of impetuous temper, which involved him in unfortunate quarrels and complications, but all through his life he showed nobility of sentiment and great powers of tenderness and sympathy. He was an ardent Republican, devoted to liberty, and scornful of tyranny in all forms. Author of "Imaginary Conversations," 1824; "Pericles and Aspasia," 1836; "The Citation of William Shakespeare," 1834; and the "Pentameron," 1837. His plays include "Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanna of Naples," and "Fra Rupert." His Latin poetry, "Poemata et Inscriptiones," was published in 1847. In the same year, the exquisite "Hellenics" also appeared, and his last book, "Heroic Idyls," was issued in 1863. His Life, written at great length by John Forster, 1867–69, is the detailed record of a restless, versatile, in some respects heroic, and wonderfully prolonged, literary career. Cp. "Victorian Poets," chap. ii.

LANG, Andrew, critic and essayist, b. 1844. Educated at St. Andrew's University, and Balliol College, Oxford. Was made a Fellow of Merton, 1868. He has made notable translations of Homer, Theocritus, and the Greek Anthology, and, in prose, has written numerous biographical and critical essays. Author of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," 1872; "XXII Ballades in Blue China," 1880; "Helen of Troy," 1882; "Rhymes à la Mode," 1884; "Grass of Parnassus," 1888; also of several books of fairy tales; "Letters to Dead Authors," 1886; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," 1887; and is in the front rank of the most active and authoritative English men of letters.

LANGHORNE, Charles Hartley, b. Berwick-on-Tweed, 1818; d. 1845. Educated at Glasgow University and Oxford. Was studying law at the time of his premature death.

LAYCOCK, Samuel, b. Marsden, Yorkshire, 1825; d. Blackpool, 1893. Was employed in a mill, but began writing verse in his youth. Published "Lancashire Rhymes; or Homely Pictures of the People," 1864; "Lancashire Songs," 1866; "Lancashire Poems, Tales and Recitations," 1875. Shortly before his death, brought out a collective edition of his works.

LEAR, Edward, artist, b. Holloway, London, 1812; d. San Remo, 1888. Resided in Italy for a number of years. Painter of animals and landscape. Published several volumes of catching "Nonsense Verse."

LEE-HAMILTON, Eugene, b. London, 1845. Educated in France and Germany, and went to Oxford in 1864. Entered the diplomatic service, but while Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, 1873, a cerebro-spinal disorder developed, and from that time until recently, when his condition is somewhat improved, he has been unable to leave his couch. He is a half-brother of Miss Violet Paget ("Vernon Lee"). In addition to several other volumes of verse, he has published "The Fountain of Youth," 1891, and "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," 1894.

LEFROY, Edward Cracroft, clergyman, b. Westminster, 1855. Related to Jane Austen and Sir John Franklin. His two sisters were married to Charles and Alfred Tennyson. Educated at Blackheath School and Keble College. Entered the church, and held curacies at Lambeth, Truro, and other places, until 1882. Author of "Echoes of Theocritus and other Sonnets," 1885.

LE GALLIENNE, Richard, b. Birkenhead, 1865. Educated at the Liverpool College. Entered upon a business career, but soon gave it up for the profession of letters. Has done successful work in prose as well as verse. His first volume of poetry was privately printed in 1887. Later works are "Volumes in Folio,"

1889; "George Meredith: some Characteristics," 1890; "The Book-Bills of Narcissus," 1891; "English Poems," 1892; "Prose Fancies," 1894. He has also edited an edition of William Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris," 1893.

LEIGHTON, Robert, merchant, b. Dundee, 1822; d. Liverpool, 1869. Resided chiefly at Ayr.

LEVY, Amy, novelist, b. Clapham, 1861; d. London, 1889. Her parents were of the Jewish faith. Educated at Brighton and Newnham College. Was of a melancholy temperament, and died by her own hand. Her "Xantippe and Other Poems" was published in 1881, a great part of the volume reappearing in "A Minor Poet and Other Verse," 1884. "Reuben Sachs," a novel, and the volume of verse, "A London Plane Tree," came out in 1889.

LIDDELL, Catherine C. (Fraser-Tytler), b. 1848. Married Mr. Edward Liddell. Is author of "Songs in Minor Keys," published in 1881.

LIGHTHALL, W. D.—See *W. D. Schuyler-Lighthall.*

LINDSAY, Lady Blanche Elizabeth (Fitz-Roy), b. 1844. Daughter of the Rt. Hon. Henry FitzRoy, second son of the 3d Lord Southampton, and of Hannah Meyer, daughter of the late Baron Nathan-Meyer Rothschild. In 1864 married Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., of Balcarres, the founder of the Grosvenor Gallery, and a painter. She is a successful prose writer, and an accomplished musician and painter in water-colors. Published, in verse, "Lyrics," 1890; "A Child's Dream," and "A String of Beads," 1893.

LINTON, William James, b. London, 1812. Noted as a wood-engraver, a political agitator, and a man of letters. He did much to advance the art of wood-engraving in America, where he has lived for some years, and has contributed largely to literature both in prose and verse. In 1854 he founded "The English Republic," a periodical devoted to social science. "Claribel and Other Poems" was published in 1865; "A History of Wood Engraving in America," 1882; "Poems and Translations," 1889. He edited "Golden Apples of Hesperus," 1882; and a superb work, "The Masters of Wood Engraving," 1889. Linton has had a notable career, having participated in the Corn Law, Irish, and Italian struggles, and has always been in the van as a Radical. From his private press, the "Appledore," at New Haven, Conn., he still issues frequent metrical brochures, and has published his "Reminiscences," 1894.

LITTLE, Lizzie M. Author of "Persephone, and Other Poems," 1884.

LOCKER-LAMPSON, Frederick, b. near London, 1821; d. at his place, "Rowfant," Sussex, 1895. Clerk and précis writer in the Admiralty for a number of years. Added the surname Lampson to his own after the death of Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant, father of his second wife. He made a rare collection of books, manuscripts, and autographs. His daughter, now Mrs. Augustine Birrell, was first married to Lionel Tennyson, son of the Laureate. Published "London Lyrics" in 1862, and "Patchwork" (prose and verse), 1879, and edited the "Lyra Elegantiarum," 1867.

LOGAN, John E., insurance adjuster, b. Hamilton, Canada, 1852; about twenty years later removed to Montreal, where, with the exception of a few years, spent in the Canadian Northwest, he has since lived. Under the pseudonym of "Barry Dane" he has contributed a number of poems to the newspapers and periodicals, but they have never been published in book form.

LOVER, Samuel, novelist and painter, b. Dublin, 1797; d. Jersey, 1868. Was successful as a miniature painter, and became a member of the Irish Academy of Arts. Wrote several very popular ballads of Irish peasant life, which he set to music of his own composition. Went to London, where he was very popular. Illustrated his prose works with his own etchings. "Songs and Ballads" appeared in 1839, and "Handy Andy," an Irish novel, in 1842.

LOWE, Robert, Viscount Sherbrooke, statesman, b. Nottinghamshire, England, 1811; d. London, 1892. Educated at Winchester and University College, Oxford. Went to Australia in 1843, where he held legislative positions; returned to London in 1851. Prominent figure in English politics; was Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1868–1873, and Home Secretary, 1873–1874. "Poems of Life" appeared in London, 1855.

LYALL, Sir Alfred Comyns, K. C. B., b. Coulston, Surrey, 1835. Educated at Eton; and entered the Indian civil service, in which he has held offices of high distinction. Has published a book of religious and social studies relating to Asia; a Biography of Warren Hastings, and a volume of poems, "Verses Written in India," 1889.

LYTE, Henry Francis, clergyman, b. Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland, 1793; d. Nice, 1847. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1815. Changed parishes several times, but finally became "perpetual curate" of Lower Brixham, Devonshire. Published "Poems, chiefly Religious," 1833, and "Spirit of the Psalms," 1834. An eclectic volume of his poems was brought out in 1868.

LYTTON, Edward, Lord (Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton), novelist, dramatist, and parliamentarian, b. London, 1803, d. 1873. During his earlier literary career he was popularly known as "Bulwer." The most fertile and brilliant, after Sir Walter Scott, of the romantic school of novelists. Of his many, and often overwrought, romances, "The Last Days of Pompeii," 1834, and "Rienzi," 1835, will always have a place in English literature. In later years, his novels took on

a more intellectual tinge, as is seen in "The Caxtons," 1850, and "My Novel," 1853. Like Disraeli, he wrote to his dying day, and found a world of readers, "Kenelm Chillingly" and "The Parisians," both 1873, rivalling Beaconsfield's "Lothair" and "Endymion." He was graduated at Cambridge, 1826; was in Parliament 1831–41, 1852–66, and an ambitious orator; was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, 1856, and Colonial Secretary, under Lord Derby, 1858. Raised to the peerage, 1866. His eagerness for fame, and his versatile gifts and industry, were always in evidence. As a dramatist and playwright he succeeded well, — "The Lady of Lyons," 1838, and "Richelieu," 1838, still holding the stage. Since industry and ambition cannot make a poet, Bulwer's intense longing to obtain a lyric crown was of no avail. His "New Timon," a satire, 1846, brought him cause for regret. His epic, "King Arthur," 1848, and "The Lost Tales of Miletus," 1866, showed few traces of the divine fire. His dramatic verse, after all, was his best metrical work; but in addition to the extract from "Richelieu," and the song given in this Anthology, it is but just to reprint the following stanzas which have passion and lyrical quality.

[E. C. S.]

ABSENT YET PRESENT

As the flight of a river
That flows to the sea,
My soul rushes ever
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence
I am where thou art;
My heart in the distance
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,
I gaze on thy face;
I see thee, I hear thee,
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on
The steel it draws to it,
Is the charm of thy soul on
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens
The eyes that I miss,
And custom but heightens
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,
Though that may be owed, -
It is not from beauty,
Though that be bestowed;

But all that I care for,
And all that I know,
Is that, without wherefore,
I worship thee so.

Through granite it breaketh
A tree to the ray,
As a dreamer forsaketh
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever
Escapes unto thee;
O dream to the griever,
O light to the tree!

A twofold existence
I am where thou art;
Hark, hear in the distance
The beat of my heart!

LYTTON, Earl of (Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton), diplomatist, b. London, 1831, d. Paris, 1891. Son of Edward, Lord Lytton. Educated at Harrow and Bonn. Began his diplomatic career as attaché at Washington, D. C., and was subsequently connected with the British legations in most of the important European capitals. Appointed Viceroy to India in 1876, and advanced in the peerage as Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth, 1880. Scholar, diplomatist, magistrate, courtier, and man of letters, he touched life at many points. "Clytemnestra, the Earl's Return, and Other Poems" appeared in 1859 under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith," followed by "The Wanderer, A Collection of Poems in Many Lands," 1858; "Lucile, a Poem," 1860; "Fables in Song," 1874; "Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton, with a Memoir," 1874; and "Glenaveril, or the Metamorphoses," 1885. Among his later poetical works, "Orval, or the Fool of Time," 1869, and "King Poppy," 1892, are representative of the Polish school of mystical poetry.

McCRAE, George Gordon, government service, b. Scotland. Holds an appointment in the civil service in Victoria. Contributes to the Australian periodicals but has never published his collected poems. Has embodied many of the legends of the aborigines in verse, of which "Mamba, the Bright-eyed" and "The Story of Balladeadro," both published in 1867, are the best known.

McGEE, Thomas D'Arcy, journalist, b. Carlingford, Ireland, 1825; killed at Ottawa, Canada, 1868. Emigrated to America, 1842, and became editor of the Boston "Pilot." Returned to Ireland in 1845 to edit the "Freeman's Journal," but soon became connected with "The Nation." During the riots in 1848, he was obliged to flee to America, and here for nine years published "The New York Nation." In 1857 moved to Montreal, and soon entered the Canadian Parliament. While going home from a night session, he was assassinated for his opposition to the Fenians.

MACAULAY, Thomas Babington, Lord, historian, b. in Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, 1800; d. Kensington, 1859. Displayed remarkable precocity, reading incessantly from the age of three, and possessed unique powers of memory throughout life. He was generous and devoted to his sisters, and died unmarried. Was noted in Parliament, and spent three years and a half in India as a member of the supreme council. "The History of England" was his greatest literary achievement, although he was the author of many brilliant essays, published mostly in the "Edinburgh Review," and then collected into volumes. His poetry consists of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" and other bal-

lads. He became a peer in 1857. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, 9 Jan., 1860. His grave is in the Poets' Corner, at the foot of Addison's statue.

MacCARTHY, Denis Florence, b. Dublin, 1817; d. 1882. Educated at Trinity College; called to the Bar, but devoted himself mainly to literature. Contributed to "The Nation." Professor of Poetry in the Irish Catholic University. Translated several of Calderon's dramas into English verse. A collective edition of his own poems appeared in 1884.

MACDONALD, Frederika Richardson. Author of "Nathaniel Vaughan, Priest and Man," 1874; "Puck and Pearl; Wanderings of two English Children in India," 1886.

MACDONALD, George, novelist, b. Huntley, Aberdeenshire, 1824. Took his degree from King's College, Aberdeen. Studied for the ministry, and was first pastor of an Independent church at Arundel, for a short time. Joined the Church of England and settled in London, devoting himself to literature. "Within and Without," a dramatic poem, was published in 1856; "A Hidden Life," 1857; and "The Disciples and Other Poems," 1867. Author of many novels.

MACKAIL, John William, author of "Thermopylæ: Newdigate Verse," 1881; and "Virgil's Æneid in English Prose," 1885. As a poet, associated with Rev. H. C. Beeching and Mr. J. B. B. Nichols in the production of "Love in Idleness," 1883, and "Love's Looking-glass," 1891.

MACKAY, Charles, journalist and song writer, b. Perth, 1814; d. 1889. Issued his first volume of poems in 1834. Became sub-editor of the "Morning Chronicle," and while holding this position published "The Hope of the World." Afterwards editor of the "Glasgow Argus," and "The Illustrated London News," and founder of the "London Review." Made a lecturing tour in the United States, 1857–58, and during the Civil War resided in New York as correspondent of the "Times." A prolific writer of both prose and verse.

MACKAY, Eric, b. London, 1851. Son of the late Dr. Charles Mackay. Educated in Scotland, and afterwards passed a number of years in Italy. Has published "Love Letters of a Violinist," 1885; followed by "Gladys the Singer," and "A Lover's Litanies." His "Nero and Actaea," a dramatic work, appeared in 1891.

MAGINN, William, b. Cork, 1793; d. Walton-on-Thames, 1842. Attended Trinity College, Dublin, when but ten years of age, and received the degree of LL. D. at the age of twenty-three. Joined the staff of "Blackwood's" in 1820, and afterwards was connected with "Fraser's." His irregular habits stood in the way of a success proportionate to his genius. Author of a series of Homeric Ballads.

MAHONY, Francis Sylvester ("Father Prout"), priest and humorist, b. Cork, 1805; d. Paris, 1866. Was ordained as a priest, but in 1837 adopted the profession of literature. Contributed to "Fraser's" and other periodicals, and collected his magazine articles in a volume entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." A brilliant author, witty and sarcastic.

MAIR, Charles, b. 1840, Province of Ontario. Educated at Queen's University, Kingston. His letters to Canadian journals from the Northwest Territory gave the first impetus to immigration to that region. He took an active part in putting down the insurrections led by Louis Riel. Engaged in the fur-trade for a time, but is now occupied solely with literary work. "Dreamland and other Poems" was issued in 1868, and "Tecumseh," a drama, in 1886.

MANGAN, James Clarence, b. Dublin, 1803; d. 1849. Received a common school education, and at the age of fifteen entered a solicitor's office. Here he remained for several years, the sole support of the family, working early and late. In 1830, began contributing remarkable translations to Dublin periodicals and obtained a position in Trinity College Library. Continued his translations and wrote some odes for "The Nation." Dissipation enfeebled his constitution, and he succumbed to an attack of cholera.

MARSTON, John Westland, dramatist, b. Boston, Lincolnshire, 1819; d. 1890. Studied law, but relinquished it for literature. His first play, "The Patrician's Daughter," was written when he was twenty-two years of age. "Strathmore" appeared in 1849, and was followed by several other dramas. In 1888, published "Recollections of our Recent Actors." For many years led the life of a London editor, contributor, and man of letters.

MARSTON, Philip Bourke, b. London, 1850; d. London, 1887. Only son of Dr. Westland Marston, and godson of Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik). It was to him she addressed her poem "Philip, My King." Notwithstanding his blindness, caused by an injury to his eyes when he was a young child, he began to dictate verses from his early youth. The loss through death of his betrothed (Miss Nesbit), his two sisters, his brother-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and his friend, Oliver Madox Brown, all occurred within the space of a few years. Rossetti encouraged his genius, and said of some of his verse that it was "worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical moods." "Song-Tide and Other Poems" was issued in 1871, and was followed by "All in All" in 1875, and "Wind Voices," 1883. A collection of all his poems was edited with a memoir by his devoted friend, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in 1892.

MARTIN, Arthur Patchett, journalist, b. Woolwich, England, 1851, and taken to Australia in 1852. Educated at Melbourne University. Held an appointment in the civil service for a time. Was one of the founders of the

"Melbourne Review," and its editor for six years. Author of "A Sweet Girl Graduate" and "An Easter Omelette," 1878; and "Fernshawe," a volume of prose and verse, published in Australia in 1881, and republished in London, 1885.

MARTINEAU, Harriet, b. Norwich, 1802; d. 1876. An advocate of free thought and social reform, and a voluminous writer on political economy, history, and biography. Contributed to the "Monthly Repository" and the "Daily News."

MARZIALS, Frank T., b. Lille, France, 1840. At an early age entered the English war office, where he still remains. Has written various biographies. Edited the Academy series of "Great Writers," and has contributed articles on art and French literature to leading periodicals. His poetical writings are included in "Death's Disguises," 1889.

MARZIALS, Théophile Julius Henry, musician and composer, b. 1850. Of French descent. "The Passionate Dowsabella," a pastoral poem, was first printed privately in 1850. It was included in "A Gallery of Pigeons and Other Poems," published in 1873. Has composed a large number of artistic and captivating songs.

MASSEY, Gerald, b. Tring, Hertfordshire, 1828. Began to work in a silk factory when a mere lad. Edited "The Spirit of Freedom" at the age of twenty-one, and in the following year became one of the secretaries of the "Christian Socialists." Brought out his first volume of poems in 1850. Has lectured upon psychological subjects, and of late years has been engaged in forming societies to promote spiritualism and socialism. "My Lyrical Life," published in 1890, contains selections from his four previously published works.

MEREDITH, George, novelist, b. Hampshire, about 1828. Studied in Germany and was prepared for the law, but took up literature instead. He published "Poems" in 1851; "The Shaving of Shagpat," 1856; "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," 1859; "Evan Harrington," 1861; "Modern Love," a volume of poems, 1862; "Emilia in England," 1864; "Rhoda Fleming," 1865; "Vittoria," 1867; "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," 1871; "Beauchamp's Career," 1876; "The Egoist," 1879; "The Tragic Comedians," 1881; "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," 1883; "Diana of the Crossways," 1885; "Ballads and Poems of a Tragic Life," 1887; "A Reading of Earth," 1888; "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," 1894.

"MEREDITH, Owen."—See *Robert, Earl of Lytton.*

MERIVALE, Herman Charles, dramatist and novelist, b. London, 1839. Educated at Harrow and Oxford. Called to the Bar in 1864, at the Inner Temple. Edited "Annual Register" for ten years. Author of several successful plays. "The White Pilgrim and Other Poems" was published in 1883; "Florien and Other Poems," 1884.

MEYNELL, Alice (Thompson), b. London. Educated at home, and spent much of her childhood in Italy. In 1875 brought out a volume of poems, "Preludes," which was illustrated by her sister, Lady Butler. Married Mr. Wilfred Meynell, editor of "Merry England," in 1877. Since then has written chiefly prose, and published a book of essays, "The Rhythm of Life," in 1893. In the same year appeared a new edition of "Preludes."

MILLER, Hugh, geologist, b. Cromarty, 1802; d. 1856. In early life worked as a stonemason. In 1829 published "Poems;" and in 1840 became the editor of "The Witness," at Edinburgh. Of his scientific writings, "The Old Red Sandstone" was published in 1841, and in 1856 appeared "The Testimony of the Rocks."

MILLER, Thomas, novelist, b. Gainsborough, 1807; d. London, 1874. While employed as a basket-maker, published his first book of verse, "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," 1832. "A Day in the Woods" (verse) appeared in 1836. Contributed to the annuals and the "London Journal," and wrote a number of books for children.

MILLER, William, b. Bridgegate, Glasgow, Scotland, 1810; d. 1872. Followed the trade of wood-turner at Glasgow. Contributed to "Whistle Binkie," and published "Scottish Nursery Songs and Other Poems," 1863. The charm of his poems of children made them so popular that he has been called by Robert Buchanan the "Laureate of the Nursery."

MILMAN, Henry Hart, divine, b. London, 1791; d. Sunninghill, 1868. Educated at Oxford; ordained in 1816, and became a curate at Reading. Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years; rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1835, and dean of St. Paul's, 1849. Author of several poetical and historical works, the most important of the latter being "The History of Latin Christianity," 1854–55.

MILNES, Richard Monckton.—See *Lord Houghton.*

MITFORD, John, clergyman and editor, b. 1781; d. 1859. In 1814 edited Gray's works, and in 1851, those of Milton. Also edited Parnell's works for the "Aldine Poets." A collection of his own verse, entitled "Miscellaneous Poems," appeared in 1858.

MOIR, David Macbeth, physician, b. Musselburgh, 1798; d. Dumfries, 1851. Granted a surgeon's diploma from University of Edinburgh, 1816. Contributed to "Blackwood's:" published "Legends of Genevieve, with Other Tales and Poems," 1824. Author of several prose works. After his death a collection of his poems was published, edited by Thomas Aird.

MONKHOUSE, Cosmo, art critic, b. Lon-

don, 1840. Educated at St. Paul's School. At the age of seventeen he secured a position in the Board of Trade, where he still remains, and is now assistant secretary for finance. In 1865 published "A Dream of Idleness and other Poems," and twenty-five years later, "Corn and Poppies," the volume containing his best lyrical work. Has written the life of Turner in the "Great Artists" series, and the life of Leigh Hunt in the "Great Writers" series. Is well known as an authoritative writer on art and letters.

MONSELL, John Samuel Bewley, clergyman, b. St. Columb's, Londonderry, Ireland, 1811; d. Guildford, Surrey, 1875. Was graduated fromTrinity College, Dublin, 1832. Rector of Ramoan, chancellor of Connor, and rector of St. Nicholas', Guildford, Surrey. His poems are nearly all of a religious nature. Many of them appeared in "Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year," 1863.

MONTGOMERY, Eleanor Elizabeth, b. New Zealand, and lives there on a cattle ranch. Employs the pseudonym of "The Singing Shepherd." Author of "Songs of the Singing Shepherd," issued in Wauganui, New Zealand, 1885.

MONTGOMERY, James, journalist, b. Ayrshire, Scotland, 1771; d. 1854. Spent most of his life in Sheffield, where he edited a liberal newspaper. In addition to devotional poems he wrote "The Wanderer in Switzerland;" "The West Indies," a poem against the slave trade; "The World before the Flood;" "Greenland;" and "The Pelican Island."

MOODIE, Susanna Strickland, b. Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England, 1803; d. Toronto, Canada, 1885. Sister of Agnes Strickland. Married John Wedderburn Dunbar Moodie, ex-naval officer, and traveller and author of several books on Holland, South Africa, and settlers' life in Canada. She came to Canada with Mr. Moodie, and resided for many years in Toronto. Author of "Enthusiasm and Other Poems," 1829; "Roughing it in the Bush, or Life in Canada," 1852; "Life in the Clearings versus the Bush," 1853. Also wrote several novels.

MORRIS, Sir Lewis, b. in Caermarthen, 1833. Educated at Sherborne School and Jesus College, Oxford, where he was awarded the Chancellor's prize in 1855, and the English Essay prize in 1858. Called to the Bar in 1861, and practised for many years. In 1881 he stood in the Liberal interest for the Caermarthen Boroughs, but retired before election. Contested the Pembroke Boroughs in 1886, but was defeated. Is an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, a Knight of the Order of the Saviour (Greece), and a Justice of the Peace for his native county. In 1890 his collected poetical "Works" appeared in one volume. This included the three series of "Songs of Two Worlds," "Epic of Hades," "Gwen," "Ode of Life," "Songs Unsung," "Gycia," and "Songs of Britain." "A Vision of Saints" also appeared in 1890. He was knighted by the Queen in 1895.

MORRIS, William, decorative artist, b. Walthamstow, 1834. Educated at Marlborough and Exeter College, Oxford, and studied architecture under George Edmund Street. Established "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine." Made a special study of artistic design and founded the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., which is now conducted under his name alone, and which produces materials used in fine art decoration. More recently has established the Kelmscott Press, from which costly reprints, in the highest style of Caxton's art, are issued. Among his many publications are "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems," 1858; "The Life and Death of Jason," 1867; "The Earthly Paradise," 1868–70; "Love is enough," 1873; "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," 1889. In collaboration with Eirfkr Magnússon he has begun a translation of the Icelandic Sagas, the first volume of which was published in 1891. Of late years he has been an ardent advocate of social reform, often lecturing to the working classes. In poetry Chaucer was his master, but he is unrivalled in the strength, learning, and felicity with which he has reproduced the Germanic and Norse legendaries in his affluent English verse. In art, beginning with Pre-Raphaelite affiliations, he has practically applied the secrets of beauty throughout the range of decorative construction. Cp. "Victorian Poets," ch. x, and p. 442. [E. C. S.]

MULHOLLAND, Rosa, novelist, b. Belfast. Has contributed to the "Cornhill" and "All the Year Round," and has written a number of novels and tales. Published a volume of poems in 1886.

MULOCK, Dinah Maria.—See *D. M. Craik.*

MUNBY, Arthur Joseph, barrister, b. in the Wapentake of Bulmer, Yorkshire, 1828. His London quarters are in the Temple, and he resorts for a country life to his farm in Surrey. A truly pastoral lyrist and idyllist, delighting in the simple lives of the English peasantry and farm and house servants, which he realistically depicts. His "Dorothy," written in elegiac verse, became a favorite in England and America, 1880. He had previously published "Verses New and Old," 1865. Author, also, of "Vestigia Retrorsum," 1891; "Vulgar Verses," mostly dialect poems (under the pseudonym of "Jones Brown"), 1891; "Susan," 1893. [E. C. S.]

MURRAY, George, educator, b. London, England. Was graduated with honors at Oxford. Went to Montreal and was made classical master of the High School. He has made a number of metrical translations from the French. Author of "Verses and Versions," 1891.

MYERS, Ernest, classicist, b. Keswick, 1844. Educated at Cheltenham College and at Balliol College, Oxford. Was a Fellow of

Wadham College and classical lecturer there and at Balliol. Younger brother of Frederic W. H. Myers. Author of "The Puritans," 1869; "Poems," 1870; "The Defence of Rome and Other Poems," 1880; "The Judgment of Prometheus and Other Poems," 1886. He collaborated with Andrew Lang and W. Leaf in the "Translation of the Iliad," published in 1883.

MYERS, Frederic William Henry, investigator, b. Keswick, 1843. Son of Rev. Frederic Myers, author of "Catholic Thoughts." Educated at Cheltenham College and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Inspector of Schools for a number of years, and assisted in establishing the "Psychical Research Society." "St. Paul" appeared in 1865; "Poems," 1870; "The Renewal of Youth," 1882. Is also a prose-writer, and was part author of "Phantasms of the Living," 1886.

NADEN, Constance Caroline Woodhill, b. Edgbaston, 1858; d. London, 1889. Author of "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime," 1881, and "The Modern Apostle and Other Poems," 1887.

NEWMAN, John Henry, Cardinal, theologian, b. London, 1801; d. Birmingham, 1890. Was graduated with honor from Trinity College, 1820. Fellow of Oriel College, and afterwards tutor at the same. Vice-principal of St. Alban's under Dr. Whately; incumbent of St. Mary's, Oxford. One of the leaders of the Tractarian movement. Left the Church of England and joined the Church of Rome in 1845. Was created a Cardinal Deacon by the Pope in 1879. Published two volumes of verse, and contributed to the "Lyra Apostolica." An eminent master of English prose, and the author of several theological and historical works.

NICHOL, John, scholar, b. Montrose, 1833; d. 1894. Son of John Pringle Nichol, the astronomer. Took his degree, with honor, from Balliol College, Oxford, 1859. Became Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University; received the degree of LL. D. from the University of St. Andrews, 1873. Besides critical and other works, he published "Hannibal: an Historical Drama," 1873; and "The Death of Themistocles, and Other Poems," 1881.

NICHOLS, J. B. B. Associated with Rev. H. C. Beeching and J. W. Mackail in the authorship of "Love in Idleness," 1883, and "Love's Looking-glass," 1891.

NICOLL, Robert, b. Auchtergaven in Perthshire, 1814; d. 1837. While engaged in humble employments he trained himself for a literary career. Became editor of the "Leeds Times," a Liberal weekly. Published "Poems and Lyrics" in 1835.

NOEL, Hon. Roden Berkeley Wriothesley, b. 1834; d. Maintz, 1894. Son of the Earl of Gainsborough (second creation). His childhood was passed at Exton Park, Rutlandshire. Much of his descriptive poetry was the result of his visit to his grandfather Lord Roden's beautiful place in Ireland. Took his degree from Cambridge, and travelled extensively in the East. Author of "Beatrice and Other Poems," 1868; "The Red Flag," 1872; "A Little Child's Monument," 1881; and "A Modern Faust," 1888. In prose is known as a critic, biographer, and philosopher.

NORTON, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (Sheridan), afterwards **Lady Stirling-Maxwell,** b. 1808; d. 1877. Daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In 1827 she married Mr. George Norton, but the union was an unhappy one. She wrote several successful novels. Of her poetry, "The Sorrows of Rosalie" appeared in 1829; "The Undying One," in 1831; "The Child of the Island," in 1845, and "The Lady of la Garaye," in 1863. She married Sir William Sterling-Maxwell three months before her death.

O'LEARY, Ellen, b. Tipperary, 1831; d. Dublin, 1889. Contributed to various Irish publications, and with her brother John O'Leary was active in the Fenian movement of 1864. After 1885 she made her home in Dublin. A collected edition of her poems was published, with a memoir, in 1890.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, Arthur William Edgar, b. London, 1844 (as given in his own MS.); d. London, 1881. Connected with the British Museum, first holding a subordinate position in the Library, and afterwards being transferred to the Department of Natural History. Married Eleanor, the daughter of Dr. Westland Marston and sister of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston. "An Epic of Women" appeared in 1870; "Lays of France" in 1872; and "Music and Moonlight" in 1874. His posthumous poems, "Songs of a Worker," were published in 1831. A selection from his poems, edited by his friend, Mrs. Moulton, appeared in 1894.

PALGRAVE, Francis Turner, critic, b. 1824. Son of Sir Francis Palgrave, historian. Took his degree from Balliol College in 1847. and was elected Fellow of Exeter College. From 1850 to 1855 was vice-principal (under Dr. Temple, subsequently bishop of London) of the Training College at Kneller Hall. Became one of the secretaries of the Committee of Council on Education; and afterwards professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1878, was created an honorary LL. D. of Edinburgh. Editor of admirable collections of poetry, and author of "Lyrical Dreams," 1871, and "The Vision of England," 1881.

PARKER, Gilbert, b. Canada, 1862. Educated at the University of Trinity College, Toronto, and was afterwards a lecturer there in English literature. Studied for the Church, but owing to a severe illness went to the South Seas, where he joined the staff of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and was special commis-

sioner for that paper in the South Seas. Has published "Pierre and His People," 1892; "Mrs. Falchion," 1893; "The Translation of a Savage," 1894; "A Lover's Diary," 1894; "The Trail of the Sword," 1895. Well known in the United States by his novels, and a prominent contributor to American magazines.

PARNELL, Frances Isabel (Fanny), b. 1854; d. 1882. Sister of Charles Stewart Parnell and granddaughter of Charles Stewart, the historic commander of the U. S. frigate "Constitution." Her poems have never been collected.

PATMORE, Coventry Kearsey Deighton, b. Woodford, 1823. In 1844 brought out his first volume of poems; in 1847, became assistant librarian in the British Museum. Published "The Angel in the House," "The Betrothal," 1854, and "The Espousals," 1856. After his wife's death he retired from the Museum and has since lived at Hastings. "The Unknown Eros" appeared in 1877; "Amelia," and a collected edition of his poems, in 1878. Edited "The Children's Garland" in the Golden Treasury Series.

PATON, Sir Joseph Noel, painter, b. Dunfermline, 1821. Studied at the Royal Academy, London. Twice succeeded in securing the prize at the Westminster Hall competitions; appointed Queen's Limner for Scotland, 1865; knighted in 1867, and made LL. D. of Edinburgh University in 1876. "Poems by a Painter" appeared in 1861, and "Spindrift" in 1867.

PAYNE, John, solicitor, b. 1842. Published "A Masque of Shadows," 1870; "Intaglios," 1871; "Songs of Life and Death," 1872; "Lautrec," 1878; and "New Poems, 1880." Translated, for the Villon Society, Villon's Poems, the "Thousand Nights and One Night," and "The Decameron." Is a most learned scholar, and a master of English prose, to which a skilful archaic quality lends artistic effect.

PEACOCK, Thomas Love, novelist, b. Weymouth, 1785; d. Lower Halliford, 1866. One of the best classical scholars of his time, though self-educated. Became the intimate friend of Shelley, and was his executor. Was connected with the India House as chief examiner from 1819 to 1856. Wrote several novels, of which "Headlong Hall," published in 1815, was the first. "Rhododaphne," a long poem, appeared in 1818; "Nightmare Abbey," in 1818; "Maid Marian," in 1822; "Gryll Grange," in 1860.

PFEIFFER, Emily (Davis), b. Wales, 1841; d. 1890. Daughter of Mr. R. Davis of Oxfordshire, an officer in the army. Lack of means prevented her receiving a systematic education. After a tour abroad she married Mr. Pfeiffer, a rich German merchant who settled in London. Though suffering for years from ill-health, she wrote, chivalrously encouraged by her husband, many volumes of poetry, and contributed articles on "Woman's Work" to the "Contemporary Review."

POLLOCK, Sir Frederick, 3d Bart., barrister, b. 1845. Eldest son of Sir William Frederick Pollock, Bart. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1868. Made Corpus Prof. Jur., Oxford, 1883, and Prof. of Common Law, Inns of Court, 1884. Also editor of the "Law Quarterly Review" and author of various legal works. Has written a book on Spinoza, and in verse, the witty "Leading Cases Done into English," 1876, from which "The Six Carpenters' Case," given in this Anthology, is taken.

POLLOCK, Walter Herries, editor, b. London, 1850. Brother of the preceding. Graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, 1871. Called to the bar at the Inner Temple, 1874. Has lectured at the Royal Institution, London, and other places. Long the editor of the "Saturday Review." In addition to a volume of lectures and a novel, he has published "Verses of Two Tongues," "The Poet and the Muse," translated from A. de Musset, and "Songs and Rhymes," 1882.

PRAED, Winthrop Mackworth, parliamentarian, b. London, 1802; d. 1839. Entered Eton in 1814, and Trinity College, Cambridge, 1821. While at Eton, he published the "Etonian," and at both institutions was noted for his brilliant scholarship. The elegant and gifted pioneer of modern society-verse. Contributed to the "Quarterly Magazine." Entered Parliament in 1836. An edition of his poems was brought out by Rev. Derwent Coleridge, 1864.

PROBYN, May. Author of "Poems," 1881; "A Ballad of the Road and Other Poems," 1883; and works of fiction. Her verse was well received by the public. It is understood that, having entered an order of the Roman Catholic Church, for a time she ceased to write, but a new volume of her poetry has been announced.

PROCTER, Adelaide Anne, b. London, 1825; d. 1864. Daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, "Barry Cornwall." Her verses were first published over the signature of "Mary Berwick," and were sent to her father's friend, Charles Dickens, then editor of "Household Words." The success of her efforts led her to disclose her identity. She became a Roman Catholic and was indefatigable in charitable work. An enlarged edition of "Legends and Verses" was issued in 1861. "A Chaplet of Verses" appeared in 1862, and a complete edition of her poems, with an introduction by Charles Dickens, was issued not long after her death.

PROCTER, Bryan Waller, barrister, b. London, 1787; d. London, 1874. Educated at Harrow. He was called to the bar in 1831. Held the post of Commissioner of Lunacy from 1831 to 1861. His first work was published under the pen-name of "Barry Cornwall." Author of "Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems," 1819; "Mirandola," a play that had a successful run at Covent Garden, 1821; "A Sicilian

Story," 1821; "Flood of Thessaly," 1823; "English Songs," 1832; and memoirs of Shakespeare, Lamb, and others. A natural and exquisite song-writer, associated in literary annals with our traditions of Lamb, Hunt, Landor, Keats, Shelley, and the post-Georgian school. Cp. "Victorian Poets," chap. iii.

QUILLER-COUCH, Arthur Thomas, romancer, b. Bodwin in Cornwall, 1863. Educated at Clifton College and Trinity College, Oxford. Has published "The Splendid Spur," 1889; "The Delectable Duchy," 1893; "Green Bays" and "The White Moth" (verse), 1893.

RADFORD, Mrs. Ernest, b. 1858. Was Miss Dollie Maitland before her marriage to the well known artist. Author of "A Light Load," 1891.

RANDS, William Brighty, b. 1823; d. 1880. Wrote under the pseudonyms of "Henry Holbeach," "Matthew Browne," and "Timon Fielding." Was reporter in the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons. Wrote "The Literary Lounger" in the "Illustrated Times"; contributed to other periodicals. "Lilliput Levee" appeared in 1864; "Chaucer's England," in 1869; "Lilliput Lectures," in 1871.

RHYS, Ernest, editor, b. London, 1860. Educated at schools in Bishop Stootford and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Became a mining engineer, and followed his profession in County Durham, but after awhile devoted himself to letters. Having resided as a boy in South Wales, he has paid special attention to the translation of Welsh literature. Editor of the "Camelot Series," sixty-five volumes, 1885-90, of popular reprints and translations. Author of "The Great Cockney Tragedy," 1891; "A London Rose and Other Rhymes," 1894; "Life of Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A.," 1895. Member of the Rhymers' Club, and a contributor to its "First" and "Second Books," 1893-94.

ROBERTS, Charles George Douglas, professor, b. New Brunswick, 1860. The son of a clergyman, he was educated at home under his father's instruction, and at the University of New Brunswick. Was made head master of Chatham Grammar School in 1879. Two years later edited the Toronto "Week" for a short time. In 1885 became professor of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S. Author of "Orion and Other Poems," 1880; "In Divers Tones," 1887; "Songs of the Common Day," 1893. Has now resigned his professorship to devote himself more freely to literature. He has been an influential leader of the new and promising Canadian group of writers.

ROBERTS, Jane Elizabeth Gostwycke, b. Westcock, New Brunswick. Sister of C. G. D. Roberts.

ROBINSON, A. Mary F.—See *A. M. F. Darmesteter.*

RODD, Rennell, diplomatist, b. 1858. His poem on Sir Walter Raleigh won for him the Newdigate prize at Oxford, in 1880. Appointed to the Berlin Embassy in 1884, and afterwards connected with the Legation at Athens. In addition to "Feda and Other Poems," 1886, has published some volumes of verse and two prose works.

ROPES, Arthur Reed, b. near London, 1859. Son of an American merchant who settled in England, and nephew of John C. Ropes, the writer on military history. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1884-90. Published "Poems" in 1884, and has since written lyrics for the stage under the name of "Adrian Roos." Edited, also, selections from the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

ROSCOE, William Caldwell, b. Liverpool, 1823; d. 1859. Took his degree at University College, London, 1843. Called to the Bar, 1850, but owing to ill-health he was obliged to give up practice. His "Poems and Essays," in two volumes, were edited with a memoir, by his brother-in-law, Richard Holt Hutton, after his death.

ROSSETTI, Christina Georgina, b. London, 1830; d. London, 1894. Daughter of Gabriel Rossetti, an Italian political exile and distinguished student of Dante, and sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In the front rank of modern women poets. Her later work is devotional in sentiment, and consists chiefly of poetical commentaries on religious subjects. Collective editions of her poems have been published in England and America. Author of "Goblin Market and Other Poems," 1862; "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems," 1866; "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme-book," 1872; "Annus Domini, a Collect for Each Day of the Year," 1874; "A Pageant and Other Poems," 1881; "Letter and Spirit, Notes on the Commandments," 1883; "Time Flies, a Reading Diary," 1885.

ROSSETTI, Dante Gabriel (Gabriel Charles Dante), painter, b. London, 1828; d. Westgate-on-Sea, 1882. Son of Gabriel Rossetti and brother of Christina Rossetti. Educated at King's College School; studied art at the Royal Academy Antique School and in Ford Madox Brown's studio. He was confessedly the leader and exemplar of the Pre-Raphaelite School, both in painting and poetry. In 1850, with the assistance of a few associates of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he founded "The Germ," which was the organ of the order, and in which "The Blessed Damozel" appeared in 1850. His pictures are distinguished by the same subtle quality that marks his verse, and exercised as great an influence in art as the latter did in literature. His "Early Italian Poets," a translation, appeared in 1861; "Poems," in 1870; "Dante and His Circle," also a translation, in 1874; and "Ballads and Sonnets," in 1881. "Cp. "Victorian Poets," chap. x and p. 439.

ROSSLYN, 4th Earl of, Francis Robert St. Clair Erskine, b. 1833; d. 1890. Published his "Sonnets" in 1883.

RUSKIN, John, critic and virtuoso, b. London, 1819. Educated at Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize in 1839. Devoted himself to art, and in 1843 published the first volume of "Modern Painters," which now consists of four volumes, illustrated by himself. Has also made a study of architecture, and published two works on that subject, besides many noble treatises relating to the fine arts. Some of his later writings are a criticism of life, from the ideal point of view, and bear on many social problems of the day. The most poetic and cumulative of modern prose writers. Has held the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford. Of late has been issuing his autobiography under the title "Praeterita."

RUSSELL, George William ("A. E."), b. Durgan, a town in the North of Ireland, 1867. Moved to Dublin with his family at the age of ten. Formed the acquaintance of a group of literary people, of which W. B. Yeats and Katharine Tynan were conspicuous members. He studied art for a short time. His poems have been published under the initials "A. E." "Homeward Songs by the Way" was reissued in the United States, 1895.

RUSSELL, Percy, Australian journalist and poet, now living in London. Author of "King Alfred and Other Poems," 1880; "My Strange Wife," 1886.

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, George Francis, b. County Dublin, 1845. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Cork, and a professor of the Queen's University, Ireland. Edited the works of his deceased brother, Edmund J. Armstrong, with a biography. Made Litt. D., Queen's University, 1882, and is a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. Author of many poetical works, among which are "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," 1879; "Ugone, a Tragedy," 1870; "The Tragedy of Israel" (a trilogy), 1872–76; "Stories of Wicklow," 1886; "One in the Infinite," 1891. An edition of all his poetry, in 10 volumes, was issued in 1892.

SCHUYLER-LIGHTHALL, William Douw, advocate, b. Hamilton, Ontario, 1857. Published several volumes on Canadian national life. "Thoughts, Moods, and Ideals," a small book of verse, was printed for private circulation in 1887. He also edited "Songs of the Great Dominion," 1889.

SCOTT, Clement William, dramatist and dramatic critic, b. Hoxton, London, 1841. Son of Rev. William Scott. Educated at Marlborough College, Wiltshire. Appointed to a clerkship in the War Office, 1860, and in 1879 retired on a pension. Has contributed to many of the leading English periodicals. Became dramatic critic to the London "Daily Telegraph" in 1879. "Lays of a Londoner" appeared in 1882; "Lays and Legends," in 1888. Is the author of several successful plays, among which are "The Cape Mail," "Odette," and "Sister Mary," in which he collaborated with Wilson Barrett.

SCOTT, Duncan Campbell, b. Ottawa, 1862. Lived in Ottawa, and subsequently in Quebec, until 1879, when he entered the Indian Department of the Civil Service, and is now chief clerk of that department. He published "The Magic House" in 1893.

SCOTT, Frederick George, clergyman, b. 1861. In charge of a church at Drummondville, Quebec. Author of "The Soul's Quest," 1888, and "My Lattice and Other Poems," 1894.

SCOTT, William Bell, painter and etcher, b. near Edinburgh, 1811; d. Ayrshire, 1890. Educated at the Edinburgh High School and studied art at the Government Academy and the British Museum. Established a Government art school at Newcastle, 1844. His early poems appeared in the Edinburgh magazines. "Poems of a Painter" was published in 1854, and "A Poet's Harvest Home" in 1882. His personal reminiscences, largely concerned with the Pre-Raphaelite group of poets and painters, were published after his death.

SHAIRP, John Campbell, critic, b. Linlithgowshire, 1819; d. 1885. Educated at Glasgow and Oxford. Assistant professor at Rugby and afterward professor of Humanity at the University of St. Andrews. In 1864 published a volume of poems, "Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral;" and in 1868, "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy." Principal of the united college of St. Salvator and St. Leonard in the University of St. Andrews. Elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1877.

SHANLY, Charles Dawson, journalist, b. Dublin, Ireland, 1811; d. Florida, U. S., 1875. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Went to Canada and finally took up a residence in New York, where he wrote regularly for the newspapers and magazines, but is claimed as a Canadian poet.

SHARP, William, author and critic, b. Garthland Place, Scotland, 1856. Educated at the University of Glasgow. In youth was intimate with Dante Rossetti, whose biography he wrote, 1882, as also that of Browning in after years. His travels have been extensive, including a sojourn in Australia, and visits to Continental Europe, Northern Africa, and the United States. His earliest book of poetry was "The Human Inheritance, Transcripts from Nature, and Other Poems," 1882. Since this have appeared: "Earth's Voices," 1884; "Romantic Ballads," 1888; "Sospiri di Roma," 1891; "Flower of the Vine," 1892, an American reprint of the two works last preceding; and "Vistas," 1894, weirdly poetic dramas, impressional and symbolic, but of an individual cast. Has written several novels, etc., and is editor of the "Canterbury Poets" series.

SIGERSON, Dora, b. Dublin, 187–. Daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, the writer and balladist. Author of "Verses," 1893.

SIMMONS, Bartholomew, b. Kilworth, Ireland, 18—; d. 1850. Obtained a situation in the Excise Office, after removing to London. Contributed to various magazines. Published "Legends, Lyrics, and Other Poems," 1843.

SINNETT, Percy F., b. Norwood, South Australia, 18—; d. North Adelaide, at the age of twenty-two. He wrote a number of political poems. "The Song of the Wild Storm-Waves" was written, when he was eighteen, on the loss of the "Tararua."

SKIPSEY, Joseph, b. near North Shields, 1832. Much of his life, since his seventh year, has been spent in the coal-pits, at hard physical labor. "A Book of Miscellaneous Lyrics," published in 1878, attracted the attention of the Pre-Raphaelite poets. In 1886, "Carols from the Coalfields" was issued, and in 1892, "Songs and Lyrics."

SLADEN, Douglas Brooke Wheelton, man of letters, b. London, 1856. Studied at Cheltenham and Oxford, went to Australia, 1879, and for a time was professor of History in the University of Sydney. From 1882 to 1890 he published many volumes of poems, among them: "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," 1882; "Australian Lyrics," 1883, 1888; "A Poetry of Exiles," 1884; "A Summer Christmas," 1885; "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," 1885; "Edward the Black Prince" (drama), 1886; "The Spanish Armada," 1888. Editor of Australian and Canadian Anthologies, which have been of service to the present work. An extensive traveller and industrious writer, he latterly has paid more attention to prose, his books "The Japs at Home," and "On the Cars and Off" (Canadian travel), 1894, having been well received, — to which he has added a novel, "A Japanese Marriage," 1895. Is honorary secretary of the Authors' Club, London.

SMEDLEY, Menella Bute, b. 1820; d. 1877. Her delicate health made it necesary for her to reside for many years at Tenby, a seacoast town. She published three volumes of verse, many of the poems in "Child-World" and "Poems Written for a Child," and several successful prose tales.

SMITH, A. C., clergyman. Was in charge of a Presbyterian church in Victoria, Australia, but afterward moved to Queensland.

SMITH, Alexander, b. Kilmarnock, 31 December, 1829; d. 1867. While he was a pattern designer at Glasgow, some of his verse was published in the "Glasgow Citizen" and afterwards in the "British Critic." In 1852 "The Life Drama" came out and made a sensation. (See *W. E. Aytoun.*) He became secretary to the University of Edinburgh in 1854. Edited an edition of Burns, and with Mr. Sidney Dobell wrote "Sonnets on the Crimean War." "City Poems" appeared in 1857; "Edwin of Deira," in 1861.

SMITH, Walter C., clergyman, b. 1824. Since 1876 has been pastor of the Free High Church, Edinburgh. Author of the following books of poetry, some of which have passed through several editions: "Olrig Grange," "Borland Hill," "Hilda," "Raban," "Bishop Walk and Other Poems;" also of "North Country Folk," 1883; "Kildrostan, a Dramatic Poem," 1884; "A Heretic," 1891.

SOUTHESK, Earl of, (Sir James Carnegie, 6th Earl of Southesk, Scotland, and Baron Balinhard, U. K.), b. 1827. Author of "Herminius: a Romance," 1862; "Jonas Fisher: a Poem in Brown and White," 1876; "Meda Maiden," 1877; "The Burial of Isis, with Other Poems," 1884.

STANLEY, Arthur Penrhyn, divine, b. Alderly, Cheshire, 1815; d. London, 1881. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he was distinguished for scholarship. For twelve years tutor in the University. Canon of Canterbury and of Christ Church, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. In 1863 was appointed to the Deanery at Westminster, and in the same year married Lady Augusta Bruce, daughter of the 7th Earl of Elgin. Published several prose works but no collected edition of his poems.

STEPHEN, James Kenneth, "J. K. S.," b. 1859; d. London, 1892. Son of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge. A Fellow of King's, and for a time tutor of Prince Albert Victor. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, 1884. Author of "International Law and International Relations," 1885; "Lapsus Calami," 1891, which reached its fourth edition in the same year; and "Quo, musa, tendis?" 1891.

STEPHENS, James Brunton, instructor, b. Linlithgowshire, Scotland, 1835. Emigrated to Queensland, 1866. At one time head master in one of the State schools. Author of "Miscellaneous Poems," 1880; "Convict Once and Other Poems," 1885.

STERLING, John, b. Kames Castle in Bute, 1806; d. 1844. Educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge. For a time editor of the "Athenæum." Ordained curate in 1834, but owing to ill-health soon gave up his orders. Published "Poems" in 1839, and "Strafford," a drama, in 1843. After his death his essays and tales were collected and edited by Archdeacon Hare. The memoir prefixed to these caused Thomas Carlyle, who was his intimate friend, to write the "Life of John Sterling."

STEVENSON, Robert Louis Balfour, novelist, b. Edinburgh, 1850; d. in Samoa, 1894. Grandson of Robert Stevenson, an eminent engineer. His people having been engineers to the Board of Northern Lighthouses for three generations, he was at first trained for the same profession. Called to the bar in 1875, but after a short practice abandoned it. Owing to ill-health, much of his time was spent in travelling, until he finally built for himself a picturesque tropical home near Apia, in the

Samoan Islands. The best of his prose romances and his eminence among recent writers of fiction are familiar to all readers of English literature. In verse he published "A Child's Garden of Verses," 1885; "Underwoods," 1887; "Ballads," 1890. The noble Edinburgh edition of his Complete Works, in 20 volumes, was just beginning to appear at the time of his lamented death.

SWAIN, Charles, song-writer, b. Manchester, 1803; d. 1874. Was an engraver in his native place. Contributed to the "Literary Gazette," and published "Metrical Essays," 1827; "The Mind and Other Poems," 1831; "Dramatic Chapters and Other Poems," 1847; "English Melodies," 1849; "The Letters of Laura d'Auverne and Other Poems," 1853; besides several later volumes of verse.

SWINBURNE, Algernon Charles, b. Pimlico, 5 April, 1837. Son of Admiral Swinburne, and, on his mother's side, grandson of the 3d Earl of Ashburnham. Educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he contributed to "Undergraduate Papers," edited by John Nichol. Left Oxford, 1860, without taking his degree, but is distinguished for his command of the Greek and Latin tongues, and the languages and literatures derived from them. Like Shelley, was from the first devoted to liberty and republicanism. The friend and eulogist of Landor, Mazzini, and Hugo, he has been the lyrist of revolutionary struggles in Italy and other lands, though impulsively patriotic where British supremacy is at stake. His early plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," appeared in 1860. "Atalanta in Calydon," a classical drama, 1865, displayed his unrivalled rhythmical genius, and of itself placed him at the head of the new poets. "Poems and Ballads," 1866, a collection of his lyrics to that date, excited the criticism of moralists, and the poet defended himself in the pamphlet, "Notes on Poems and Reviews." Titles of various later poetical works are as follows: "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic," 1870; "Songs before Sunrise" (a majestic series of lyrics), 1871; "Songs of Two Nations," 1875; "Erectheus" (another *nova antica*), 1876; "Poems and Ballads," Second and Third Series, 1878, 1889; "Songs of the Spring-Tides," 1880; "Tristram of Lyonesse," 1882; "A Century of Rondels," 1883; "A Midsummer Holiday," etc., 1884; "Marino Faliero" (drama), 1885; "Astrophel and Other Poems," 1894. His trilogy of Mary Stuart consists of three dramas: "Chastelard," 1865; "Bothwell," 1874; "Mary Stuart," 1881. Author, also, of many learned, critical, often controversial, literary essays and studies, written in a swift and eloquent style. Though Mr. Swinburne is of a somewhat delicate physique, no modern writer has surpassed him in the extent and vigor of his printed works. Since the deaths of Tennyson and Browning, he has been, in the common judgment of his guild, the poet best qualified by genius and achievements to inherit the laureateship. Cp. "Victorian Poets," ch. xi, and pp. 434–439. [E. C. S.]

SYMONDS, John Addington, critic and essayist, b. Bristol, 1840; d. Rome, 1893. Educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was made Fellow of Magdalen, 1862. Although a life-long sufferer from nervous maladies which forced him to travel continually in search of a fostering climate, his activity in literary work was unflagging, and he produced sketches of travel, biographies, critical studies in art and literature, and several volumes of verse. A biography of him has been compiled from his journal and letters by his friend Horatio F. Brown. Among his poetical works are "The Sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanella," 1878; "Animi Figura," 1882; "Wine, Women, and Song," a collection and translation of the songs of the mediæval Latin students, 1884. His great prose work is the "Renaissance Work in Italy," 1875-86.

SYMONS, Arthur, critic, b. Wales, 1865. A contributor to the "Academy" and other periodicals. Published "Days and Nights," 1889; "Silhouettes," 1892.

TAYLOR, Sir Henry, b. 1800; d. 1886. He went to sea as a midshipman in 1814, but left the service at the end of the voyage. In 1823 he entered the civil service at the Colonial Office, London. In consideration of his official work and as a reward for his achievements in literature, he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1869. He published "Isaac Comnenus" in 1827; "Philip Van Artevelde," 1834; "Edwin the Fair," 1842; "Poems," 1845; "The Eve of the Conquest and other Poems," 1847; "Notes from Books," 1849; "A Sicilian Summer," 1850; "St. Clement's Eve," 1862; and his notable Autobiography in 1886.

TAYLOR, Tom, dramatist, b. Sunderland, 1817; d. 1880. Educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Cambridge. Author of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and a series of historical plays. Editor of "Punch," 1874-80, and art critic to the "Times" and "Graphic."

TENNYSON, Alfred, 1st Lord ("Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth, Surrey, and Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight."— *Burke's Peerage*, 1892), — poet-laureate of England, and chief of the Victorian composite or "idyllic" school, — b. Somersby, Lincolnshire, 6 August, 1809; d. Aldworth House, Hazlemere, Surrey, 6 October, 1892. Through his father, Rev. G. C. Tennyson, Rector of Somersby, he was of ancient Norman lineage. To a secluded and observant life in youth, passed with his poet-brothers in Lincolnshire and near the sea, we owe much of the landscape, atmosphere, and truth to nature, of his poetry, and its exquisitely idyllic, rather than dramatic, characteristics. With Charles Tennyson, he brought out the "Poems by Two Brothers," now so rare, in 1827. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, 1828, he there became attached to Arthur Henry

Hallam, against whom as a competitor he won the Newdigate Prize by his poem, "Timbuctoo," 1829. During his college years he wrote much verse (some of which first saw the light half a century later), and published "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," 1830, in which volume his distinctive quality was indicated. It was, however, the "Poems," 1832-33, that more clearly bore the signs of coming greatness, and included some of his still most cherished pieces. On the whole, this volume was Pre-Raphaelite, and, though it preceded the rise of the group known by that name, equalled in the archaic beauty of certain ballads the extreme reach afterward attained by poets who could not follow Tennyson's advance to the higher and broader domains of song. The poet left Cambridge without his degree, saddened by the death of Hallam, and certainly not yet appreciated by critics and the public, — to whom he made no further appeal until 1842, when the two-volume edition of his "Poems," containing so many of his finest lyrics and idylls, brought him universal recognition. In 1845 he was awarded a yearly pension of £200 by the Queen. His next works were "The Princess," 1847, and "In Memoriam," 1850. The masterpiece last named, an elegiac poem in memory of Hallam, is at the highest mark of its author's mature wisdom and genius; it reflects the utmost advance of speculative religious thought and scientific research at the date of its production, and is both the sweetest and the noblest intellectual poem of the typical "Victorian Epoch." Wordsworth having passed away, the laureateship was awarded to Tennyson in 1850, and by these two masters that office was reinvested with a dignity which had been unworn by it since the Elizabethan age. The laureate's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and other national lyrics, were included with "Maud and Other Poems," 1855. Of his epical romances, "Idylls of the King," begun with the early "Morte d'Arthur," four parts appeared in 1859, and brought him to the height of renown. The series was finally completed in 1872. In 1855 Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and he was elected, 1859, to an honorary fellowship of his own college, Trinity, Cambridge. Was made F. R. S. in 1865. The most noted of his later volumes, other than dramatic, are: "Enoch Arden," 1864; "Ballads and Other Poems," 1889; "Tiresias and Other Poems," 1885; "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," 1886; "Demeter and Other Poems," 1889; "The Death of Œnone," etc., 1892. Several of these books exhibit much of the lyrical freshness and beauty of his earlier song, reinforced by imagination, wisdom, and mental power. But throughout his work the expression of the "master-passion" is at most one of reserve, and there is a lack of the gift to combine and put in action types of human personality. It was not strange, then, that his repeated efforts to compose enduring dramas were unsuccessful, judged by the standard of his other productions. His successive plays, of course, were skilfully arranged and intellectually wrought, and some of them, brought out by Irving, had every advantage of the English stage; but they were the tours-de-force of a perfect artist, and essentially undramatic, from first to last of the following series: "Queen May," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Falcon" and "The Lover's Tale," 1879; "The Cup," 1881; "The Promise of May," 1882; "Becket," 1884; "The Foresters," 1892. In 1884, Tennyson was raised to the peerage. No conferred title could increase his name and fame, but his new station, in view of his liberal conservatism and intensely English allegiance, and as the logical recognition of genius, — whether military, political, or creative, — in a monarchical country, was one plainly within his liberties to accept for himself and his inheritors. After many years' residence at Farringford, Isle of Wight, — near which a beacon is to be erected by English and American subscribers, — he died at Aldworth, full of honors such as no English poet had received before him. He was buried, 12 October, 1892, near the grave of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey, the fit resting-place of a bard and laureate "certainly to be regarded, in time to come, as, all in all, the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian age." Cp. *F. Tennyson*, *C. Tennyson Turner*, *A. H. Hallam*. See, also, "Victorian Poets," chh. v and vi, and pp. 417-424. [E. C. S.]

TENNYSON, Charles. — See *Charles Tennyson Turner*.

TENNYSON, Frederick, b. Louth, 1807. An elder brother of Alfred Tennyson. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Married an Italian girl and lived in Florence for a number of years, but returned to England in 1859 and took up a residence in Jersey. Author of "Days and Hours," 1854; "The Isles of Greece," 1890; "Daphne and Other Poems," 1891.

THACKERAY, William Makepeace, one of the two greatest Victorian novelists, b. Calcutta, 1811; d. London, 1863. After his early childhood in India, was sent to England, and to the Charterhouse School; then passed a year at Trinity, Cambridge, but left without a degree, wishing to become an artist. His knack as a draughtsman, however, and his student-life in Paris, combined merely to aid him in the literary career upon which circumstances, and the bent of his true genius, were soon to start him. As Dickens made his novels profit by a youthful acquaintance with low life, and by his service as a law-clerk and newspaper-reporter, so Thackeray's novels of society would have been impossible but for his good birth and breeding, his touch of university and studio life, and his travel on the Continent. As an author he began by contributing to "Fraser's," 1837-42, a series of writings, among which the "Yellowplush Papers," and the really powerful "Luck of Barry Lyndon," of themselves would place him among the foremost of modern satirists. He also wrote for "Punch," wherein the

"Ballads of Policeman X." appeared, 1842. In fact, beside his ability to illustrate his story effectively, if faultily, with drawings of his own, he had equally a turn for verse, was a born balladist, and his poems — avowedly "minor" pieces — are delightful with the mirth and tenderness of his rich nature. In 1855, he gathered them, from his own books and from various periodicals, into a little volume published simultaneously in England and America. Was the first editor of the "Cornhill," 1859–62. Of his greater work in fiction, the masterpieces are: "Vanity Fair," 1848; "Pendennis," 1850; "Henry Esmond," 1852; "The Newcomes," 1854. [E. C. S.]

THOM, William, the "Inverary poet," b. Aberdeen, 1798; d. Dundee, 1848. For many years a weaver in humble circumstances. The publication of a poem in the "Aberdeen Herald," 1841, called attention to his talent. Through the influence of friends he visited London, where he was warmly received. Published "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver" in 1844.

THOMPSON, Francis, b. about 1859. Was educated at a Catholic college and was urged by his family to become a medical student. Believing that literature offered the only suitable career for him, he left home and underwent great privations in the pursuit of his chosen calling. His poetry was collected and published in 1894 under the title of "Poems," and is followed by another volume, "Songs Wing-to-Wing: an Offering to Two Sisters," 1895.

THOMSON, James, b. Port Glasgow, 1834; d. London, 1882. He was assistant schoolmaster at an army station, and later a clerk in a solicitor's office. Subsequently he visited the United States in the interests of a mining company and, returning in a short time from that mission, he went to Spain as the representative of the "New York World" during the Carlist insurrections. A singular, but undoubted genius, whose life and death were infelicitous, but who has left his mark on English verse. Author of "The Doom of a City," 1857; "Sunday at Hampstead," 1863; "Sunday up the River," 1868; "The City of Dreadful Night," 1874; "Vane's Story," 1880; "Insomnia," 1882. Cp. "Victorian Poets," pp. 435–437.

THORNBURY, George Walter, man of letters, b. 1828; d. 1876. Son of a London solicitor. When seventeen, contributed a series of prose articles to the "Bristol Journal." Published his first volume of verse, "Lays and Legends, or Ballads of the New World," in 1851. This was followed by one or two prose works, after which he spent some time in travelling in the East. In 1857, issued his best volume of poetry, "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," and in 1875, "Legendary and Historic Ballads." His prose writings were continuous.

TODHUNTER, John, physician, b. Dublin, 1839. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Paris and Vienna. Took his medical degree in 1866, but is chiefly devoted to letters. Professor of English Literature at Alexandra College, Dublin, from 1870 to 1874. Among his published works are "Laurella and Other Poems," 1876; "Forest Songs," 1881; "Helena in Troas," a drama, 1886; "The Banshee and Other Poems," 1888.

TOMSON, Graham R. — See *Rosamund Marriott Watson.*

TOWNSHEND, Chauncey Hare, b. 1800; d. 1868. Educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and took the degree of M. A. in 1824. Author of "Jerusalem," 1828; "Sermons in Sonnets, with Other Poems," 1851; "The Shell Gates," 1859.

TRENCH, Richard Chenevix, divine, b. Dublin, 1807; d. 1886. Was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of Dublin, 1864–1884. Author of "The Study of Words," 1851; "English, Past and Present," 1855; and other prose works. His poems were collected and published in 1865.

TURNER, Charles Tennyson, clergyman, b. 1808; d. Cheltenham, 1879. Elder brother of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. In 1827, "Poems by Two Brothers," written by himself and Alfred, was published. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1832; and ordained in 1835. Became vicar of Grasby. Married Louisa Sellwood, sister of Lady Tennyson, in 1837. In 1838, by the death of his great-uncle, Samuel Turner, he succeeded to the estate of Caistor and took the name of Turner. His sonnets were collected and published after his death.

TYNAN, Katharine. — See *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

TYRWHITT, Reginald (or **Richard**?) **St. John**, clergyman, b. about 1826. Was graduated at Oxford, 1849. Vicar of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, 1858–72. Author of several works upon symbolic art, etc., and of "Free Field Lyrics, chiefly Descriptive," 1888. — Owing to the lateness with which the foregoing notes were obtained, the spirited hunting-ballad by this poet is somewhat out of chronological order, among the selections from Victorian "Balladists and Lyrists."

VEITCH, John, philosopher and critic, b. Peebles, near Edinburgh, 1829; d. there, 1894. Educated at the Grammar School and the University of Edinburgh. Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, and Rhetoric, in the University of St. Andrews, and afterwards of Logic in Glasgow University. Prose writer and author of "The Tweed and Other Poems," 1875; "Merlin and Other Poems," 1889.

VELEY, Margaret, b. 1843; d. 1887. Daughter of Augustus Charles Veley, a solicitor in Braintree, Essex. Began writing verse at an early age. Contributed both prose and poetry to the leading periodicals of London and Amer-

ica. Her poems were collected and published in 1889, with a biographical preface by Leslie Stephen.

"VIOLET FANE."—See *Lady Currie.*

WADDINGTON, Samuel, b. Boston Spa, Yorkshire, 1844. Took his degree from Brasenose College, Oxford, 1865. Obtained an appointment at the Board of Trade. In 1881, published "English Sonnets by Living Writers." His first book of original verse appeared in 1884, entitled "Sonnets and Other Verse."

WADE, Thomas, dramatist, b. 1805; d. Jersey, 1875. Issued his first volume of verse in 1825. Was a friend of W. J. Linton, and one of the band of radicals and poet-reformers who flourished in 1836–50. Wrote several dramas, some of which were played with success at Covent Garden. Edited "The British Press" and contributed to "The National" and other periodicals. Issued "Mundi et Cordis Carmina," a collection of poems, in 1835; "The Contention of Death and Love," "Helena," "The Shadow-Seeker," 1837; "Prothanasia," 1839.

WALKER, William Sidney, scholar and critic, b. Pembroke, South Wales, 1795; d. 1846. Educated at Eton and at Trinity College. When but seventeen wrote an epic poem, "Gustavas Vasa." Later, he edited a "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum." His Shakespearean notes appeared in 1854 and 1860, and his "Poetical Remains" in 1852.

WALLER, John Francis, barrister, b. Limerick, 1810; d. 1894. Author of a number of poems, but is more widely known as a critic and essayist.

WARREN, John Leicester.—See *Lord De Tabley.*

WATSON, Rosamund Marriott ("Graham R. Tomson"), b. London, 1860. Under the latter designation she gained her repute as the author of "The Bird-Bride, a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets," published in 1889; "A Summer Night and Other Poems," 1891; "After Sunset," 1895. Has edited several anthologies. This poet announces that hereafter her writings will appear with the signature, "Rosamund Marriott Watson." Has contributed to English and American periodicals under the name of "R. Armytage."

WATSON, William, b. Burley-in-Wharfedale, 1858. The latter part of his childhood and early manhood were spent near Liverpool. In 1875 some of his poems appeared in "The Argus," a Liverpool periodical. "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems" was published in 1880. "Epigrams" was issued in 1884. In 1885, he contributed to the "National Review" a sonnet-sequence, "Ver Tenebrosum." Came into high repute through his stately and imaginative poems on Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson, the last of which is reprinted in this Anthology. His collected "Poems" appeared in 1893, followed by "Odes and Other Poems," 1894.

WATTS, Theodore, critic, b. St. Ives, 1836. Originally trained as a naturalist, but afterwards studied law, and passed his examination in 1863. Has resided chiefly in London. Intimately associated with D. G. Rossetti and others of the Pre-Raphaelites, and now a devoted friend and companion of Mr. Swinburne. Contributed articles to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," expounding the principles of the "Romantic movement," the Nature of Poetry, etc. Contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Examiner," and is leading critic of the "Athenæum" in poetry and the arts. A collection of his poems and sonnets has long been promised.

WAUGH, Edwin, "the Laureate of Lancashire," b. Rochdale, 1818; d. 1890. A printer and bookseller, who finally devoted himself to literature, and won regard by the truth to nature of his poems in the Lancashire dialect, and by his local tales and sketches. Author of "Lancashire Sketches," "Poems and Lancashire Songs," etc., and much other prose and verse. His complete works, in 10 volumes, were published 1881–83.

WEATHERLY, Frederic Edward, barrister, b. Portishead, 1848. Published his first volume of verse, "Muriel and Other Poems," 1870. Took his degree from Brasenose College, Oxford, 1871. Called to the Bar, 1887. Many of his lyrics have been set to music by leading composers and are very popular. He has also written librettos, and several books for children.

WEBSTER, Augusta (Davies), b. Poole, Dorsetshire, 1840; d. 1894. Daughter of Vice-Admiral George Davies. In 1860 published "Blanche Lisle and Other Poems," using the pseudonym "Cecil Home." In 1863 married Mr. Thomas Webster, Fellow and Law Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, but now a solicitor in London. "A Woman Sold and Other Poems" appeared in 1867. Author of several metrical dramas, and of some fine translations of Greek tragedies. "In a Day," a drama, appeared in 1882.

WEIR, Arthur, banker, b. Montreal, 1864. Educated at Montreal High School and McGill University. Held editorial positions on Canadian newspapers for several years, and then became an analytical chemist, but gave up science to enter his father's bank. "Fleurs de Lys" appeared in 1887, and "The Romance of Sir Richard, Sonnets, and Other Poems" in 1890.

WELCH, Sarah. Lives in Adelaide, South Australia, and is a nurse in hospitals. Author of "The Dying Chorister, and the Chorister's Funeral," 1879.

WELDON, Charles, 18——1856. In Linton and Stoddard's "English Verse," Weldon is set down as an Englishman, whose poems ap-

peared over the signature "O. O." in the New York "Tribune," 1850–56.

WELLS, Charles Jeremiah, b. 1800; d. Marseilles, 1879. In his youth became acquainted with the Keats brothers, and with R. H. Horne. In 1822 he published, anonymously, "Stories after Nature," and in 1824, "Joseph and His Brethren, a Scriptural Drama: in Two Acts," using the pseudonym "H. L. Howard." This was revived in 1876, with an introduction by Mr. Swinburne. Practised law early in life, and at one time held a professorship at Quimper. His closing years were passed at Marseilles.

WESTWOOD, Thomas, b. 1814; d. 1888. In youth became an intimate friend of Charles Lamb. Was enthusiastic on the subject of angling, and published in 1864 "The Chronicle of the Complete Angler." His first volume of verse, "Poems," appeared in 1840. In 1844 he removed to Belgium as a railway official. "Gathered in the Gloaming," issued in 1885, is a collection of poems previously printed.

WETHERALD, Ethelwyn, b. in Ontario, Can., of English Quaker parentage. Educated at a Friends' boarding-school in New York State, and at Pickering College, Ontario. She is a journalist, and has contributed poems and verse to periodicals in the United States and Canada. No collected volume of her works has yet been published.

WHITE, Gleeson, art editor, b. 185–. Now follows his profession in London, where he has been editor of "The Studio" and other select journals; but for a time resided in the United States, and conducted the N. Y. "Art Amateur." Writer of historical and critical papers on art, and a designer of book-plates, title-pages, etc. Is also a contributor to the Century Guild's "Hobby Horse," and has edited "Ballades and Rondeaus," a selection of poems by Dobson, Lang and others, with a chapter on the various ballad "forms," 1887.

WHITEHEAD, Charles, novelist, b. London, 1804; d. Melbourne, 1862. For a time was engaged in commercial pursuits, but finally resorted to literature, and gained the friendship of Charles Dickens. Published "The Solitary," a poem, 1831, and in 1834, "The Autobiography of Jack Ketch," a work of fiction, which includes "The Confession of James Wilson." His most important novel was "Richard Savage," 1842. A collective edition of his poems appeared in 1849. An admirable critical biography of Whitehead, by H. T. Mackenzie Bell, appeared in 1884, and since then has been revised for a new edition.

WHITWORTH, William Henry. In Sharp's "Sonnets of the Century" it is stated that Mr. Whitworth was head master in a large public school. Author of various sonnets which have been preserved.

WILBERFORCE, Samuel, divine, b. Clapham Common, 1805; d. 1873. Son of William Wilberforce; educated at Oxford. Ordained in 1828, and after several appointments became Bishop of Oxford and Winchester.

WILDE, Lady Jane Francesca Speranza, (Elgee). Widow of Sir William Wilde, who died in 1869, an archæologist of Dublin, and surgeon-oculist to the Queen. Contributed to "The Nation," as "Speranza." In addition to various prose works and translations from the French and German, has published "Ugo Bassi," 1857; and "Poems," 1864.

WILDE, Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills, dramatist, b. Dublin, 1856. Son of Sir William and Lady Wilde ("Speranza"). Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and Magdalen College, Oxford, taking his Oxford degree in 1878. In both colleges excelled in prose and poetical composition, and was winner of the Newdigate prize at Oxford. Published his early "Poems" in 1881. Became "an apostle of artistic house decoration and dress reform," and the author of successful plays. "Salome," a drama in French, based on the story of Herod and Herodias, appeared in 1893.

WILLIAMS, Sarah ("Sadie"), b. London, 1841; d. 1868, while engaged in preparing her poems for publication. "Twilight Hours: A Legacy of Verse," was issued shortly after her death, and contained a prefatory memoir by the late Dean Plumptre.

WILLS, William Gorman, painter and dramatist, b. Kilkenny Co., Ireland, 1828; d. London, 1891. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Studied art at the Royal Irish Academy and acquired some reputation as a portrait-painter. Wrote a large number of dramas, the first of which, "The Man o' Airlie," was produced in 1867. "Charles I.," with Henry Irving in the title character, ran for two hundred nights at the "Lyceum" in 1872. Collaborated with Sydney Grundy and with Westland Marston.

WOODS, James Chapman, author of "A Child of the People and Other Poems," 1879; "Guide to Swansea and the Mumbles, Gower and Other Places," 1883; a lecture on "Old and Rare Books," 1885, and "In Foreign Byways," 1887.

WOODS, Margaret L., daughter of Dean Bradley and wife of President Woods of Trinity College, Oxford. Author of "A Village Tragedy," 1887; "Lyrics and Ballads," 1889," "Esther Vanhomrigh," 1891; and "Vagabonds," 1894.

WOOLNER, Thomas, sculptor, b. Hadleigh, in Suffolk, 1825; d. London, 1892. Educated at Ipswich, and began to study sculpture in the studio of William Behnes, when but thirteen years of age. Exhibited his first model at the Royal Academy in 1843. His next, a group, "The Death of Boadicëa," established his reputation. Contributed verse to "The Germ," the magazine published by the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." "My Beautiful

Lady" appeared in 1868; "Pygmalion" in 1881; "Silenus" and "Tiresias" in 1886.

WORDSWORTH, Christopher, divine, b. Braintree, Essex, 1807; d. 1885. Nephew of William Wordsworth, the laureate. Educated at Winchester School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Canon of Westminster Abbey, and in 1869 appointed Bishop of Lincoln. Published a volume of poems, "The Holy Year."

WRATISLAW, Theodore, b. Rugby, 1871, of an old Bohemian family settled in England for a century. In 1892 he published two small books of verse, and in 1893, "Caprices."

YEATS, William Butler, critic, b. Sandymount, Dublin, 1866. Spent the greater part of his childhood at Sligo. Has contributed to the "National Observer," and other periodicals. Among his publications are "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry," 1888; "Irish Tales," a volume of selections from the Irish novelists, issued in 1891; "John Sherman and Dhoya" (Pseudonym Library), 1891; "The Countess Kathleen," Cameo Series, 1892; and edited in conjunction with Mr. E. J. Ellis, "The Works of William Blake," 3 vols., 1893.

INDEXES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink, 431.
A being cleaves the moonlit air, 513.
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, 173.
A blood-red ring hung round the moon, 643.
A boat, beneath a sunny sky, 479.
About Glenkindie and his man, 144.
Above yon sombre swell of land, 36.
Across the fields like swallows fly, 503.
Across the sea a land there is, 409.
A cypress-bough, and a rose-wreath sweet, 38.
Adieu to France! my latest glance, 640.
Afar the hunt in vales below has sped, 30.
A floating, a floating, 309.
A gallant fleet sailed out to sea, 640.
A golden gillyflower to-day, 402.
A good sword and a trusty hand! 40.
A happy day at Whitsuntide, 108.
Ah, be not vain. In yon flower-bell, 329.
Ah, bring it not so grudgingly, 602.
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, 358.
Ah! I 'm feared thou 's come too sooin, 501.
Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar, 495.
Ah! long ago since I or thou, 541.
Ah, love, the teacher we decried, 577.
Ah! not because our Soldier died before his field was won, 250.
A ho! A ho! 39.
Ahoy! and O-ho! and it 's who 's for the ferry, 515.
Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel, 95.
Ah! thou, too, sad Alighieri, like a waning moon, 369.
Ah what avails the sceptred race, 10.
A lane of elms in June; — the air, 622.
Alas, how soon the hours are over, 12.
Alas, that my heart is a lute, 336.
Alas, the moon should ever beam, 119.
Alas! who knows or cares, my love, 541.
A line of light! it is the inland sea, 254.
A little fair soul that knew no sin, 219.
A little gray hill-glade, close-turfed, withdrawn, 652.
A little love, of Heaven a little share, 527.
A little while a little love, 398.
A little while my love and I, 295.
All beautiful things bring sadness, nor alone, 64.
All in the April evening, 575.
All June I bound the rose in sheaves, 359.
All my stars forsake me, 539.
All night I watched awake for morning, 556.
All other joys of life he strove to warm, 371.
All the storm has rolled away, 569.
All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod, 262.
All things are changed save thee, — thou art the same, 447.
All things journey: sun and moon, 155.
All things that pass, 378.
Alone I stay; for I am lame, 578.
A lonely way, and as I went my eyes, 294.
Although I enter not, 303.
A maid who mindful of her playful time, 339.
Ambitious Nile, thy banks deplore, 513.
Am I the slave they say, 90.
A moth belated, sun and zephyr-kist, 290.
"And even our women," lastly grumbles Ben, 235.
And if the wine you drink, the lip you press, 341.
And is the swallow gone, 73.
And so, like most young poets, in a flush, 140.
And thus all-expectant abiding I waited not long, for soon, 387.
And truth, you say, is all divine, 583.
And we might trust these youths and maidens fair, 158.
And you, ye stars, 226.
Anear the centre of that northern crest, 385.
Another night, and yet no tidings come, 452.
A pale and soul-sick woman with wan eyes, 534.
A pensive photograph, 601.
A place in thy memory, Dearest! 90.
A poet of one mood in all my lays, 538.
A poor old king with sorrow for my crown, 117.
Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe, 311.
Are you tir'd? But I seem shameful to you, shameworthy, 420.
Arise, my slumbering soul! arise, 92.
A roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere, 431.
Artemidora! Gods invisible, 7.
Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs, 672.
A seat for three, where host and guest, 503.
As fly the shadows o'er the grass, 101.
A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft, 35.
As I came round the harbor buoy, 327.
As I came wandering down Glen Spean, 85.
Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea, 200.
As one dark morn I trod a forest glade, 192.
As one that for a weary space has lain, 497.
As one who strives from some fast steamer's side, 390.

As one would stand who saw a sudden light, 671.
As on my bed at dawn I mus'd and pray'd, 192.
A Sonnet is a moment's monument, 395.
A spade! a rake! a hoe! 121.
As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay, 214.
As thro' the land at eve we went, 199.
A street there is in Paris famous, 303.
As yonder lamp in my vacated room, 60.
At a pot-house bar as I chanced to pass, 375.
At dinner she is hostess, I am host, 371.
A thousand miles from land are we, 20.
At husking time the tassel fades, 674.
Athwart the sky a lowly sigh, 560.
At Nebra, by the Unstrut, 297.
At Paris it was, at the Opera there, 380.
At the midnight in the silence of the sleeptime, 365.
Awake, my heart, to be lov'd, awake, awake, 439.
Awake! — the crimson dawn is glowing, 187.
Awake thee, my Lady-love! 17.
Away, haunt thou not me, 214.
Aw'd by her own rash words she was still: and her eyes to the seaward, 310.
A Widow, — she had only one, 466.
A woman's hand. Lo, I am thankful now, 672.
Ay, an old story, yet it might, 578.
"Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens, 617.

Back to the flower-town, side by side, 419.
Barb'd blossom of the guarded gorse, 290.
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead, 354.
Beautiful face of a child, 499.
Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquish'd death, 10.
Beauty still walketh on the earth and air, 168.
Because the shadows deepen'd verily, 446.
Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace, 133.
Before I trust my fate to thee, 312.
Before us in the sultry dawn arose, 36.
Beloved, it is morn, 503.
Beloved, my Beloved, when I think, 132.
Below lies one whose name was traced in sand, 272.
Be mine, and I will give thy name, 79.
Beneath a palm-tree by a clear cool spring, 645.
Beneath the sand-storm John the Pilgrim prays, 270.
Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope, 428.
Beneath this starry arch, 125.
Be not afraid to pray — to pray is right, 57.
Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against the earth, 147.
Beside the pounding cataracts, 661.
Better trust all and be deceiv'd, 67.
Between the roadside and the wood, 665.
Between the showers I went my way, 579.
Between two golden tufts of summer grass, 511.
Beyond a hundred years and more, 230.
Beyond the smiling and the weeping, 177.
Beyond the vague Atlantic deep, 65.
Birds that were gray in the green are black in the yellow, 668.
Bless the dear old verdant land, 100.
Blithe playmate of the Summer time, 644.
Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying, 526.
Blow, wind, blow, 79.
Blythe bell, that calls to bridal halls, 16.
Bonnie Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, 150.
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away, 344.
Borgia, thou once wert almost too august, 15.
Both thou and I alike, my Bacchic urn, 332.
Brave as a falcon and as merciless, 491.
Break, break, break, 198.
Breath o' the grass, 548.
Brief is Erinna's song, her lowly lay, 498.
Bright Eyes, Light Eyes! Daughter of a Fay, 288.
Bring me my dead, 241.
Bring no jarring lute this way, 414.
Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heart-flushed roses, 562.
Brother, thou art gone before us, 170.
Brown eyes, Straight nose, 476.
Build high your white and dazzling palaces, 676.
Bury the Great Duke, 200.
But now the sun had pass'd the height of Heaven, 223.
But oh, the night! oh, bitter-sweet! oh, sweet! 142.
But the majestic river floated on, 223.
But wherein shall art work? Shall beauty lead, 672.
But yesterday she played with childish things, 507.
Buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, my golden-belted bees, 542.
By a dim shore where water darkening, 670.
By copse and hedgerow, waste and wall, 582.

Can it be right to give what I can give? 132.
Charles, — for it seems you wish to know, 485.
Cheeks as soft as July peaches, 78.
Chicken-skin, delicate, white, 487.
Child of a day, thou knowest not, 10.
Children indeed are we — children that wait, 284.
Christmas is here, 306.
City about whose brow the north winds blow, 669.
Colonos! can it be that thou hast still, 67.
Come and kiss me, mistress Beauty, 552.
Come, dear children, let us away, 224.
Come from busy haunts of men, 631.
Come here, good people great and small, 84.
Come hither, Evan Cameron! 44.
Come in the evening, or come in the morning, 99.
Come! in this cool retreat, 632.
Come into the garden, Maud, 207.
Come Micky and Molly and dainty Dolly, 315.
Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without, 16.
Comes something down with eventide, 72.
Come, stand we here within this cactus-brake, 542.
Comes the lure of green things growing, 653.
Come then, a song; a winding gentle song, 37.
Come while the afternoon of May, 607.

Consider the sea's listless chime, 398.
Cool, and palm-shaded from the torrid heat, 513.
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, 314.
Count each affliction, whether light or grave, 69.
Countess, I see the flying year, 467.
Count the flashes in the surf, 514.
Courage! he said, and pointed toward the land, 194.
Curious, the ways of these folk of humble and hardy condition, 244.
Cursed by the gods and crowned with shame, 535.

Darby dear, we are old and gray, 510.
Dark Lily without blame, 499.
Day is dead, and let us sleep, 463.
Day of my life! Where *can* she get? 486.
Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east, 137.
Dead. The dead year is lying at my feet, 506.
Dead, with their eyes to the foe, 498.
Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame, 62.
Dear Cosmopolitan, — I know, 490.
Dear, did you know how sweet to me, 607.
Dear Eyes, set deep within the shade, 590.
Dear, had the world in its caprice, 358.
Dear, let me dream of love, 591.
Dear Lord, let me recount to Thee, 377.
Death stands above me, whispering low, 16.
Death, though already in the world, as yet, 383.
Deep Honeysuckle! in the silent eve, 291.
Dire rebel though he was, 26.
Does the road wind up-hill all the way? 377.
Dorothy goes with her pails to the ancient well in the courtyard, 243.
Dost thou not hear? Amid dun, lonely hills, 521.
Dost thou remember, friend of vanished days, 532.
Doth it not thrill thee, Poet, 594.
Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet, 604.
Down lay in a nook my lady's brach, 26.
Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers, 128.
Do you recall that night in June, 328.
Dying, and loth to die, and long'd to die, 336.

England! since Shakespeare died no loftier day, 186.
Enough! we're tired, my heart and I, 130.
Even thus, methinks, a city rear'd should be, 68.

Faint grew the yellow buds of light, 606.
Fain would I have thee barter fates with me, 565.
Fair little spirit of the woodland mazes, 644.
Faithful reports of them have reached me oft, 650.
Farewell, Life! my senses swim, 123.
Farewell, my Youth! for now we needs must part, 574.
Far off? Not far away, 495.
Far out at sea — the sun was high, 35.
Father! the little girl we see, 8.
Father, who keepest, 653.
Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat, 363.
Fhairshon swore a feud, 46.
Fill, comrades, fill the bowl right well, 638.
Fingers on the holes, Johnny, 276.
First time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd, 133.
Fleet, fleet and few, ay, fleet the moments fly, 493.
Flower in the crannied wall, 211.
Flower of the medlar, 515.
Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer, 69.
Fly far from me, 642.
Forever with the Lord! 168.
For our martyr'd Charles I pawn'd my plate, 302.
Forty Viziers saw I go, 331.
Fourteen small broidered berries on the hem, 505.
Four years! — and didst thou stay above, 229.
Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks, 514.
Friends, whom she look'd at blandly from her couch, 7.
From breakfast on through all the day, 524.
From falling leaf to falling leaf, 603.
From little signs, like little stars, 233.
From out the grave of one whose budding years, 191.
From plains that reel to southward, dim, 659.
From the bonny bells of heather, 525.
From the recesses of a lowly spirit, 172.
From this carved chair wherein I sit to-night, 514.
From where the steeds of Earth's twin oceans toss, 270.
Frown'd the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee, 364.

Gamarra is a dainty steed, 21.
Gaze not at me, my poor unhappy bird, 267.
Gentle and grave, in simple dress, 240.
Gently! — gently! — down! — down! 17.
Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel, 96.
Give me, O friend, the secret of thy heart, 557.
Give me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord, 58.
Give me thyself! It were as well to cry, 275.
Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell, 125.
God made my lady lovely to behold, 444.
God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul, 657.
God who created me, 554.
God with His million cares, 586.
God ye hear not, how shall ye hear me, 425.
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece, 228.
Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand, 131.
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! 118.
Gone art thou? gone, and is the light of day, 147.
Good-by in fear, good-by in sorrow, 380.
Gray o'er the pallid links, haggard and forsaken, 574.
Gray Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest, 626.
Green, in the wizard arms, 332.
Green is the plane-tree in the square, 579.

Green leaves panting for joy with the great wind rushing through, 553.

Hack and Hew were the sons of God, 666.
Half a league, half a league, 203.
Half kneeling yet, and half reclining, 70.
Half loving-kindliness and half disdain, 574.
Happy the man who so hath Fortune tried, 401.
Hark! ah, the nightingale, 225.
Has summer come without the rose, 441.
Hast thou no right to joy, 399.
Have little care that Life is brief, 666.
Heart of Earth, let us be gone, 582.
He came to call me back from death, 533.
He came unlook'd for, undesir'd, 60.
He ceas'd, but while he spake, Rustum had risen, 221.
He crawls to the cliff and plays on a brink, 78.
He crouches, and buries his face on his knees, 627.
He is gone: better so. We should know who stand under, 165.
He is the happy wanderer, who goes, 611.
Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow, 143.
Here doth Dionysia lie, 232.
Here I 'd come when weariest, 497.
Here in the country's heart, 585.
Here let us leave him; for his shroud the snow, 292.
Here Love the slain with Love the slayer lies, 565.
Here of a truth the world's extremes are met, 545.
Here 's the gold cup all bossy with satyrs and saints, 320.
Here 's to him that grows it, 265.
Here, where precipitate Spring with one light bound, 10.
Here where the sunlight, 548.
Here where under earth his head, 299.
Her face is hushed in perfect calm, 535.
Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes were purple with dark, 136.
He rises and begins to round, 373.
Her Master gave the signal, with a look, 246.
He sang so wildly, did the Boy, 71.
He sat among the woods; he heard, 499.
He sat one winter 'neath a linden tree, 167.
He sat the quiet stream beside, 315.
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, 127.
He sought Australia's far-famed isle, 630.
He tripp'd up the steps with a bow and a smile, 322.
He went into the bush, and passed, 629.
He who but yesterday would roam, 652.
He who died at Azan sends, 249.
He wrought at one great work for years, 558.
High grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal, 395.
High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky, 647.
High on a leaf-carv'd ancient oaken chair, 64.
Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo! 674.
His kiss is sweet, his word is kind, 98.
His life was private; safely led, aloof, 26.
Hist, hist, ye winds, ye whispering wavelets hist, 493.
Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade, 619.
Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin, 304.
Ho, Sailor of the sea! 365.
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, 134.
How like her! But 't is she herself, 579.
How like the leper, with his own sad cry, 192.
How little fades from earth when sink to rest, 61.
How long, O lion, hast thou fleshless lain? 191.
How many colors here do we see set, 278.
"How many?" said our good Captain, 368.
How many summers, love, 20.
How many times do I love thee, dear? 37.
How many verses have I thrown, 16.
How oft I 've watch'd thee from the garden croft, 193.
How slowly creeps the hand of Time, 289.
How steadfastly she worked at it, 486.
How strange it is that, in the after age, 648.
How sweet the harmonies of afternoon! 188.
How the leaves sing to the wind! 658.
How would the centuries long asunder, 147.

I am lying in the tomb, love, 261.
"I am Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks), 305.
I am no gentleman, not I! 86.
I am that which began, 428.
I am the spirit astir, 651.
I bend above the moving stream, 36.
I bloom but once, and then I perish, 274.
I came in light that I might behold, 528.
I cannot forget my Joe, 232.
I cannot sing to thee as I would sing, 531.
I charge you, O winds of the West, O winds with the wings of the dove, 522.
I come from nothing; but from where, 538.
I come to visit thee agen, 8.
I come your sin-rid souls to shrive, 517.
I dance and dance! Another faun, 520.
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be, 313.
I do not dread an alter'd heart, 295.
I dream'd I saw a little brook, 267.
I dream'd that I woke from a dream, 164.
I drew it from its china tomb, 483.
If a leaf rustled, she would start, 587.
If all the harm that women have done, 571.
If all the world were right, 602.
If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there, 542.
If I could trust mine own self with your fate, 378.
If I desire with pleasant songs, 71.
If I forswear the art divine, 104.
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange, 133.
If in the years that come such things should be, 536.
If it were only a dream, 300.
If love were what the rose is, 417.
If not now soft airs may blow, 569.
If one could have that little head of hers, 351.
If only a single rose is left, 507.
If only in dreams may man be fully blest, 270.
I found a flower in a desolate plot, 66.
I found him openly wearing her token, 517.

If she be made of white and red, 592.
If she but knew that I am weeping, 442.
If the butterfly courted the bee, 476.
If there be any one can take my place, 378.
If there were dreams to sell, 37.
If thou wilt ease thine heart, 38.
If Transmigration e'er compel, 473.
If you be that May Margaret, 516.
I gave my life for thee, 183.
I gave my soldier-boy a blade, 55.
I had a true-love, none so dear, 415.
I had found the secret of a garret-room, 139.
I have a strain of a departed bard, 166.
I have been here before, 397.
I have lov'd flowers that fade, 438.
I have stay'd too long from your grave, it seems, 441.
I have subdued at last the will to live, 258.
I have two sons, wife, 283.
I have wept a million tears, 606.
I heard last night a little child go singing, 134.
I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night, 318.
I heard the voice of Jesus say, 176.
I hear the bells at eventide, 671.
I hear the low wind wash the softening snow, 650.
I held her hand, the pledge of bliss, 13.
I know not how to call you light, 231.
I know not of what we ponder'd, 469.
I know that these poor rags of womanhood, 296.
I learn'd his greatness first at Lavington, 70.
I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more, 11.
I lift my heavy heart up solemnly, 131.
I like the hunting of the hare, 492.
I listen'd to the music broad and deep, 445.
I liv'd with visions for my company, 133.
I lov'd him not; and yet now he is gone, 11.
I love my Lady; she is very fair, 391.
I 'm a bird that 's free, 27.
I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary, 93.
I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong, 539.
In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland, 432.
In after days when grasses high, 491.
In Carnival we were, and supp'd that night, 252.
In Childhood's unsuspicious hours, 150.
In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships, 505.
I never gave a lock of hair away, 132.
I never look'd that he should live so long, 25.
In green old gardens, hidden away, 296.
In his own image the Creator made, 16.
In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start, 565.
In praise of little children I will say, 501.
In ruling well what guerdon? Life runs low, 417.
In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels, 42.
In summer, when the days were long, 152.
In sunny girlhood's vernal life, 471.
"In teacup-times!" The style of dress, 484.
In the early morning-shine, 386.
In the earth — the earth — thou shalt be laid, 153.
In the golden morning of the world, 213.
In the heart of the white summer mist lay a green little piece of the world, 500.
In the high turret chamber sat the sage, 493.
In the royal path came maidens rob'd, 24.
In these restrained and careful times, 482.
In the still air the music lies unheard, 177.
In the white-flower'd hawthorn brake, 410.
In the wild autumn weather, when the rain was on the sea, 560.
In this May-month, by grace of heaven, things shoot apace, 439.
In thy white bosom Love is laid, 569.
In torrid heats of late July, 496.
Into the Devil tavern, 321.
I rested on the breezy height, 668.
I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow, 605.
I said farewell, 637.
I sat at Berne, and watched the chain, 516.
I sat beside the streamlet, 328.
I sat unsphering Plato ere I slept, 274.
I sat upon a windy mountain height, 552.
I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden, 242.
I saw a new world in my dream, 477.
I saw a poor old woman on the bench, 266.
I saw in dreams a mighty multitude, 445.
I saw, I saw the lovely child, 293.
I saw old Autumn in the misty morn, 119.
I saw old Time, destroyer of mankind, 72.
I saw Time in his workshop carving faces, 656.
I see him sit, wild-eyed, alone, 546.
I see thee pine like her in golden story, 269.
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart, 346.
I sent my Soul through the invisible, 342.
I sit beside my darling's grave, 328.
Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead, 132.
Is it not better at an early hour, 16.
Is n't this Joseph's son? — ay, it is He, 510.
I sought to hold her, but within her eyes, 537.
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he, 349.
Is this the man by whose decree abide, 564.
I still keep open Memory's chamber; still, 256.
I stood to hear that bold, 521.
I strove with none, for none was worth my strife, 15.
Italia, mother of the souls of men, 433.
I thank all who have lov'd me in their hearts, 133.
It hardly seems that he is dead, 585.
I think a stormless night-time shall ensue, 301.
I think on thee in the night, 75.
I thought it was the little bed, 319.
I thought of death beside the lonely sea, 671.
I thought once how Theocritus had sung, 131.
It is buried and done with, 274.
It is the season now to go, 524.
It little profits that an idle king, 196.
It may be we shall know in the hereafter, 611.
It once might have been, once only, 350.
I too remember, in the after years, 189.
Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose, 606.
Its masts of might, its sails so free, 156.
It was a day of sun and rain, 601.
It was her first sweet child, her heart's delight, 193.
It was not in the winter, 116.
It was the calm and silent night, 143.

I 've taught thee Love's sweet lesson o'er, 18.
I, Virgin of the Snows, have liv'd, 253.
I wadna gi'e my ain wife, 79.
I wander'd by the brook-side, 66.
I was an English shell, 583.
I was a wandering sheep, 175.
I watch'd her as she stoop'd to pluck, 470.
I went a roaming through the woods alone, 273.
I will not have the mad Clytie, 115.
I will not let thee go, 437.
I will not rail, or grieve when torpid eld, 332.
I worship thee, sweet will of God! 178.
I would I had thy courage, dear, to face, 491.
I would not, could I, make thy life as mine, 442.
I would not give my Irish wife, 103.
I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea, 604.
I write. He sits beside my chair, 501.
I write. My mother was a Florentine, 139.
I wrought them like a targe of hammered gold, 505.

Jesus, I my cross have taken, 174.
Joy that 's half too keen and true, 465.
Just as I am, without one plea, 169.
Just for a handful of silver he left us, 350.
Juxtaposition, in fine; and what is juxtaposition? 217.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking, 301.
Keen was the air, the sky was very light, 444.
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King, 343.
King Charles, and who 'll do him right now, 344.

Lady Alice, Lady Louise, 403.
Lady and gentlemen fays, come buy! 18.
Lady Anne Dewhurst on a crimson couch, 236.
Last April, when the winds had lost their chill, 532.
Last night, among his fellow roughs, 302.
Last night the nightingale waked me, 516.
Lay me low, my work is done, 621.
Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, 59.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us, 170.
Leave me a little while alone, 263.
Let me at last be laid, 256.
Let me be with thee where thou art, 169.
Level with the summit of that eastern mount, 33.
Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap, 241.
Life and Thought have gone away, 194.
Life 's not our own, — 't is but a loan, 76.
Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet, 227.
Light words they were, and lightly, falsely said, 214.
Like a huge Python, winding round and round, 545.
Like a musician that with flying finger, 231.
Like crown'd athlete that in a race has run, 276.
Like souls that balance joy and pain, 198.
Lily on liquid roses floating, 72.
Little harp, at thy cry, 581.
Little Lettice is dead, they say, 520.
Lo, as some bard on isles of the Aegean, 291.
Lo, I am weary of all, 534.
Long ago, on a bright spring day, 533.
Long night succeeds thy little day, 47.
Long years their cabin stood, 147.
Look at me with thy large brown eyes, 314.
Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been, 397.
Lord Cæsar, when you sternly wrote, 583.
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs, 175.
Lord, in thy name thy servants plead, 172.
Loud roared the tempest, 313.
Love, by that loosened hair, 666.
Love held a harp between his hands, and, lo! 442.
Love in my heart: oh, heart of me, heart of me! 549.
Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay! 94.
Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song, 427.
Love took my life and thrill'd it, 257.
Love we the warmth and light of tropic lands, 552.
Lo, what a golden day it is, 435.
Lo! where the four mimosas blend their shade, 16.
Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head, 565.

Maidens, kilt your skirts and go, 556.
Make me over, Mother April, 663.
Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair, 294.
Make way, my lords! for Death now once again, 504.
Man is permitted much, 59.
Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face, 211.
Many love music but for music's sake, 12.
Marian Drury, Marian Drury, 662.
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning, 95.
Melpomene among her livid people, 375.
Methinks the soul within the body held, 126.
Methought, as I beheld the rookery pass, 192.
Methought the stars were blinking bright, 326.
Mid April seemed like some November day, 497.
Mistress of gods and men! I have been thine, 146.
Monsieur the Curé down the street, 486.
Mother, I cannot mind my wheel, 12.
Mother wept, and father sigh'd, 329.
Move me that jasmine further from the bed, 463.
Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe, 498.
Music, music hath its way, 636.
My body sleeps: my heart awakes, 380.
My days are full of pleasant memories, 266.
My fairest child, I have no song to give you, 311.
My Fair, no beauty of thine will last, 538.
My first thought was, he lied in every word, 355.
My God (oh, let me call thee mine, 181.
My good blade carves the casques of men, 197.
My hero is na deck'd wi' gowd, 151.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before, 15.
My life ebbs from me — I must die, 294.
My little boy at Christmas-tide, 262.
My little dear, so fast asleep, 602.
My little love, do you remember, 382.
My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes, 235.
My Lord Tomnoddy 's the son of an Earl, 468.
My love and I among the mountains strayed, 555.
My Love dwelt in a Northern land, 497.
My love he went to Burdon Fair, 277.
My masters twain made me a bed, 646.
My roof is hardly picturesque, 494.
My soul, asleep between its body-throes, 301.
My times are in thy hand! 180.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes, 83.
Naiads, and ye pastures cold, 498.
Nancy Dawson, Nancy Dawson, 592.
Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low, 368.
Nature and he went ever hand in hand, 584.
Nay, Death, thou art a shadow! Even as light, 273.
Nearer, my God, to thee, 127.
Near where yonder evening star, 556.
News to the king, good news for all, 462.
Nigh one year ago, 161.
Nineteen! of years a pleasant number, 461.
No coward soul is mine, 154.
No, my own love of other years! 14.
None ever climbed to mountain height of song, 672.
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye, 368.
No sleep like hers, no rest, 582.
Not a sound disturbs the air, 615.
Not greatly mov'd with awe am I, 236.
Not I myself know all my love for thee, 396.
Not 'mid the thunder of the battle guns, 615.
Not only that thy puissant arm could bind, 213.
Not on the neck of prince or hound, 586.
Not yet, dear love, not yet: the sun is high; 612.
Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are, 29.
Now hands to seed-sheet, boys! 80.
Now has the lingering month at last gone by, 407.
Now heap the branchy barriers up, 652.
Now, sitting by her side, worn out with weeping, 285.
Now the day is over, 183.
Now the rite is duly done, 49.
Now this is the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the sky, 599.

O babbling Spring, than glass more clear, 488.
O bear him where the rain can fall, 111.
O blessed Dead! beyond all earthly pains, 148.
O bonnie bird, that in the brake, exultant, dost prepare thee, 529.
O Brothers, who must ache and stoop, 586.
O Child of Nations, giant-limbed, 649.
Och! the Coronation! what celebration, 52.
O Deep of Heaven, 't is thou alone art boundless, 651.
O'Driscoll drove with a song, 604.
O d' you hear the seas complainin', and complainin', whilst it 's rainin'? 609.
Of all the thoughts of God that are, 142.
Of all the wives as e'er you know, 508.
Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing, 404.
O, for the times which were, 382.
O friend, like some cold wind to-day, 536.
Often rebuk'd, yet always back returning, 154.
Oh, aged Time! how far, and long, 67.
Oh, Bisham Banks are fresh and fair, 471.
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, 596.
Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that 's rich and high, 310.
Oh, fill me flagons full and fair, 561.
Oh! had you eyes, but eyes that move, 591.
Oh, happy, happy maid, 366.
Oh! ignorant boy, it is the secret hour, 23.
Oh, it is hard to work for God, 179.
Oh, I wad like to ken — to the beggar-wife says I, 525.
Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love the best, 317.
Oh, many a leaf will fall to-night, 271.
O hour of all hours, the most blest upon earth, 383.
Oh! that we two were Maying, 307.
Oh, there 's mony a gate eawt ov eawr teawn-end, 109.
Oh, to be in England now that April 's there, 351.
Oh, wha hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord, 83.
Oh, what shall be the burden of our rhyme, 434.
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads, 73.
Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north, 27.
Oh! why left I my hame? 80.
Oh, ye wild waves, shoreward dashing, 628.
Old England's sons are English yet, 461.
Old things need not be therefore true, 218.
O Life! that mystery that no man knows, 575.
O long ago, when Faery-land, 254.
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea! 175.
O Lords! O rulers of the nation! 152.
O Lord, thy wing outspread, 181.
O Love, if you were here, 447.
O Love! thou makest all things even, 127.
O Love, what hours were thine and mine, 205.
O Mary, go and call the cattle home, 309.
O may I join the choir invisible, 155.
O! Meäry, when the zun went down, 106.
O Meropè! and where art thou, 31.
O monstrous, dead, unprofitable world, 221.
O mother, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his chair and the white board spread, 610.
O my Dark Rosaleen, 91.
On a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose, 374.
On Bellosguardo, when the year was young, 579.
On Calais Sands the gray began, 500.
Once, from the parapet of gems and glow, 505.
Once in a golden hour, 206.
Once ye were happy, once by many a shore, 661.
One asked of Regret, 593.
One face alone, one face alone, 60.

One moment the boy, as he wander'd by night, 299.
One more unfortunate, 122.
One only rose our village maiden wore, 246.
On gossamer nights when the moon is low, 608.
On Helen's heart the day were night, 585.
Only a touch, and nothing more, 316.
On me and on my children, 455.
On other fields and other scenes the morn, 650.
On shores of Sicily a shape of Greece, 541.
On through the Libyan sand, 297.
O Paradise, O Paradise, 179.
O pensive, tender maid, downcast and shy, 409.
Ope your doors and take me in, 675.
Or else I sat on in my chamber green, 139.
O saw ye not fair Ines? 116.
O shepherds! take my crook from me, 633.
O singer of the field and fold, 488.
O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown, 292.
O sons of men, that toil, and love with tears, 440.
O supreme Artist, who, as sole return, 141.
O thou that cleavest heaven, 535.
O thou to whom, athwart the perished days, 530.
O unhatch'd Bird, so high preferr'd, 472.
Our bark is on the waters: wide around, 40.
Our England's heart is sound as oak, 148.
"Our little babe," each said, "shall be," 594.
Our little bird in his full day of health, 191.
Our night repast was ended: quietness, 145.
Ours all are marble halls, 157.
Out from the City's dust and roar, 486.
Out of the frozen earth below, 389.
Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is, 417.
Out of the uttermost ridge of dusk, where the dark and the day are mingled, 607.
Out of this town there riseth a high hill, 400.
Outside the village, by the public road, 220.
Over his millions Death has lawful power, 13.
Over the sea our galleys went, 343.
O wanderer in the southern weather, 603.
Owd Pinder were a rackless foo, 110.
O when the half-light weaves, 576.
O where do you go, and what 's your will, 580.
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear! 213.
O wind, thou hast thy kingdom in the trees, 520.
O youth, whose hope is high, 439.

Pardon the faults in me, 376.
Passing feet pause, as they pass, 266.
Passion the fathomless spring, and words the precipitate waters, 331.
Peace! what do tears avail? 20.
Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes, 371.
Play me a march, low-ton'd and slow, 277.
Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem, 126.
Plunged in night, I sit alone, 656.
Poets are singing the whole world over, 334.
Poor old pilgrim Misery, 39.
Poor wither'd rose and dry, 437.
Princess of pretty pets, 472.
Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, 508.
Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak, 14.

Quick gleam, that ridest on the gossamer! 193.
Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife, 26.

Rachel, the beautiful (as she was call'd), 22.
Reign on, majestic Ville Marie, 649.
Remain, ah not in youth alone, 13.
Remember me when I am gone away, 376.
Rest here, at last, 447.
Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom, 3.
Riches I hold in light esteem, 153.
Ride on! ride on in majesty! 171.
Righ Shemus he has gone to France, and left his crown behind, 100.
Rise! Sleep no more! 'T is a noble morn, 19.
Rise up, my song! stretch forth thy wings and fly, 442.
Roll on, and with thy rolling crust, 300.
Round the cape of a sudden came the sea, 354.
Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon, 509.

Sad is my lot; among the shining spheres, 231.
Sad is our youth, for it is ever going, 69.
Say, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see, 236.
Say, fair maids, maying, 496.
Schelynlaw Tower is fair on the brae, 323.
Sea-birds are asleep, 260.
Seamen three! what men be ye? 47.
Seeds with wings, between earth and sky, 462.
Seek not the tree of silkiest bark, 70.
Seems not our breathing light, 293.
See what a lovely shell, 208.
Set in this stormy Northern sea, 549.
Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm, 492.
Shakespeare, thy legacy of peerless song, 545.
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country, 537.
Shall we not weary in the windless days, 574.
She dared not wait my coming, and shall look, 517.
She gave her life to love. She never knew, 507.
She has a beauty of her own, 632.
She has a primrose at her breast, 527.
She is not fair to outward view, 57.
She is not yet, but he whose ear, 621.
She leads me on through storm and calm, 300.
She lived where the mountains go down to the sea, 662.
She passes in her beauty bright, 278.
She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight, 58.
She sat beside the mountain springs, 329.
She sits beneath the elder-tree, 547.
She stands, a thousand-wintered tree, 614.
She stood breast high amid the corn, 119.
She turn'd the fair page with her fairer hand, 368.
She wanders in the April woods, 265.
She wore a wreath of roses, 73.
Ship, to the roadstead rolled, 488.
Should I long that dark were fair, 155.

Siccine separat amara mors, 554.
Sigh his name into the night, 569.
Silence. A while ago, 502.
Sing, I pray, a little song, 21.
Sing the song of wave-worn Coogee, Coogee in the distance white, 625.
Sister Simplicitie, sing, sing a song to me, 370.
Sit down, sad soul, and count, 21.
Sleep that like the couched dove, 91.
So, Freedom, thy great quarrel may we serve, 148.
Softly sinking through the snow, 445.
So I arm thee for the final night, 578.
So long he rode he drew anigh, 408.
Some clerks aver that as the tree doth fall, 384.
Some years ago, ere time and taste, 48.
So sweet love seem'd that April morn, 439.
Soulless, colorless strain, thy words are the words of wisdom, 331.
So when the old delight is born anew, 292.
Spare all who yield; alas, that we must pierce, 539.
Speak, quiet lips, and utter forth my fate, 532.
Speed on, speed on, good master, 634.
Spirit of Spring, thy coverlet of snow, 611.
Spirit of Twilight, through your folded wings, 612.
Spring it is cheery, 117.
Spring, summer, autumn, winter, 112.
Stand close around, ye Stygian set, 8.
Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth, 646.
Star Sirius and the Pole Star dwell afar, 379.
Still farther would I fly, my child, 616.
Still I am patient, tho' you 're merciless, 23.
Still more, still more: I feel the demon move, 635.
Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies, 112.
Summer dieth: — o'er his bier, 375.
Sunset and evening star, 212.
Surrounded by unnumber'd foes, 166.
Sweet and low, sweet and low, 199.
Sweetest sweets that time hath rifled, 568.
Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers, 17.
Sweet singer of the Spring, when the new world, 257.

Take as gold this old tradition, 527.
Take back into thy bosom, earth, 123.
Take back your suit, 416.
Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast, 58.
Take the world as it is! — there are good and bad in it, 76.
Tears for my lady dead, 498.
Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean, 199.
Tell me not of morrows, sweet, 463.
Tell me now in what hidden way is, 398.
Tell me, what is a poet's thought? 22.
Tell me, ye winged winds, 87.
Thaisa fair, under the cold sea lying, 462.
Thanks, thanks! With the Muse is always love and light, 159.
Tha 'rt welcome, little bonny brid, 110.
That 's my last Duchess painted on the wall, 344.
That was a brave old epoch, 648.
The ancient memories buried lie, 434.
The auld wife sat at her ivied door, 469.
The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht, 502.
The baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea, 74.
The Barons bold on Runnymede, 112.
The bay is set with ashy sails, 669.
The bees about the Linden-tree, 315.
The bird's song, the sun, and the wind, 653.
The blessed damozel lean'd out, 392.
The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life, 247.
The breaths of kissing night and day, 570.
The broken moon lay in the autumn sky, 168.
The buds awake at touch of Spring, 545.
The Bulbul wail'd, "Oh, Rose! all night I sing, 250.
The butterfly from flower to flower, 330.
The Chancellor mused as he nibbled his pen, 631.
The changing guests, each in a different mood, 396.
The characters of great and small, 467.
The chime of a bell of gold, 436.
The churchyard leans to the sea with its dead, 444.
The commissioner bet me a pony — I won, 616.
The crab, the bullace, and the sloe, 264.
The crimson leafage fires the lawn, 292.
The curtain on the grouping dancers falls, 607.
The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept, 376.
The day was lingering in the pale northwest, 637.
The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold, 522.
The doors are shut, the windows fast, 654.
The dreamy rhymer's measur'd snore, 12.
The dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine, 109.
The East was crowned with snow-cold bloom, 605.
The fair varieties of earth, 113.
The flame-wing'd seraph spake a word, 267.
The fray began at the middle-gate, 558.
The frost will bite us soon, 558.
The garden 's passed. 'T is forest now, 667.
The glint of steel, the gleam of brocade, 667.
The gray sea and the long black land, 354.
The great soft downy snow storm like a cloak, 676.
The ground I walk'd on felt like air, 259.
The hollow sea-shell, which for years hath stood, 505.
The Iris was yellow, the moon was pale, 521.
The irresponsive silence of the land, 379.
The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair! 50.
The King with all his kingly train, 61.
The ladies of St. James's, 489.
The Ladies rose. I held the door, 233.
The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold, 271.
The lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain, 655.
The lark above our heads doth know, 533.
The lark is singing in the blinding sky, 167.
The last of England! O'er the sea, my dear, 390.
The linnet in the rocky dells, 153.

The lover of child Marjory, 662.
The loves that doubted, the loves that dissembled, 555.
The men of learning say she must, 392.
The merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round at Fowey, 261.
The monument outlasting bronze, 239.
The moon-white waters wash and leap, 547.
The moorland waste lay hushed in the dusk of the second day, 572.
The Mother of the Muses, we are taught, 16.
The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears, 396.
The mountain peaks put on their hoods, 640.
The mountain sheep are sweeter, 47.
The music had the heat of blood, 601.
The Musmee has brown velvet eyes, 251.
The nest is built, the song hath ceas'd, 150.
The night has a thousand eyes, 533.
The Northern Lights are flashing, 633.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, 208.
Theocritus! Theocritus! ah, thou hadst pleasant dreams, 49.
The odor of a rose: light of a star, 276.
The old mayor climb'd the belfry tower, 324.
The old men sat with hats pull'd down, 321.
The orb I like is not the one, 77.
The play is done — the curtain drops, 306.
The Poem of the Universe, 153.
The poet stood in the sombre town, 511.
The point is turned; the twilight shadow fills, 659.
The poplars and the ancient elms, 514.
The pouring music, soft and strong, 292.
The primrwose in the sheäde do blow, 107.
There be the greyhounds! lo'k! an' there 's the heäre! 107.
There came a soul to the gate of Heaven, 237.
The red tiled towers of the old Château, 667.
There falls with every wedding chime, 12.
There is a book, who runs may read, 171.
There is a flower I wish to wear, 16.
There is a green hill far away, 182.
There is an Isle beyond our ken, 547.
There is a safe and secret place, 174.
There is a singing in the summer air, 283.
There is a soul above the soul of each, 400.
There is a stream, I name not its name, 215.
There is delight in singing, though none hear, 13.
There is no land like England, 211.
There is no laughter in the natural world, 491.
There is no mood, no heart-throb fugitive, 275.
There is sweet music here that softer falls, 194.
There lies a little city leagues away, 651.
There never were such radiant noons, 564.
There 's a joy without canker or cark, 496.
There the moon leans out and blesses, 532.
There they are, my fifty men and women, 359.
There was a gather'd stillness in the room, 146.
There was a lady liv'd at Leith, 54.
There was a time, so ancient records tell, 25.
There were four of us about that bed, 403.
There were ninety and nine that safely lay, 182.
There were three young maids of Lee, 509.
The roar of Niagara dies away, 255.
The rose is weeping for her love, 161.
The rose thou gav'st at parting, 77.
The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the south wind blows, 609.
The ruddy sunset lies, 670.
The sea is calm to-night, 226.
The sea! the sea! the open sea! 19.
These dreary hours of hopeless gloom, 158.
These little Songs, 319.
The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow, 217.
The Sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept, 275.
The Sonnet is a world, where feelings caught, 275.
The soul of man is larger than the sky, 57.
The spell of Age is over all, 668.
The splendor falls on castle walls, 199.
The splendor of the kindling day, 378.
The Spring will come again, dear friends, 162.
The stream was smooth as glass, we said, 331.
The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles, 97.
The sunset in the rosy west, 669.
The sun shines on the chamber wall, 322.
The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor, 135.
The swallow, bonny birdie, comes sharp twittering o'er the sea, 83.
The swarthy bee is a buccaneer, 664.
The tale was this, 26.
The thing is but a statue after all, 457.
The time shall come when wrong shall end, 127.
The tomb of God before us, 308.
The tongue of England, that which myriads, 12.
The training-ship, Eurydice, 391.
The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears, 524.
The vale of Tempe had in vain been fair, 57.
The victor stood beside the spoil, and by the grinning dead, 335.
The villeins clustered round the bowl, 641.
The voice that breath'd o'er Eden, 172.
The wattles were sweet with September's rain, 630.
The white blossom 's off the bog and the leaves are off the trees, 506.
The wind flapp'd loose, the wind was still, 398.
The wind of death that softly blows, 675.
The wisest of the wise, 15.
The world, not hush'd, lay as in trance, 337.
They are waiting on the shore, 260.
They call her fair. I do not know, 149.
The year 's at the spring, 348.
They found it in her hollow marble bed, 563.
They hasten, still they hasten, 655.
They look'd on each other and spake not, 410.
They mock'd the Sovereign of Ghaznin: one saith, 250.
They rous'd him with muffins — they rous'd him with ice, 478.
They say that Pity in Love's service dwells, 371.
They say that thou wert lovely on thy bier, 56.
They shot young Windebank just here, 593.
They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead, 232.

They told me in their shadowy phrase, 41.
They went to sea in a sieve, they did, 475.
They were islanders, our fathers were, 656.
Thick rise the spear-shafts o'er the land, 413.
This case befell at four of the clock, 474.
This I got on the day that Goring, 320.
This infant world has taken long to make! 164.
This is a spray the bird clung to, 364.
This is her picture as she was, 394.
This is the convent where they tend the sick, 560.
This is the glamour of the world antique, 434.
This is the room to which she came that day, 446.
This is the way we dress the Doll, 477.
This new Diana makes weak men her prey, 581.
This peach is pink with such a pink, 584.
This region is as lavish of its flowers, 641.
This relative of mine, 465.
This the house of Circe, queen of charms, 415.
Thou art not, and thou never canst be mine, 70.
Thou art the flower of grief to me, 247.
Thou art the joy of age, 163.
Thou didst delight my eyes, 438.
Though our great love a little wrong his fame, 539.
Though singing but the shy and sweet, 585.
Thou hast filled me a golden cup, 163.
Thou hast lost thy love, poor fool, 415.
Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor, 131.
Thou only bird that singest as thou flyest, 400.
Thou that hast a daughter, 318.
Thou that once, on mother's knee, 240.
Thou tiny solace of these prison days, 504.
Thou too hast travell'd, little fluttering thing, 62.
Thou vague dumb crawler with the groping head, 504.
Thou wert fair, Lady Mary, 67.
Thou whom these eyes saw never, say friends true, 364.
"Thou wilt forget me." "Love has no such word." 149.
Three fishers went sailing out into the West, 309.
Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing, 523.
Three twangs of the horn, and they're all out of cover, 333.
Through great Earl Norman's acres wide, 87.
Through laughing leaves the sunlight comes, 533.
Through storm and fire and gloom, I see it stand, 103.
Through the seeding grass, 548.
Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter went, 405.
Thus said the Lord in the vault above the cherubim, 600.
Thus then, one beautiful day, in the sweet, cool air of October, 245.
Thy glory alone, O God, be the end of all that I say, 658.
Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsour'd, 374.
Thy name of old was great, 553.
Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums, 200.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord, 176.
Time has a magic wand, 466.
Tintadgel bells ring o'er the tide, 41.
'T is a stern and startling thing to think, 117.
'T is a world of silences. I gave a cry, 441.
'T is bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night," 256.
'T is Christmas, and the North wind blows; 't was two years yesterday, 551.
'T is evening now! 176.
'T is sair to dream o' them we like, 80.
'T is They, of a veritie, 573.
To-day, what is there in the air, 516.
To murder one so young! 144.
To my true king I offer'd free from stain, 29.
Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those, 565.
Too wearily had we and song, 569.
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er; 38.
To soothe a mad king's fevered brain, 526.
To spend the long warm days, 592.
To thee, O father of the stately peaks, 624.
To the forgotten dead, 592.
To the Wake of O'Hara, 282.
To turn my volumes o'er nor find, 14.
Touch not that maid, 552.
Touch us gently, Time! 22.
To write as your sweet mother does, 14.
Tripping down the field-path, 76.
Trust thou thy Love: if she be proud, is she not sweet? 157.
Twa race doon by the Gatehope-Slack, 579.
'T was a fierce night when old Mawgan died, 40.
'T was brillig, and the slithy toves, 478.
'T was but a poor little room: a farm-servant's loft in a garret, 244.
'T was eve, and Time, his vigorous course pursuing, 33.
'T was evening, though not sunset, and the tide, 8.
'T was in mid autumn, and the woods were still, 493.
'T was in the prime of summer time, 113.
'T was just before the hay was mown, 77.
'T was the body of Judas Iscariot, 279.
'T was the day beside the Pyramids, 322.
Twelve years ago, when I could face, 627.
Twist me a crown of wind-flowers, 379.
Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom, 40.
Twitched strings, the clang of metal, beaten drums, 601.
Two gaz'd into a pool, he gaz'd and she, 379.
Two souls diverse out of our human sight, 428.
Two stars once on their lonely way, 593.
Two voices are there: one is of the deep, 572.
Two winged genii in the air, 149.
Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet, 567.
Tyre of the West, and glorying in the name, 59.

Under her gentle seeing, 283.
Under the wide and starry sky, 526.
Up from Earth's centre through the Seventh Gate, 341.
Up into the cherry tree, 523.
Up, my dogs, merrily, 643.

Upon a day in Ramadan, 248.
Upon St. Michael's Isle, 519.
Up the airy mountain, 317.
Up the dale and down the bourne, 17.

Vainly for us the sunbeams shine, 81.
Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity, 352.
Vasari tells that Luca Signorelli, 272.
Venice, thou Siren of sea-cities, wrought, 274.

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea, 209.
Wait but a little while, 584.
Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight, 340.
Wales England wed; so I was bred, 581.
Was sorrow ever like unto our sorrow? 104.
Watchman, tell us of the night, 173.
Water, for anguish of the solstice: — nay, 397.
We are as mendicants who wait, 665.
We are born; we laugh; we weep; 20.
We are in love's land to-day, 420.
We are what suns and winds and waters make us, 8.
We crown'd the hard-won heights at length, 63.
We do lie beneath the grass, 39.
Weep not! tears must vainly fall, 149.
Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town, 86.
We have been friends together, 93.
We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair, 422.
Weird wife of Bein-y-Vreich! horo! horo! 219.
We lack, yet cannot fix upon the lack, 379.
Welcome, old friend! These many years, 10.
We 'll a' go pu' the heather, 150.
We 'll not weep for summer over, 446.
We meet 'neath the sounding rafter, 101.
We must pass like smoke or live within the spirit's fire, 606.
Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him, 106.
Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green, 105.
Werther had a love for Charlotte, 305.
We saw the swallows gathering in the sky, 371.
We shall lodge at the sign of the Grave, you say, 611.
We stand upon the moorish mountain side, 65.
We stood so steady, 327.
West wind, blow from your prairie nest, 673.
We 've fought with many men acrost the seas, 595.
We watch'd her breathing thro' the night, 116.
We were playing on the green together, 544.
"What are the bugles blowin' for," 595.
What are the Vision and the Cry, 648.
What cometh here from west to east a-wending? 413.
What curled 'and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed, 512.
What days await this woman, whose strange feet, 660.
Whate'er of woe the Dark may hide in womb, 270.
What holds her fixed far eyes nor lets them range, 565.
What makes a hero? — not success, not fame, 27.
What might be done if men were wise, 88.
What of her glass without her? The blank gray, 396.
What power is this? what witchery wins my fee, 271.
What reck we of the creeds of men, 646.
What sawest thou, Orion, thou hunter of the star-lands, 576.
What saw you in your flight to-day, 674.
What shall my gift be to the dead one lying, 334.
What should a man desire to leave? 239.
What though thy Muse the singer's art essay, 332.
What voice did on my spirit fall, 216.
What was he doing, the great god Pan, 134.
What was 't awaken'd first the untried ear, 56.
Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän? 204.
When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame, 82.
When at close of winter's night, 472.
When do I see thee most, beloved one? 395.
Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine, 58.
Whene'er there comes a little child, 262.
When first the unflowering Fern-forest, 557.
When from my lips the last faint sigh is blown, 68.
When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face, 14.
When He returns, and finds the world so drear, 284.
When I am dead and I am quite forgot, 557.
When I am dead, my spirit, 564.
When I was dead, my spirit turn'd, 376.
When I was sick and lay a-bed, 523.
When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year, 193.
When, lov'd by poet and painter, 316.
When mirth is full and free, 59.
When my Clorinda walks in white, 591.
When my feet have wander'd, 177.
When on my country walks I go, 591.
When on the breath of autumn breeze, 74.
When our heads are bow'd with woe, 170.
When our two souls stand up erect and strong, 132.
When russet beech-leaves drift in air, 299.
When stars are in the quiet skies, 43.
When the dumb Hour, cloth'd in black, 212.
When the flush of a new-born sun fell first, 598.
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, 421.
When the last bitterness was past, she bore, 564.
When the soul sought refuge in the place of rest, 605.
When, think you, comes the Wind, 443.
When we are parted let me lie, 329.
When we were girl and boy together, 38.
When you and I have played the little hour, 673.
When you are dead some day, my dear, 568.
Where are the swallows fled, 312.
Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth? 9.
Where Ausonian summers glowing, 56.
Where did you come from, baby dear? 164.
Where, girt with orchard and with olive-yard, 554.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go? 218.
Where shall we learn to die? 180.
Where the thistle lifts a purple crown, 570.
Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born, 297.
Whethen is it yourself, Mister Hagan, 587.
Which is more sweet, — the slow mysterious stream, 504.
Which of the Angels sang so well in Heaven, 370.
Whistling strangely, whistling sadly, whistling sweet and clear, 608.
White little hands, 265.
Whither is gone the wisdom and the power, 57.
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding, 438.
Who calls me bold because I won my love, 277.
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream, 604.
Whoever lives true life, will love true love, 141.
Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? 102.
Who has not walk'd upon the shore, 437.
"Whom the gods love die young." The thought is old, 272.
Who remains in London, 281.
Whosoe'er had look'd upon the glory of that day, 388.
Who will away to Athens with me? who, 3.
Why groaning so, thou solid earth, 156.
Why, having won her, do I woo? 234.
Why, let them rail! God's full anointed ones, 673.
Why, when the world's great mind, 221.
Why will you haunt me unawares, 522.
Why wilt thou cast the roses from thine hair? 397.
Widow Machree, it 's no wonder you frown, 89.
"Wild huntsmen?" —'T was a flight of swans, 259.
Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing, 309.
Will there never come a season, 571.
With breath of thyme and bees that hum, 488.
With deep affection, 55.
Wither'd pansies faint and sweet, 390.
With fingers weary and worn, 120.
With half a heart I wander here, 524.
Within a low-thatch'd hut, built in a lane, 126.
Within the isle, far from the walks of men, 32.
Within the unchanging twilight, 146.
Within this charmèd cool retreat, 667.
With little white leaves in the grasses, 564.
With me along the strip of herbage strown, 340.
With pipe and flute the rustic Pan, 485.
With purple glow at even, 654.
With rosy hand a little girl press'd down, 14.
With the Orient in her eyes, 666.
Word was brought to the Danish king, 94.
Would God my heart were greater; but God wot, 422.
Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build, 362.

Yea, love, I know, and I would have it thus, 593.
Yea, Love is strong as life; he casts out fear, 336.
Year after year, 299.
Year after year I sit for them, 602.
Ye are young, ye are young, 594.
Yes, Cara mine, I know that I shall stand, 330.
Yes; I write verses now and then, 15.
Yes, love, the Spring shall come again, 435.
Yes! thou art fair, and I had lov'd, 149.
Yes; when the ways oppose, 489.
Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the rose, 342.
Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach, 269.
You ask for fame or power, 645.
You had two girls — Baptiste, 669.
You know, we French storm'd Ratisbon, 345.
You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier, 450.
You may give over plough, boys, 367.
You must be troubled, Asthore, 576.
Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn, 88.
Young Sir Guyon proudly said, 254.
You promise heavens free from strife, 231.
Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees, 352.
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass, 13.
Your tiny picture makes me yearn, 165.
You smil'd, you spoke, and I believ'd, 13.
You take a town you cannot keep, 69.

INDEX OF TITLES

Abide with me.....*Lyte* 173
Abide with us.....*Bonar* 176
Abnegation (from "Monna Innominata").....*C. Rossetti* 378
Aboriginal Mother's Lament, An *Harpur* 616
Above St. Irénée.....*D. Scott* 668
Abraham Lincoln.....*T. Taylor* 450
Absence.....*Blaikie* 569
Abt Vogler.....*R. Browning* 362
Across the Fields.....*Crane* 503
Actea.....*Rodd* 564
Adieu.....*E. Montgomery* 633
Adieu to France (from "De Roberval").....*Hunter-Duvar* 640
Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.....*F. Scott* 658
Advice.....*Landor* 14
Æolian Harp, An.....*Field* 521
Æsop.....*Lang* 499
Ætate XIX.....*Merivale* 461
Afoot.....*C. Roberts* 653
After Construing.....*Benson* 583
After Death.....*Parnell* 537
After Death.....*C. Rossetti* 376
After Death in Arabia.....*Sir E. Arnold* 249
After Summer.....*P. Marston* 446
After the Battle.....*Trench* 63
Afterwards.....*Lady Currie* 296
Agatha.....*Austin* 265
Age.....*Garnett* 332
Age, The.....*Clarke* 534
Age of Wisdom, The.....*Thackeray* 304
Ah, bring it not.....*Radford* 602
Ah! yet consider it again.....*Clough* 218
Akinetos (from "Orion").....*R. Horne* 33
"All Other Joys" (from "Modern Love").....*G. Meredith* 371
All Souls' Night.....*Sigerson* 610
America.....*Dobell* 368
Amico Suo.....*H. Horne* 591
Amours de Voyage (extract).....*Clough* 217
Ancient and Modern Muses, The *Palgrave* 239
Andromeda (extract).....*Kingsley* 310
Andromeda and the Sea-Nymphs (from "Andromeda").....*Kingsley* 310
And yet — and yet! (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám").*FitzGerald* 342
Angel at the Ford, The.....*Dawson* 537
Angel in the House, The (extracts) *Patmore* 233
Antiphony (from "The Earthly Paradise").....*W. Morris* 410
Appeal, The.....*Landor* 13
Aretina's Song.....*Sir H. Taylor* 27
Ars Victrix.....*Dobson* 489
Art (from "A Lover's Diary")...*Parker* 672
Asian Birds.....*Bridges* 439
Ask me no more.....*A. Tennyson* 200
As Thro' the Land.....*A. Tennyson* 199
As Yonder Lamp.....*Whitehead* 60
Atalanta in Calydon (extracts)..*Swinburne* 421
Atalanta's Defeat (from "The Earthly Paradise").....*W. Morris* 407
Atalanta's Victory (from "The Earthly Paradise").....*W. Morris* 405
At Fontainebleau.....*Symons* 601
At her Grave.....*O'Shaughnessy* 441
At his Grave.....*Austin* 263
At Home.....*C. Rossetti* 376
At Home in Heaven.....*J. Montgomery* 168
Athulf's Death Song.....*Beddoes* 38
At Husking Time.....*Johnson* 674
At Last.....*P. Marston* 447
At Last.....*Sir L. Morris* 256
At Les Eboulements.....*D. Scott* 669
At Stratford-on-Avon.....*Bell* 545
At the Cedars.....*D. Scott* 669
At the Church Gate.....*Thackeray* 303
At the Grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti *Bell* 545
At the Last.....*P. Marston* 446
Aurora Leigh (extracts).....*E. Browning* 139
Australian Girl, An.....*Castilla* 632
Autobiography, An.....*Rhys* 581
Autochthon.....*C. Roberts* 651
Autumn Flitting, An.....*Cotterell* 494
Autumn Memories.....*Savage-Armstrong* 299
Aux Italiens.....*Robert, Earl of Lytton* 380
Ave atque vale.....*R. Watson* 574
Ave Imperatrix.....*O. Wilde* 549
Awake, my Heart!.....*Bridges* 439
Axe, The.....*I. Crawford* 647

Babie, The.....*H. Miller* 83
Baby.....*G. Macdonald* 164
Babylonia (extract) *Robert, Earl of Lytton* 382
Baby May.....*Bennett* 78
Baker's Tale, The (from "The Hunting of the Snark").....*Dodgson* 478
Balder (extracts).....*Dobell* 368
Balder Dead (extract).....*M. Arnold* 223
Ballade of Playing Cards, A.....*White* 526
Ballades.....*Lang* 495
Ballad: It was not in the Winter...*Hood* 116
Ballad of a Bridal.....*Bland* 561
Ballad of Bouillabaisse, The...*Thackeray* 303
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The...*D. Rossetti* 398

Ballad of East and West, The....*Kipling* 596
Ballad of Heaven, A.....*Davidson* 558
Ballad of Human Life.....*Beddoes* 38
Ballad of Judas Iscariot, The...*Buchanan* 279
Ballad of Orleans, A.....*Darmesteter* 558
Ballad of the Boat, The.....*Garnett* 331
Ballad : Spring it is cheery.....*Hood* 117
Ballad : The Auld Wife sat.....*Calverley* 469
Banshee, The.....*Todhunter* 332
Barons Bold, The .....*Fox* 112
Bathers, The (from "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich").....*Clough* 215
Battle of La Prairie, The *Schuyler-Lighthall* 648
Beauty.....*Alex. Smith* 168
Beauty at the Plough (from "Dorothy") *Munby* 245
Bedtime.....*Earl of Rosslyn* 256
Bees of Myddelton Manor, The....*Probyn* 542
Before and After.....*O. M. Brown* 541
Beloved, it is Morn.....*Hickey* 503
Below the Heights.....*W. Pollock* 516
Be mine, and I will give thy Name *Bennett* 79
Beneath the Wattle Boughs.....*Gill* 630
Between the Rapids.....*Lampman* 659
Between the Showers.....*Levy* 579
Birdcatcher's Song (from "The Paradise of Birds").....*Courthope* 472
Bird in the Hand, A.....*Weatherly* 509
Bird's Song at Morning.....*Dawson* 535
Bird's Song, the Sun, and the Wind, The.....*C. Roberts* 653
Birth and Death.....*Wade* 126
Birth of Australia, The.....*P. Russell* 615
Birth of Speech, The.....*H. Coleridge* 56
Bishop orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church, The ....*R. Browning* 352
Blackbird, The.....*F. Tennyson* 188
Blackmwore Maidens.....*Barnes* 170
Black Wall-Flower, The.....*Kemble* 66
Blessed Damozel, The.....*D. Rossetti* 392
Bless the Dear Old Verdant Land *MacCarthy* 100
Blood Horse, The.....*B. Procter* 21
Blood-Red Ring hung round the Moon, A.....*Logan* 643
Blue Closet, The.....*W. Morris* 403
Board School Pastoral, A.....*M. Kendall* 578
Boatman of Kinsale, The .....*Davis* 98
Bonnie Bessie Lee.....*Nicoll* 150
Book of Orm, The (extract)... *Buchanan* 285
Books (from "Aurora Leigh") *E. Browning* 139
Boot and Saddle.....*R. Browning* 344
Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, The (extract).....*Clough* 215
Bothwell (extract).....*Swinburne* 425
Brawn of England's Lay...*Hunter-Duvar* 641
Break, break, break.....*A. Tennyson* 198
Breath of Avon, The .....*Watts* 270
Brechva's Harp Song.....*Rhys* 581
"Brides' Tragedy, The," Songs from *Beddoes* 39
Bridge of Sighs, The.....*Hood* 122
Broken Music (from "The House of Life").....*D. Rossetti* 396
Brook-Side, The.....*Lord Houghton* 66
Buffalo Herds, The (from "Tecumseh").....*Mair* 642
Bugle Song.....*A. Tennyson* 199
Builders, The.....*E. Elliott* 112
Buoy-Bell, The.....*Turner* 192
Burghers' Battle, The.....*W. Morris* 413
Burial Hymn.....*Milman* 170
Burial of Robert Browning, The.*M. Field* 519
Buried Life, The.....*M. Arnold* 227
Burnt Lands.....*C. Roberts* 650
Butterfly, The.....*Skipsey* 330
Byron the Voluptuary .....*W. Watson* 565
"By Solitary Fires" (from "Aurora Leigh").....*E. Browning* 141
By the Salpétrière.....*Ashe* 266

Cadences.....*Payne* 434
Cailleach Bein-y-Vreich.....*Shairp* 219
Caliph's Draught, The ....*Sir E. Arnold* 248
Canada.....*C. Roberts* 649
Canadian Folk-Song, A.....*W. Campbell* 654
Canadian Hunter's Song.....*Moodie* 633
Canoe, The.....*I. Crawford* 646
"Canute the Great" (extract)..*M. Field* 517
Cardinal Manning.....*De Vere* 70
Cardinal's Soliloquy, The (from "Richelieu; or the Conspiracy")..*Lord Lytton* 42
Carpe Diem.....*T. Marzials* 516
Casa Guidi Windows (extracts) *E. Browning* 134
Casa's Dirge.....*Moir* 81
Castle Ruins, The .....*Barnes* 108
Cavalier Tunes .....*R. Browning* 343
Celia's Home-Coming .....*Darmesteter* 556
Celtic Cross, The.....*McGee* 103
Champagne Rosé.....*Kenyon* 72
Changeless.....*Meynell* 538
Characterization, A.....*Sir H. Taylor* 26
Charge of the Light Brigade, The *A. Tennyson* 203
Charles Lamb.....*Beatty* 539
Charles the First (extract).....*Wills* 455
"Charles II" (extract).....*Sladen* 552
Charles II of Spain to Approaching Death.....*Lee-Hamilton* 504
Chartist Song.....*Cooper* 127
Chastelard (extract) .....*Swinburne* 422
Chateau Papineau.....*Harrison* 667
Chess-Board, The..*Robert, Earl of Lytton* 382
"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came".....*R. Browning* 355
Child of a Day.....*Landor* 10
Child's Evening Hymn .....*Baring-Gould* 183
Child's Portrait, A.....*Dawson* 535
Choric Song (from "The Lotos-Eaters").....*A. Tennyson* 194
Chorus of Spirits .....*Darley* 17
Christie's Portrait.....*Massey* 165
Christmas Hymn, A (New Style: 1875, extract) .....*Domett* 144
Christmas Hymn, A (Old Style: 1837) *Domett* 143
Christmas Letter from Australia, A *Sladen* 551
Christmas Song, A .....*Bennett* 79
Churchyard, The .....*Buchanan* 289

Circe.....*Lord De Tabley* 415
City of Dreadful Night, The (extract) *J. Thomson* 385
City of the End of Things, The.*Lampman* 661
Cockayne Country.....*Darmesteter* 556
Coin of Pity, The (from "Modern Love").....*G. Meredith* 371
Coleridge.....*Watts* 269
Colonos.....*Alford* 67
Combat, The (from "Sohrab and Rustum").....*M. Arnold* 221
Come into the Garden, Maud *A. Tennyson* 207
Companions.....*Calverley* 469
Confused Dawn, The...*Schuyler-Lighthall* 648
Conquest, A.....*W. Pollock* 517
Content.....*Gale* 585
Conundrum of the Workshops, The *Kipling* 598
Coogee.....*H. Kendall* 625
Cornfields.....*M. Howitt* 74
Country Faith, The.....*Gale* 585
Country Kisses (from "Dorothy") *Munby* 244
Court Lady, A.....*E. Browning* 136
Coves of Crail, The.....*Sharp* 547
Cowslips.....*Landor* 14
Cradle, The.....*Dobson* 486
Crocus, The.....*King* 389
Cromwell and Henrietta Maria (from "Charles the First").....*Wills* 455
Crossing the Bar.....*A. Tennyson* 212
Crossing the Blackwater.....*Joyce* 327
Crusader Chorus (from "The Saint's Tragedy").....*Kingsley* 308
Cry, A.....*Clarke* 534
Cry of the Children, The....*E. Browning* 128
Cuddle doon.....*Anderson* 502
Curé's Progress, The.....*Dobson* 486
Curlew's Call, A.....*J. Barlow* 587
Cynic of the Woods, The.....*Martin* 631

Daisy.....*F. Thompson* 570
Daisy, The.....*Rodd* 564
Daisy, The.....*A. Tennyson* 205
Dancers, The.....*M. Field* 520
Danish Barrow, A.....*Palgrave* 241
Danny Deever.....*Kipling* 595
Dante, Shakespeare, Milton (from "Balder").....*Dobell* 369
Danube River, The.....*Aïdé* 328
Darby and Joan.....*Weatherly* 510
Dark, The (from "The Spanish Gypsy").....*Cross* 155
Dark Glass, The (from "The House of Life").....*D. Rossetti* 396
Dark Rosaleen.....*Mangan* 91
Darwinism.....*Darmesteter* 557
Daughters of Philistia (from "Olrig Grange").....*W. Smith* 236
David Exorcising Malzah (from "Saul").....*Heavysege* 635
Dawn and Dark.....*Gale* 586
Dawn-Angels.....*Darmesteter* 556
Day and Night Songs.....*Allingham* 319
Day is Dead (from "Songs from Dramas").....*Webster* 463
Dead, The.....*Blind* 522
Dead Child, The.....*G. Barlow* 507
Dead Church, The.....*Kingsley* 309
Dead Coach, The.....*Hinkson* 577
Dead Friend, A.....*Gale* 585
Dead Letter, A.....*Dobson* 483
Dead March, A.....*Monkhouse* 277
Dead Singer, A.....*Logan* 644
Dean's Consent, The (from "The Angel in the House").....*Patmore* 233
Dear Old Toiling One, The.....*Gray* 271
Death as the Fool.....*F. Marzials* 493
Death as the Teacher of Love-Lore *F. Marzials* 493
Death-Bed, The.....*Hood* 116
Death-Child, The.....*Sharp* 547
Death of Artemidora, The.....*Landor* 7
Death of Hampden.....*Beatty* 539
Death of Marlborough, The....*Thornbury* 322
Death's Alchemy.....*Walker* 56
"Death's Jest-Book," Songs from *Beddoes* 38
Deaths of Myron and Klydone (from "In a Day").....*Webster* 463
Death Song, A.....*W. Morris* 413
Death Undreaded.....*Landor* 16
"De Gustibus—".....*R. Browning* 352
Deid Folks' Ferry.....*R. Watson* 573
Departure of the Swallow, The.*W. Howitt* 73
De Profundis.....*Hinkson* 575
De Roberval (extracts).....*Hunter-Duvar* 638
De Rosis Hibernis.....*Gosse* 513
Deserted City, The.....*C. Roberts* 651
Deserted House, The.....*A. Tennyson* 194
Deserter from the Cause, The.....*Massey* 165
Dewdrop, The.....*Skipsey* 329
Diana.....*Rhys* 581
Didactic Poem, The.....*Garnett* 331
Digger's Grave, The.....*Welch* 630
Dinner Hour, The (from "Lucile") *Robert, Earl of Lytton* 383
Dirce.....*Landor* 8
Dirge for Summer, A.....*Evans* 375
Dirge: If thou wilt ease thine Heart *Beddoes* 38
Dirge: We do lie beneath the Grass *Beddoes* 39
Disciples, The (extract).....*King* 388
Distraught for Meropé (from "Orion") *R. Horne* 31
Domine, Cui sunt Pleiades Curæ *C. Roberts* 653
Dominion of Australia, The.*J. B. Stephens* 621
Doom-Bar, The.....*A. Gillington* 609
Doris: A Pastoral.....*Munby* 242
Dorothy: A Country Story (extracts) *Munby* 243
Dorothy's Room (from "Dorothy") *Munby* 244
Doubting Heart, A.....*A. Procter* 312
Douglas Gordon.....*Weatherly* 509
Dover Beach.....*M. Arnold* 226
Dover Cliff.....*Home* 532
Dream, A.....*Allingham* 318
Dream of Eugene Aram, The.....*Hood* 113
Dream of the World without Death, The (from "The Book of Orm") *Buchanan* 285

Dream-Pedlary.....*Beddoes* 37
Dream-Tryst.....*F. Thompson* 570
Dressing the Doll.....*Rands* 477
Dried-Up Fountain, The.....*Leighton* 220
Dule 's i' this Bonnet o' mine, The. *Waugh* 109
During Music.....*Symons* 601
Dying.....*Noel* 260

Earl Norman and John Truman
C. Mackay 87
Earth.....*Roscoe* 231
Earthly Paradise, The (extracts)
W. Morris 404
Earth's Burdens.....*E. C. Jones* 156
Earth to Earth.....*M. Field* 521
Echo from Willowwood, An...*C. Rossetti* 379
Ecstasy.....*E. Mackay* 531
Edwin the Fair (extract)...*Sir H. Taylor* 26
Elegy.....*Bridges* 438
Elegy on William Cobbett.....*E. Elliott* 111
Elements, The.....*Newman* 59
Emigrant Lassie, The.....*Blackie* 85
Empedocles on Etna (extract)..*M. Arnold* 226
End of the Day, The.....*D. Scott* 671
End of the Play, The.....*Thackeray* 306
England.....*Newman* 59
England (from "Aurora Leigh")
E. Browning 141
England and her Colonies....*W. Watson* 614
English Girl, An.....*Home* 532
English Shell, An.....*Benson* 583
Envoy.....*Carman* 666
Envoy (from "A Lover's Diary")
Parker 673
Envoy to an American Lady, An
Lord Houghton 65
Eos (from "Orion").....*R. Horne* 33
Epicurean.....*Linton* 150
Epicurean's Epitaph, An.....*De Vere* 68
Epigram on the Death of Edward
Forbes.....*Dobell* 368
Epigrams.....*W. Watson* 565
Epilogue.....*R. Browning* 365
Episode, An.....*Symonds* 272
Epitaph.....*R. Browning* 364
Epitaph for a Sailor buried Ashore
C. Roberts 652
Epitaph of Dionysia.....*Anonymous* 232
Epitaph on a Jacobite.....*Macaulay* 29
Erinna.....*Lang* 498
Etruscan Ring, An.....*Mackail* 554
Etsi Omnes, Ego Non.....*E. Myers* 299
Etude Réaliste.....*Swinburne* 431
Eurydice.....*Bourdillon* 533
Evelyn Hope.....*R. Browning* 354
Eventide.....*Burbidge* 72
Eviction.....*Linton* 147
Execution of Montrose, The.....*Aytoun* 44
Exile's Devotion, The.....*McGee* 104
Exile's Song, The.....*Gilfillan* 80
Exit.....*W. Watson* 565
Expectation.....*Wratislaw* 607

Face, A.....*R. Browning* 351
Face, The.....*Ebenezer Jones* 158
Faëry Foster-Mother, The.....*Buchanan* 288
Fair Circassian, The.....*Garnett* 331
Fairies, The.....*Allingham* 317
Fair Ines.....*Hood* 116
Fair Maid and the Sun, The
O'Shaughnessy 440
Fairy Thorn, The.....*Ferguson* 96
Fairy Thrall, The.....*M. Byron* 608
Faith.....*Kemble* 67
Fall of a Soul, The.....*Symonds* 274
Familiar Epistle, A.....*Dobson* 490
Farewell.....*Symonds* 274
Farewell, A.....*Kingsley* 311
Farewell to Italy.....*Landor* 11
Farm on the Links, The.....*R. Watson* 574
"Father, The".....*Savage-Armstrong* 300
Father Francis.....*W. Pollock* 517
Featherstone's Doom.....*Hawker* 40
Ferment of New Wine, The (from
"Aurora Leigh").....*E. Browning* 140
Festus (extracts).....*Bailey* 158
Fiesolan Idyl.....*Landor* 10
First Kiss, The.....*Gale* 585
First Kiss, The.....*Watts* 270
First or Last?.....*Veley* 294
First Skylark of Spring, The..*W. Watson* 567
Flight from Glory, A.....*Lee-Hamilton* 505
Flight of Malzah, The (from "Saul")
Heavysege 636
Flight of the Geese, The.....*C. Roberts* 650
Flitch of Dunmow, The..*Earl of Southesk* 315
Flos Florum.....*Munby* 246
Flower, The.....*A. Tennyson* 206
Flower in the Crannied Wall.*A. Tennyson* 211
Flower of Beauty, The.....*Darley* 17
Flowers.....*Hood* 115
Flowers I would bring.....*De Vere* 69
Fluttered Wings.....*C. Rossetti* 378
Folk of the Air, The.....*Yeats* 604
Fool's Revenge, The (extract)..*T. Taylor* 448
Football-Player, A.....*Lefroy* 542
For a Copy of Theocritus.....*Dobson* 488
For an Epitaph at Fiesole.....*Landor* 16
Foray of Con O'Donnell, The (extract)
MacCarthy 101
Forby Sutherland.....*M'Crae* 622
Foreboding, A.....*Lady Currie* 295
Forecast, A.....*Lampman* 660
Foreign Lands.....*Stevenson* 523
Forerunners (from "A Life-Drama")
Alex. Smith 166
"Foresters, The," Song in...*A. Tennyson* 211
Forest Glade, The.....*Turner* 192
Forgotten Grave, The.....*Dobson* 486
Formosae Puellae.....*H. Horne* 591
Forsaken, The.....*Aïdé* 329
Forsaken Garden, A.....*Swinburne* 432
Forsaken Merman, The.....*M. Arnold* 224
For the Picture, "The Last of England"
F. Madox Brown 390
Fortune's Wheel.....*Lord De Tabley* 415
Fragment of a Sleep-Song.....*Dobell* 370
From the Recesses.....*Bowring* 172
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy".....*Kipling* 595

Gage d'Amour, A.....*Dobson* 485
Gallant Fleet, The (from "De Roberval").....*Hunter-Duvar* 640
Garden Fairies.....*P. Marston* 444

Gebir (extract) ... *Landor* 8
Geist's Grave ... *M. Arnold* 229
Genius ... *R. Horne* 35
Gibraltar ... *Blunt* 492
Gillyflower of Gold, The ... *W. Morris* 402
Girl of All Periods, The ... *Patmore* 235
Give a Rouse ... *R. Browning* 344
Given over ... *Woolner* 392
Giving to God ... *C. Wordsworth* 175
Glee for Winter, A ... *Domett* 143
Glenkindie ... *W. B. Scott* 144
Glory of Motion, The ... *Tyrwhitt* 333
Golden Rowan ... *Carman* 662
Golden Text, The ... *Cameron* 645
Golden-Tressed Adelaide ... *B. Procter* 21
Good-By ... *C. Rossetti* 380
"Good-Night, Babette!" ... *Dobson* 486
Gordon ... *E. Myers* 297
Grave-Digger's Song (from "Prince Lucifer") ... *Austin* 264
Great Breath, The ... *G. Russell* 606
Greek Idyl, A ... *Collins* 315
Greeting, A ... *P. Marston* 442

Hack and Hew ... *Carman* 666
Half-Waking ... *Allingham* 319
Hamadryad, The ... *Landor* 3
Hans Christian Andersen ... *Gosse* 513
Happy Wanderer, The ... *Addleshaw* 611
Harvest-Home Song ... *Davidson* 558
Has Summer come without the Rose? *O'Shaughnessy* 441
Haymakers' Song, The ... *Austin* 265
Heäre, The ... *Barnes* 107
Heart and Will ... *Linton* 148
Heartsease ... *Landor* 16
Heat ... *Lampman* 659
Heather Ale: A Galloway Legend *Stevenson* 525
He came unlook'd for (from "Phantasmion") ... *S. Coleridge* 60
He heard her sing (extract) ... *J. Thomson* 387
Helen's Song (from "Festus") ... *Bailey* 161
Heliodore Dead ... *Lang* 498
Heracleitus ... *Cory* 232
Her Confirmation ... *Image* 591
Hereafter ... *R. Watson* 574
Her First-Born ... *Turner* 193
Her Gifts (from "The House of Life") ... *D. Rossetti* 395
Hero, The ... *Nicoll* 151
Hero, The ... *Sir H. Taylor* 27
Hero-Worship ... *W. B. Scott* 147
Her Pity ... *P. Marston* 446
Hertha ... *Swinburne* 428
Hesperia ... *Swinburne* 417
Hesperus sings ... *Beddoes* 39
Hidden Joys ... *Blanchard* 126
Hiding the Skeleton (from "Modern Love") ... *G. Meredith* 371
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, The ... *Ingelow* 324
His Banner over me ... *Massey* 166
Holy Matrimony ... *Keble* 172
Home in War-Time ... *Dobell* 368
Home Thoughts from Abroad *R. Browning* 351
Honoria's Surrender (from "The Angel in the House") ... *Patmore* 233
Hope and Fear ... *Swinburne* 428
House of Life, The (extracts) ... *D. Rossetti* 395
House of the Trees, The ... *Wetherald* 675
How my Song of her began ... *P. Marston* 444
How 's my Boy? ... *Dobell* 365
"How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" ... *R. Browning* 349
How to read me ... *Landor* 14
How we beat the Favorite ... *Gordon* 617
Humanity ... *Dixon* 400
Human Life ... *De Vere* 69
Hunter's Song, The ... *B. Procter* 19
Hunting of the Snark, The (extract) *Dodgson* 478
H. W. L. ... *Nichol* 255
Hymn ... *Adams* 127
Hymn for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity ... *Milman* 170

Ianthe's Troubles ... *Landor* 13
Ideality ... *H. Coleridge* 57
Ideal Memory ... *Dawson* 536
I die, being Young ... *Gray* 272
Idylls of the King (extract) ... *A. Tennyson* 208
Iena's Song (from "Tecumseh") ... *Mair* 642
If All the World ... *Radford* 602
If I desire ... *Burbidge* 71
If only thou art True ... *G. Barlow* 507
"If she be made of White and Red" *H. Horne* 592
If she but knew ... *O'Shaughnessy* 442
If you were here ... *P. Marston* 447
I gave my Life for thee ... *Havergal* 183
Il Fior degli Eroici Furori ... *Symonds* 274
Immortality ... *F. Myers* 292
Immortality ... *G. Russell* 606
Imperator Augustus ... *Rodd* 564
Impression ... *Gosse* 482
In a Day (extract) ... *Webster* 463
"In After Days" ... *Dobson* 491
In After Time ... *Landor* 14
In a Garden by Moonlight (from "Torrismond") ... *Beddoes* 37
In a Gondola ... *R. Browning* 346
In a Lecture-Room ... *Clough* 214
In a September Night ... *Home* 532
Incident of the French Camp *R. Browning* 345
Inclusiveness (from "The House of Life") ... *D. Rossetti* 396
Incremation, The (from "Balder Dead") ... *M. Arnold* 223
Indian Love-Song ... *Robert, Earl of Lytton* 380
Indian Song, An ... *Yeats* 603
In Forest Depths (from "Orion") *R. Horne* 32
In Green Old Gardens ... *Lady Currie* 296
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor *Swinburne* 419
Inn of Care, The ... *Waddington* 297
In November ... *D. Scott* 670
In Pace ... *Ropes* 568
In Praise of Gilbert White (from "The Paradise of Birds") ... *Courthope* 473
In the Golden Birch ... *E. Roberts* 658

In the Golden Morning of the World ... *Westwood* 213
In the Mile End Road ... *Levy* 579
In the Season ... *Stevenson* 524
In the States ... *Stevenson* 524
In the Twilight ... *Cotterell* 495
In the Wood ... *Clarke* 533
Introductory (from "The House of Life") ... *D. Rossetti* 395
In Tuscany ... *E. Mackay* 532
Invincible (from "A Lover's Diary") ... *Parker* 673
Invocation, An ... *Landor* 8
Iris ... *M. Field* 521
Irishman and the Lady, The ... *Maginn* 54
Irish Rapparees, The ... *Duffy* 100
Irish Wife, The ... *McGee* 103
Irish Wolf-Hound, The ... *MacCarthy* 101
I saw a New World ... *Rands* 477
I saw, I saw the Lovely Child ... *F. Myers* 293
"Is it Nothing to you?" ... *Probyn* 544
Island of Shadows, The ... *Garnett* 330
Isle of Lost Dreams, The ... *Sharp* 547
Isles, The ... *C. Roberts* 650
Ite Domum Saturæ, venit Hesperus ... *Clough* 217
I think on thee ... *Hervey* 75
"It is Finished" ... *C. Rossetti* 377
It may be ... *Addleshaw* 611
Ivory Gate, The ... *Collins* 316
Ivry ... *Macaulay* 29
I will not let Thee go ... *Bridges* 437
Izaak Walton to River and Brook ... *Lee-Hamilton* 504

Jabberwocky ... *Dodgson* 478
Jackdaw of Rheims, The ... *Barham* 50
Jacobite on Tower Hill, The ... *Thornbury* 322
Javanese Dancers ... *Symons* 601
Jester and his Daughter, The (from "The Fool's Revenge") ... *T. Taylor* 448
Jesus the Carpenter ... *Liddell* 510
John Knox's Indictment of the Queen ("from Bothwell") ... *Swinburne* 425
John of Launoy (from "Philip van Artevelde") ... *Sir H. Taylor* 25
John the Pilgrim ... *Watts* 270
"Joseph and his Brethren" (extracts) ... *Wells* 22
Juggling Jerry ... *G. Meredith* 371
Juliet of Nations (from "Casa Guidi Windows)" ... *E. Browning* 134
Jumblies, The ... *Lear* 475
Jungfrau's Cry, The ... *Brooke* 253
Just as I am ... *C. Elliott* 169
Just for To-Day ... *Wilberforce* 175
Juxtaposition (from "Amours de Voyage)" ... *Clough* 217

Karma ... *Canton* 500
Kate Temple's Song ... *Collins* 316
Kathleen Mavourneen ... *L. Crawford* 301
Keepers of the Pass, The ... *C. Roberts* 652
King of Denmark's Ride, The ... *Norton* 94
King's Visit, The (from "The Earthly Paradise") ... *W. Morris* 408
Kitty Neil ... *Waller* 95
Knapweed ... *Benson* 582
Knowledge ... *F. Scott* 656
Knowledge after Death ... *Beeching* 554
Krishna ... *G. Russell* 605

Lachrymæ Musarum ... *W. Watson* 565
Lachrymatory, The ... *Turner* 191
Ladies of St. James's, The ... *Dobson* 489
Lady Mary ... *Alford* 67
Laird of Schelynlaw, The ... *Veitch* 323
Lake Memory, A ... *W. Campbell* 655
Lament ... *Noel* 261
Lament of the Irish Emigrant ... *Dufferin* 93
Land across the Sea, A (from "The Earthly Paradise") ... *W. Morris* 409
Land of Counterpane, The ... *Stevenson* 523
Land of Nod, The ... *Stevenson* 524
Landor ... *Japp* 276
Lapsus Calami ... *J. K. Stephen* 571
Lark Ascending, The ... *G. Meredith* 373
Last Aboriginal, The ... *Sharp* 546
Last Appeal, A ... *F. Myers* 292
Last Buccaneer, The ... *Kingsley* 310
Last Chantey, The ... *Kipling* 600
Last Lines, Her ... *E. Brontë* 154
Last Night ... *T. Marzials* 516
Last of his Tribe, The ... *H. Kendall* 627
Last of the Eurydice, The ... *Sir J. Paton* 391
Later Life (extracts) ... *C. Rossetti* 379
Lattice at Sunrise, The ... *Turner* 192
Laughter and Death ... *Blunt* 491
Laura's Song ... *O. M. Brown* 541
Laus Infantium ... *Canton* 501
Law for the Wolves ... *Kipling* 599
Lay of the Laborer, The ... *Hood* 121
Lear ... *Hood* 117
Lefroy in the Forest (from "Tecumseh") ... *Mair* 641
Legend, A ... *M. Kendall* 578
Legend of the Dead Lambs, The ... *Robert, Earl of Lytton* 383
Le Mauvais Larron ... *R. Watson* 572
Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" ... *Dowden* 294
Lesson of Mercy, A ... *Murray* 645
Let me be with Thee ... *C. Elliott* 169
Letter from Newport, A ... *F. Myers* 292
Lettice ... *M. Field* 520
Letty's Globe ... *Turner* 193
Life ... *Little* 575
Life ... *B. Procter* 20
Life ... *Swain* 76
Life and Death ... *D. Scott* 671
Life-Drama, A (extracts) ... *Alex. Smith* 166
Life is Love ... *Fox* 113
Life's Hebe ... *J. Thomson* 386
Light ... *G. Macdonald* 163
Light of Asia, The (extract) ... *Sir E. Arnold* 247
Lilian Adelaide Neilson ... *C. Scott* 334
Lines by a Person of Quality ... *Nichols* 555
Lion's Skeleton, The ... *Turner* 191
Litany ... *Monsell* 177
Little Aglaë ... *Landor* 8
Little Child's Hymn, A ... *Palgrave* 240
Little Fair Soul, The ... *Smedley* 219
Little Rebel, The ... *Ashby-Sterry* 472
Little Song, A ... *D. Scott* 669

Little While, A.....*Bonar* 177
Little While, A.....*D. Rossetti* 398
London.....*Davidson* 560
London Bridge.....*Weatherly* 508
London Feast.....*Rhys* 580
London Plane-Tree, A.....*Levy* 579
Long White Seam, The.....*Ingelow* 327
Loons, The.....*Lampman* 661
Lorraine.....*Kingsley* 311
Lost but Found.....*Bonar* 175
Lost Leader, The.....*R. Browning* 350
Lost Sheep, The.....*Clephane* 182
Lotos-Eaters, The.....*A. Tennyson* 194
Louis XV.....*Sterling* 61
Love.....*Adams* 127
Love and Death.....*Mulholland* 560
Love and Music.....*P. Marston* 445
Love and War.....*Martin* 631
Love and Youth.....*Linton* 149
Love at Sea.....*Swinburne* 420
Love goes a-Hawking.....*Beddoes* 39
Love in Exile (extract).....*Blind* 522
Lovely Mary Donnelly.....*Allingham* 317
Love Not.....*Norton* 94
Lover's Diary, A (extracts).....*Parker* 671
Love's Autumn.....*Payne* 435
Love's Blindness.....*Linton* 149
Lovesight (from "The House of Life").....*D. Rossetti* 395
Love's Music.....*P. Marston* 442
Love's Outset (from "A Lover's Diary").....*Parker* 671
Love's Poor.....*Le Gallienne* 593
Love's Secret Name.....*Blaikie* 569
Love's Spite.....*De Vere* 69
"Love-Trilogy, A" (extract).....*Blind* 522
"Lo, we have left All".....*Lyte* 174
Lucifer and Elissa (from "Festus").....*Bailey* 161
Lucifer in Starlight.....*G. Meredith* 374
Lucile (extract).....*Robert, Earl of Lytton* 383
Lux est Umbra Dei.....*Symonds* 273
Lying in the Grass.....*Gosse* 511
Lyrical Poem, The.....*Garnett* 331

Macaulay.....*Landor* 12
Mahmud and Ayaz (from "With Sa'di in the Garden").....*Sir E. Arnold* 250
Mahogany Tree, The.....*Thackeray* 306
Maid's Lament, The.....*Landor* 11
Malzah and the Angel Zelehtha (from "Saul").....*Heavysege* 637
Man.....*Landor* 16
Mano: A Poetical History (extracts) *Dixon* 400
Man to the Angel, The.....*G. Russell* 606
Marching Along.....*R. Browning* 343
Mare Mediterraneum.....*Nichol* 254
Margaret.....*Landor* 12
Margaret Love Peacock.....*Peacock* 47
Marian.....*Ashe* 266
Marian Drury.....*Carman* 662
Marie de Méranie (extract).....*J. Marston* 452
Marlow Madrigal, A.....*Ashby-Sterry* 471
Married Lover, The (from "The Angel in the House").....*Patmore* 234
Marsyas.....*C. Roberts* 652
Mary Arden.....*E. Mackay* 530
Mary Magdalene (from "Sonnets on Pictures").....*D. Rossetti* 397
Massacre of the Macpherson.....*Aytoun* 46
Master-Chord, The.....*Roscoe* 231
Master-Knot, The (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám").*FitzGerald* 341
Master's Touch, The.....*Bonar* 177
Match, A.....*Swinburne* 417
Maud (extract).....*A. Tennyson* 208
Mawgan of Melhuach.....*Hawker* 40
May Margaret.....*T. Marzials* 516
May Song, A.....*Lady Currie* 295
Meditations of a Hindu Prince.....*Lyall* 262
Meeting at Night.....*R. Browning* 354
Meeting of Orion and Artemis (from "Orion").....*R. Horne* 30
Melencolia (from "The City of Dreadful Night").....*J. Thomson* 385
Melting of the Earl's Plate.....*Thornbury* 320
Melville and Coghill.....*Lang* 498
Memorabilia.....*R. Browning* 358
Memorial Verses.....*M. Arnold* 228
Memories.....*Japp* 277
Memory.....*Landor* 16
Memory.....*Earl of Rosslyn* 256
Memory of the Dead, The.....*Ingram* 102
Mendicants, The.....*Carman* 665
Men of Gotham, The.....*Peacock* 47
Merry-Go-Round, The.....*Noel* 261
Midsummer's Noon in the Australian Forest, A.....*Harpur* 615
Mimnermus in Church.....*Cory* 231
Minor Poet, A (from "A Life-Drama").....*Alex. Smith* 167
Misconceptions.....*R. Browning* 364
Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg (extracts).....*Hood* 117
Mitherless Bairn, The.....*Thom* 82
Model, A.....*Radford* 602
Modern Love (extracts).....*G. Meredith* 371
Modern Poet, The.....*Meynell* 538
Monna Innominata (extracts)..*C. Rossetti* 378
Montreal.....*Schuyler-Lighthall* 649
More Ancient Mariner, A.....*Carman* 664
Morning-Song.....*Darley* 17
Mother and Poet.....*E. Browning* 137
Motherless (from "Aurora Leigh").....*E. Browning* 139
Mother's Love.....*Burbidge* 71
Mother-Song (from "Prince Lucifer").....*Austin* 265
Mother wept.....*Skipsey* 329
Moving Finger writes, The (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám").....*FitzGerald* 342
Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation.....*Barham* 52
Muckle-Mou'd Meg.....*Ballantine* 83
Muckle-Mouth Meg.....*R. Browning* 364
"Multum dilexit".....*H. Coleridge* 58
Musical Instrument, A.....*E. Browning* 134
Music-Hall, The.....*Wratislaw* 607
Music Lesson, A.....*Japp* 276
Musmee, The.....*Sir E. Arnold* 251
My Ain Wife.....*Laing* 79
My Bath.....*Blackie* 84
My Beautiful Lady.....*Woolner* 391

My Epitaph.....*Gray* 272
My Guide.....*Savage-Armstrong* 300
My Heart and I.....*E. Browning* 130
My Heart is a Lute.....*Lady Lindsay* 336
My Last Duchess.....*R. Browning* 344
My Little Dear.....*Radford* 602
My Lord Tomnoddy.....*Brough* 468
My Mother.....*W. B. Scott* 146
Myrtis (extract).....*Landor* 7
Mystery, The.....*Savage-Armstrong* 299
Myth, A.....*Kingsley* 309
My Times are in Thy Hand.....*Hall* 180

Nancy Dawson.....*H. Horne* 592
Nancy Lee.....*Weatherly* 508
Naseby, The Battle of.....*Macaulay* 27
Natura Benigna.....*Watts* 271
Natura Maligna.....*Watts* 271
Nearer to Thee.....*Adams* 127
Nell Gwynne's Looking-Glass..*Blanchard* 125
Nephon's Song.....*Darley* 18
Net-Braiders, The.....*Wade* 126
Newly-Wedded, The.....*Praed* 49
New Poet, A.....*Canton* 501
News to the King (from "Songs from Dramas").....*Webster* 462
New Year's Eve—Midnight *F. Macdonald* 506
New Zealand Regret, A...*E. Montgomery* 632
Night has a thousand Eyes, The *Bourdillon* 533
Nightingale, The.....*Symonds* 273
Night Sky, The.....*C. Roberts* 651
"Ninety and Nine, The".....*Clephane* 182
Niobe (extract).....*F. Tennyson* 189
Nirvana (from "The Light of Asia").....*Sir E. Arnold* 247
Nocturne.....*Griffin* 91
No Death.....*P. Marston* 445
Norns Watering Yggdrasill, The *W. B. Scott* 146
Northern Farmer (Old Style).*A. Tennyson* 204
Nor'-West Courier, The.....*Logan* 643
November's Cadence....*Earl of Southesk* 315
Nuptial Eve, A.....*Dobell* 366

October.....*Radford* 603
Ode—Autumn.....*Hood* 119
Ode on Conflicting Claims.....*Dixon* 399
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.....*A. Tennyson* 200
Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken....*Watts* 267
Ode — To the Roc (from "The Paradise of Birds").....*Courthope* 472
Odyssey, The.....*Lang* 497
Of Alice in Wonderland.....*Dodgson* 479
Of a Vision of Hell, which a Monk had (from "Mano").....*Dixon* 400
Of Blue China.....*Lang* 496
Of his Choice of a Sepulchre.....*Lang* 497
Of Life.....*Lang* 496
"O Fons Bandusiæ".....*Dobson* 488
Of Temperance in Fortune (from "Mano").....*Dixon* 401
Of the Book-Hunter.....*Lang* 496
Of the Passing Away of Brynhild (from "Sigurd the Volsung").*W. Morris* 410
Ohnáwa (from "De Roberval") *Hunter-Duvar* 638
Oh! where do Fairies hide their Heads?.....*Bayly* 73
Old and Young.....*Bourdillon* 533
Old Baron, The.....*T. Miller* 64
Old Cavalier, The.....*Sir F. Doyle* 302
Old Churchyard of Bonchurch, The *P. Marston* 444
Old Grenadier's Story, The....*Thornbury* 322
Old Maid, The.....*G. Barlow* 507
Old Man's Song, An.....*Le Gallienne* 594
Old Song Resung, An.....*Yeats* 604
Old Souls.....*Hake* 337
Old Squire, The.....*Blunt* 492
Old Stoic, The.....*E. Brontë* 153
O Lord, Thy Wing outspread.....*Blew* 181
Olrig Grange (extract).....*W. Smith* 236
Om.....*G. Russell* 606
Omàr and the Persian.....*Williams* 335
"O may I join the Choir Invisible".*Cross* 155
O. M. B.....*F. Madox Brown* 390
On a Fan.....*Dobson* 487
On a Grave at Grindelwald.....*F. Myers* 292
On a Lute found in a Sarcophagus...*Gosse* 512
On an Old Muff.....*Locker-Lampson* 466
On an Urn.....*Garnett* 332
On a Thrush singing in Autumn *Sir L. Morris* 257
"O Navis".....*Dobson* 488
On a Young Poetess's Grave ...*Buchanan* 283
On Calais Sands.....*Lang* 500
On Dürer's *Melencolia*.....*W. Watson* 565
One Face alone (from "Phantasmion") *S. Coleridge* 60
One in the Infinite.....*Savage-Armstrong* 300
One Twilight Hour (from "Modern Love").....*G. Meredith* 371
One Way of Love.....*R. Browning* 359
One White Hair, The.....*Landor* 15
One Word More.....*R. Browning* 359
On Himself.....*Landor* 15
On Living too long.....*Landor* 16
On Lucretia Borgia's Hair.....*Landor* 15
On Music.....*Landor* 12
On, on, forever.....*Martineau* 125
On the Bridge.....*Ropes* 569
On the Brink.....*Calverley* 470
On the Cliffs (extract).....*Swinburne* 427
On the Death of M. D'Ossoli and his Wife Margaret Fuller.....*Landor* 13
On the Death of Mrs. Browning....*Dobell* 370
On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot.....*Swinburne* 428
On the Monument erected to Mazzini at Genoa..... *Swinburne* 433
Orbits.....*Le Gallienne* 593
Orion.....*Turner* 193
Orion (extracts).....*R. Horne* 30
Ottawa.....*D. Scott* 669
Our Casuarina Tree.....*Dutt* 545
Our Cause.....*Linton* 148
Overture (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám").....*FitzGerald* 340
Overture (from "Thrasymedes and Eunoë").....*Landor* 3
Owd Pinder.....*Waugh* 110

O Wind of the Mountain !.....*Westwood* 213
Oxus (from "Sohrab and Rustum") *M. Arnold* 223
O Youth whose Hope is High.....*Bridges* 439

Page of Lancelot, The.....*M. Kendall* 578
Palermo (from "The Disciples") ...*King* 388
Pantheist's Song of Immortality, The *Naden* 562
Parable of the Spirit, A.....*Goodchild* 528
"Paracelsus," Song from...*R. Browning* 343
Paradise .....*Faber* 179
Paradise Enow (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám").....*FitzGerald* 340
Paradise of Birds, The (extracts) *Courthope* 472
Paraphrases.....*Lang* 498
Parting at Morning.....*R. Browning* 354
Parting Hour, The.....*Custance* 612
Parting of King Philip and Marie, The (from "Marie de Méranie")..*J. Marston* 452
Passer-By, A.....*Bridges* 438
Passing and Glassing.....*C. Rossetti* 378
Passing of Arthur, The.....*A. Tennyson* 208
Passionate Reader to his Poet, The *Le Gallienne* 594
Pastoral, A.....*T. Marzials* 515
Pastoral, A.....*Nichols* 555
"Pater Vester pascit Illa".....*Hawker* 40
Patience.....*Linton* 147
Patriarchal Home, The (from "Joseph and his Brethren").....*Wells* 23
Peace ! what do Tears avail?..*B. Procter* 20
Pelters of Pyramids.....*R. Horne* 35
Pen and the Album, The.....*Thackeray* 305
People's Petition, The.....*Call* 152
Per Pacem ad Lucem.....*A. Procter* 313
Persistence .....*Landor* 15
Peschiera.....*Clough* 216
Petition to Time, A.....*B. Procter* 22
Pillar of the Cloud, The.....*Newman* 59
Pine Woods, The.....*Lord Hanmer* 65
Pipe-Player, The.....*Gosse* 513
"Pippa Passes," Song from *R. Browning* 348
Pirate Story.....*Stevenson* 523
Phantasmion (extracts).....*Sara Coleridge* 60
Phantom Caravan, The (from "The Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám") *FitzGerald* 341
Phantoms.....*Ashe* 266
Philip, my King.....*Craik* 314
Philip Van Artevelde (extracts) *Sir H. Taylor* 25
Philomela.....*M. Arnold* 225
Phraxanor to Joseph (from "Joseph and his Brethren").....*Wells* 23
Place in thy Memory, A.....*Griffin* 90
Play of "King Lear," The...*W. Watson* 565
Plays.....*Landor* 12
Plough, The.....*R. Horne* 36
Poem of the Universe, The.....*Weldon* 153
Poet, The (from "Festus").....*Bailey* 159
Poeta Nascitur.....*Ashe* 267
Poet in the City, The.....*Liddell* 511
Poet's Epitaph, A.....*E. Elliott* 112
Poet's Song to his Wife, The ..*B. Procter* 20
Poets, The (from "Aurora Leigh") *E. Browning* 139
Poet's Thought, A.....*B. Procter* 22
Polly.....*Rands* 476
Poor French Sailor's Scottish Sweetheart, A.....*Cory* 232
Poor Withered Rose.....*Bridges* 437
Pope at Twickenham.....*Kent* 230
Portrait, A.....*Ashby-Sterry* 471
Portrait, The.....*D. Rossetti* 394
Præterita ex Instantibus *Schuyler-Lighthall* 648
Prayer .....*H. Coleridge* 57
Prayer, A.....*A. Brontë* 181
Prayer, A.....*Image* 591
Prayers .....*Beeching* 554
Prayer to the Trinity.....*Edmeston* 170
Priest, A.....*Gale* 584
Primrose Dame, A.....*White* 527
"Prince Lucifer," Songs from.....*Austin* 264
Prince Riquet's Song (from "Riquet of the Tuft").....*Brooke* 254
"Princess, The," Songs from *A. Tennyson* 199
Private of the Buffs, The....*Sir F. Doyle* 302
Pro Mortuis.....*Palgrave* 239
Prophecy, A.....*Landor* 14
Prospice.....*R. Browning* 363
Protest, A.....*Clough* 214
Protestation, The .....*Image* 590
Pure Hypothesis, A.....*M. Kendall* 577
Pygmalion .....*W. B. Scott* 146
Pygmalion and Galatea (extract)...*Gilbert* 457

Qua Cursum Ventus.....*Clough* 214
Queen Elizabeth.....*Williams* 336
Queen's Song (from "Riquet of the Tuft").....*Brooke* 254
Queen's Vespers, The.....*De Vere* 70
Quiet Eye, The.....*Cook* 77

Realism.....*Benson* 583
Rachel (from "Joseph and his Brethren") *Wells* 22
Raglan.....*Sir E. Arnold* 250
Ready, ay, Ready.....*Merivale* 461
Red Poppies (from "Sospiri di Roma") *Sharp* 548
Reed-Player, The.....*D. Scott* 670
Regina Cœli.....*Patmore* 236
Regret.....*Le Gallienne* 593
Remember.....*C. Rossetti* 376
Remember or Forget.....*Aïdé* 328
Renouncement.....*Meynell* 539
Renunciants.....*Dowden* 293
Requiem.....*Sir J. Paton* 390
Requiem.....*Stevenson* 526
Requital, The.....*A. Procter* 313
Respectability.....*R. Browning* 358
Rest.....*M. Woods* 592
Revel, The.....*Dowling* 101
Reverses.....*Newman* 59
Revolutions (from "Philip van Artevelde").....*Sir H. Taylor* 25
Richelieu (extract).....*Lord Lytton* 42
Ride on in Majesty.....*Milman* 171
Right must win, The.....*Faber* 179

"Riquet of the Tuft," Songs from. *Brooke* 254
Rizpah. *A. Tennyson* 209
Robert Browning. *Landor* 13
Romance. *Lang* 497
Roman Legions, The. *Mitford* 67
Roman Mirror, A. *Rodd* 563
Romanzo to Sylvia. *Darley* 18
Romney and Aurora (from "Aurora Leigh"). *E. Browning* 142
Rondeau to Ethel, A. *Dobson* 484
Rookery, The. *Turner* 192
Rory O'More; or, Good Omens. *Lover* 88
Rosamond (extract). *Swinburne* 420
Rosa Rosarum. *Darmesteter* 557
Rose and the Wind, The. *P. Marston* 443
Rose Aylmer. *Landor* 10
Rose Aylmer's Hair, given by her Sister. *Landor* 10
Rose of the World, The. *Yeats* 604
Roses' Song. *P. Marston* 445
Rose thou gav'st, The. *Swain* 77
Rosy Musk-Mallow, The. *A. Gillington* 609
Roundel, The. *Swinburne* 431
Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám, The (extracts from his Paraphrase of) *FitzGerald* 340
Rus in Urbe. *C. Scott* 334
Ruth. *Hood* 119

Sack of Baltimore, The. *Davis* 97
Sad Mother, The. *Hinkson* 576
Sailing beyond Seas. *Ingelow* 326
Sailor, The. *Allingham* 318
Saint Paul (extract). *F. Myers* 291
Saint's Tragedy, The (extracts). *Kingsley* 307
Salopia Inhospitalis. *Sladen* 552
Samson. *F. Scott* 656
Sands of Dee, The. *Kingsley* 309
San Terenzo. *Lang* 497
Sanyassi, The. *Hamerton* 258
Sappho (from "On the Cliffs"). *Swinburne* 427
Saul (extracts). *Heavysege* 635
Schöne Rothraut. *Goodchild* 527
Scot to Jeanne D'Arc, A. *Lang* 499
Scythe Song. *Lang* 498
Sea, The. *B. Procter* 19
Sea Ballad (from "Balder"). *Dobell* 368
Sea Child, A. *Carman* 662
Sea-Child, The. *Cook* 78
Sea Fowler, The. *M. Howitt* 74
"Sea-Maids' Music, The". *E. Myers* 299
Sea-Marge (from "A Life-Drama") *Alex. Smith* 167
Sea-Limits, The. *D. Rossetti* 398
Sea-Shell Murmurs. *Lee-Hamilton* 505
Sea Slumber-Song. *Noel* 260
Sea Story, A. *Hickey* 502
Seat for Three, A. *Crane* 503
Secret, The. *Monkhouse* 278
Secret of the Nightingale, The. *Noel* 259
Secret Place, The. *Lyte* 174
Seed Time Hymn. *Keble* 172
Self-Discipline. *G. Russell* 605
Self-Exiled, The. *W. Smith* 237
September. *Harrison* 668
September in Australia. *H. Kendall* 626
Seven Whistlers, The. *A. Gillington* 608
Shakespeare. *Sterling* 61
Shakespeare and Milton. *Landor* 12
Shameful Death. *W. Morris* 403
Shandon Bells, The. *Mahony* 55
Sheep and Lambs. *Hinkson* 575
Shell, The (from "Maud"). *A. Tennyson* 208
Shelley. *Japp* 276
Shepherd Maiden, A. *Lefroy* 541
She wore a Wreath of Roses. *Bayly* 73
Sibyl. *Payne* 434
Sibyl, The. *Hake* 339
Sicilian Night, A. *Lefroy* 542
Sick Stock-Rider, The. *Gordon* 619
Sign of the Cross, The. *Newman* 58
Sigurd the Volsung (extract). *W. Morris* 410
Silenced Singer, The. *Linton* 150
Silences. *O'Shaughnessy* 441
Silent Tower of Bottreau, The. *Hawker* 41
Silent Voices, The. *A. Tennyson* 212
Simple Maid, A. *Lord De Tabley* 415
Singer's Prelude, The (from "The Earthly Paradise"). *W. Morris* 404
Singing Stars. *Hinkson* 576
Sir Galahad. *A. Tennyson* 197
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere *A. Tennyson* 198
Sir Walter Raleigh to a Caged Linnet *Lee-Hamilton* 504
Sister Mary of the Love of God *Mulholland* 560
Sit down, Sad Soul. *B. Procter* 21
Six Carpenters' Case, The. *Sir F. Pollock* 474
Skeleton in the Cupboard, The *Locker-Lampson* 467
Skylark, The (from "Mano"). *Dixon* 400
Slave, The. *R. Horne* 36
Sleep, The. *E. Browning* 142
Snowshoeing Song. *Weir* 674
Snow Storm, The. *Wetherald* 676
Soggarth Aroon. *Banim* 90
Sohrab and Rustum (extracts). *M. Arnold* 221
Soldier-Boy, The. *Maginn* 55
Solitude and the Lily. *R. Horne* 36
Solway Sands. *Craigmyle* 579
Song. *Blaikie* 569
Song. *E. Brontë* 153
Song. *Carman* 666
Song. *H. Coleridge* 57
Song. *De Vere* 70
Song. *G. Macdonald* 164
Song. *Monkhouse* 277
Song. *Sir L. Morris* 257
Song. *Sharp* 549
Song, A. *F. Myers* 292
Song: Down lay in a Nook. *Sir H. Taylor* 26
Song for Music. *Gosse* 514
Song (from "Paracelsus"). *R. Browning* 343
Song (from "Pippa Passes") *R. Browning* 348
Song (from "The Saint's Tragedy") *Kingsley* 307
Song: How many Times. *Beddoes* 37
Song in Imitation of the Elizabethans *W. Watson* 568
Song in "The Foresters". *A. Tennyson* 211
Song: My Fair, no Beauty of thine. *Meynell* 538
Song my Paddle Sings, The. *Johnson* 673

Song of Faith Forsworn, A ... *Lord De Tabley* 416
Song of Farewell, A ... *Greenwell* 162
Song of the Kings of Gold . *Ebenezer Jones* 157
Song of the Night at Daybreak ... *Meynell* 539
Song of the Old Mother, The ... *Yeats* 605
Song of the Shirt, The ... *Hood* 120
Song of the Squatter ... *Sherbrooke* 616
Song of the Western Men, The ... *Hawker* 40
Song of the Wild Storm-Waves, The ... *Sinnett* 628
Song of the Wulfshaw Larches ... *Rhys* 582
Song of the Zincali (from "The Spanish Gypsy") ... *Cross* 155
Song of Winter, A ... *Pfeiffer* 290
Song: Quoth Tongue of neither Maid nor Wife ... *Sir H. Taylor* 26
Songs' End ... *Payne* 436
Songs from Dramas ... *Webster* 462
Song: This Peach is Pink ... *Gale* 584
Song: To Psyche (from "The Earthly Paradise") ... *W. Morris* 409
Song: Wait but a Little While ... *Gale* 584
Song without a Sound (from "With Sa'di in the Garden") ... *Sir E. Arnold* 250
Sonnet ... *Lady Lindsay* 336
Sonnet ... *Trench* 64
Sonnet, A ... *J. K. Stephen* 572
Sonnet, The ... *Symonds* 275
Sonnets (from "A Lover's Diary") ... *Parker* 671
Sonnets from the Portuguese (extracts) ... *E. Browning* 131
"Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," On his ... *Lee-Hamilton* 505
Sonnets on Pictures ... *D. Rossetti* 397
Sonnet's Voice, The ... *Watts* 269
Sorrow ... *De Vere* 69
Sorrows of Werther ... *Thackeray* 305
"Sospiri di Roma" (extracts) ... *Sharp* 548
So Sweet Love seemed ... *Bridges* 439
Soul and Body ... *Waddington* 297
Soul and Country ... *Mangan* 92
Soul Stithy, The ... *J. Woods* 301
Sower's Song, The ... *T. Carlyle* 80
Spaewife, The ... *Stevenson* 525
"Spanish Gypsy, The," Songs from ... *Cross* 155
Spectrum, The ... *Monkhouse* 278
Spinning-Wheel Song, A ... *Waller* 95
Spirit of Shakespeare, The ... *G. Meredith* 374
Splendid Spur, The ... *Quiller-Couch* 586
Spring and Autumn ... *Linton* 149
Spring's Immortality ... *Bell* 545
Spring Song ... *Carman* 663
Spring Song in the City ... *Buchanan* 281
Standing on Tiptoe ... *Cameron* 646
Stanzas: Often rebuked ... *E. Brontë* 154
Stanzas: Farewell, Life ... *Hood* 123
Stanzas to the Memory of Thomas Hood ... *Simmons* 113
Stormy Petrel, The ... *B. Procter* 20
Sudden Light ... *D. Rossetti* 397
Sufficiency ... *White* 527
Summer Day, A ... *Beeching* 553
Summer Days ... *Call* 152
Summer Pool, The ... *Buchanan* 283
Summer Winds ... *Darley* 17
Sunken Gold ... *Lee-Hamilton* 505
Sunset on the Cunimbla Valley, Blue Mountains ... *Sladen* 552
Superscription, A (from "The House of Life") ... *D. Rossetti* 397
Sursum Corda (from "Casa Guidi Windows") ... *E. Browning* 135
Susan: A Poem of Degrees (extract) ... *Munby* 246
Susurro (from "Sospiri di Roma") ... *Sharp* 548
Swallow, The ... *Aird* 83
Sweet and Low ... *A. Tennyson* 199
Sweetheart Gate, Th' ... *Waugh* 109
Sweet Nature's Voice (from "Susan") ... *Munby* 246
"Sylvia; or the May-Queen," Songs from ... *Darley* 17

Take me, Mother Earth ... *Jameson* 58
Take the World as it is ... *Swain* 76
Tamar and the Nymph (from "Gebir") ... *Landor* 8
Teach us to die ... *Stanley* 180
Tears, Idle Tears ... *A. Tennyson* 199
Tecumseh: A Drama (extracts) ... *Mair* 641
Telling the Bees ... *Lang* 498
Tell me not of Morrows, Sweet (from "Songs from Dramas") ... *Webster* 463
Tell me, ye Winged Winds ... *C. Mackay* 87
Tempora Acta (from "Babylonia") ... *Robert, Earl of Lytton* 382
Tennyson ... *Huxley* 241
Test, The ... *Landor* 13
Thaisa's Dirge ... *Merivale* 462
"That they all may be one" ... *Noel* 262
Then and now ... *Rodd* 564
Theocritus ... *Gosse* 514
Theocritus ... *Langhorne* 49
There falls with every Wedding Chime ... *Landor* 12
There is a Green Hill ... *Alexander* 182
Thirty-first of May ... *F. Tennyson* 187
Thorgerda ... *Payne* 435
Thou didst delight my Eyes ... *Bridges* 438
Thought, A ... *Landor* 16
Thought, A ... *J. K. Stephen* 571
Thrasymedes and Eunoë (extract) . *Landor* 3
Thread of Life, The ... *C. Rossetti* 379
Three Fishers, The ... *Kingsley* 309
Three Portraits of Prince Charles ... *Lang* 499
Three Scars, The ... *Thornbury* 320
Three Troopers, The ... *Thornbury* 321
Threnody, A; in Memory of Albert Darasz (extract) ... *Linton* 148
Thy Joy in Sorrow ... *Townshend* 58
Thyself ... *Symonds* 275
Thy Voice is heard ... *A. Tennyson* 200
Thy Way, not mine ... *Bonar* 176
Time ... *F. Scott* 656
Time and Death ... *Whitworth* 72
Time to be Wise ... *Landor* 15
Tipperary ... *Kelly* 105
'T is Sair to dream ... *Gilfillan* 80
To —— ... *Alex. Smith* 168
To a Child ... *Sterling* 62

To a Cyclamen.....*Landor* 8
To a Daisy.....*Hartley* 501
To a Desolate Friend.....*Dawson* 536
To Age.....*Landor* 10
To a Greek Girl.....*Dobson* 488
To a Humming Bird in a Garden..*Murray* 644
To Alfred Tennyson.....*Hawker* 41
To America.....*Garnett* 332
To a Moth that drinketh of the Ripe October.....*Pfeiffer* 290
To a Mountain.....*H. Kendall* 624
To a Poet breaking Silence..*F. Thompson* 569
To a Portrait.....*Symons* 601
To a Seabird.....*W. Watson* 565
To a Swallow building under our Eaves.....*J. Carlyle* 62
To Christina Rossetti.....*Greenwell* 163
To February.....*Wetherald* 676
To God and Ireland True.....*O'Leary* 328
To Ianthe.....*Landor* 13
To Imperia.....*Burbidge* 70
To La Sanscœur.....*Roscoe* 231
To Manon — Comparing her to a Falcon.....*Blunt* 491
To Manon — On her Lightheartedness *Blunt* 491
Tommy 's Dead.....*Dobell* 367
To my Brothers.....*Gale* 586
To my Cat.....*R. Watson* 574
To my Grandmother.....*Locker-Lampson* 465
To my Mistress.....*Locker-Lampson* 467
To my Tortoise Chronos....*Lee-Hamilton* 504
To my Totem.....*Beeching* 553
To N. V. de G. S.....*Stevenson* 524
Too Late.....*Craik* 314
Too Late.....*Linton* 149
Topsy-Turvy World.....*Rands* 476
To R. K.....*J. K. Stephen* 571
Torrismond (extracts).....*Beddoes* 37
To Sea, to Sea!.....*Beddoes* 38
To Shakespeare.....*H. Coleridge* 57
To Sleep.....*Landor* 16
To the Dead.....*W. B. Scott* 147
To the Forgotten Dead.....*M. Woods* 592
To the Gossamer-Light.....*Turner* 193
To the Herald Honeysuckle.....*Pfeiffer* 291
To the Lakes.....*W. Campbell* 654
To the Nautilus.....*H. Coleridge* 56
To Theocritus, in Winter.....*Lang* 495
To the Spirit of Poetry.....*P. Marston* 447
To Vernon Lee.....*Levy* 579
Toy Cross, The.....*Noel* 262
To Youth.....*Landor* 9
Toys, The (from "The Unknown Eros").....*Patmore* 235
Travellers.....*Addleshaw* 611
Tripping down the Field-Path.....*Swain* 76
Triumph of Joseph, The (from "Joseph and his Brethren").....*Wells* 24
Tropics, The.....*Sladen* 552
Trust (from "Monna Innominata") *C. Rossetti* 378
Trust thou thy Love.....*Ruskin* 157
Tryst of the Night, The.....*M. Byron* 607
Tuscan Cypress (extracts).....*Darmesteter* 557
'T was just before the Hay was mown *Swain* 77
'Tween Earth and Sky (from "Songs from Dramas").....*Webster* 462
Twickenham Ferry.....*T. Marzials* 515
Twilight.....*Custance* 612
Twilight.....*Heavysege* 637
Twilight Song (from "De Roberval") *Hunter-Duvar* 640
Twist me a Crown.....*C. Rossetti* 379
Two Deserts, The (from "The Unknown Eros").....*Patmore* 236
Two Infinities.....*Dowden* 294
Two Masks, The.....*G. Meredith* 375
Two Old Kings, The.....*Lord De Tabley* 417
Two Sonnet-Songs.....*F. Marzials* 493
Two Sons.....*Buchanan* 283

Ulysses.....*A. Tennyson* 196
Unknown Eros, The (extract)....*Patmore* 235
Unseen World, The (extracts) *C. Rossetti* 376
Up-Hill.....*C. Rossetti* 377
Upon the Shore.....*Bridges* 437
Utmost, The.....*Robert, Earl of Lytton* 384

Vacant Cage, The.....*Turner* 191
Vagabonds, The.....*Johnson* 674
Vain Desire, A.....*Wratislaw* 607
Vain Wish, A.....*P. Marston* 442
Valedictory.....*Gordon* 621
Van Elsen.....*F. Scott* 657
Vastness.....*A. Tennyson* 211
Venetian Pastoral, A (from "Sonnets on Pictures").....*D. Rossetti* 397
Venice.....*Symonds* 274
Versailles.....*Brooke* 252
Verses why burnt.....*Landor* 16
Vicar, The.....*Praed* 48
Violinist, A.....*Bourdillon* 533
Vision of Children, A.....*Ashe* 267
Voice from Galilee, The.....*Bonar* 176
Voice in the Wild Oak, The *H. Kendall* 627
Voice of D. G. R., The.....*Gosse* 514
Voice of the Poor, The.....*Lady Wilde* 104

Waif, The.....*A. C. Smith* 629
Wake of Tim O'Hara, The....*Buchanan* 282
Waking of Spring, The.....*Custance* 611
Waking of the Lark, The.....*E. Mackay* 529
Walker of the Snow, The.....*Shanly* 634
Warning and Reply.....*E. Brontë* 153
War-Song of Dinas Vawr, The...*Peacock* 47
Water Lady, The.....*Hood* 119
We are Children.....*Buchanan* 284
Weep not! Sigh not!.....*Linton* 149
We have been Friends together....*Norton* 93
"We have seen thee, O Love!" (from "Atalanta in Calydon") *Swinburne* 422
Welcome, The.....*Davis* 99
Welcome, Bonny Brid!.....*Laycock* 110
We 'll a' go pu' the Heather.....*Nicoll* 150
Wellington.....*Beaconsfield* 213
Were I but his own Wife.....*Downing* 106
Were-Wolves, The.....*W. Campbell* 655
What matters it.....*Cameron* 646
What might be done.....*C. Mackay* 88

What of the Night? ..... *Bowring* 173
What the Sonnet is ..... *Lee-Hamilton* 505
What the Trumpeter said ..... *Evans* 375
Whaups, The ..... *Stevenson* 526
"When I am Dead" ..... *Rodd* 564
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies *Lord Lytton* 43
"When the Hounds of Spring" (from "Atalanta in Calydon") *Swinburne* 421
When we are all asleep ..... *Buchanan* 284
When we are parted ..... *Aïdé* 329
Where lies the Land ..... *Clough* 218
White Birds, The ..... *Yeats* 604
White Blossom's off the Bog, The. *Graves* 506
White Moth, The ..... *Quiller-Couch* 587
White Peacock, The (from "Sospiri di Roma") ..... *Sharp* 548
White Rose over the Water, The *Thornbury* 321
White Roses ..... *Rhys* 582
Whither? ..... *H. Coleridge* 57
Who runs may read ..... *Keble* 171
Widow Machree ..... *Lover* 89
Widow's Mite, The ..... *Locker-Lampson* 466
Wife of Loki, The ..... *Lady C. Elliot* 535
Wife to Husband ..... *C. Rossetti* 376
Wild Huntsmen, The ..... *Hamerton* 259
William Wordsworth ..... *Palgrave* 240
Willie Winkie ..... *W. Miller* 86
Will of God, The ..... *Faber* 178
Windflower, A ..... *Carman* 665
Wind in the Pines, The (from "Edwin the Fair") ..... *Sir H. Taylor* 26
Wind of Death, The ..... *Wetherald* 675
Wind of Summer ..... *M. Field* 520
With a Copy of Herrick ..... *Gosse* 514
Without her (from "The House of Life") ..... *D. Rossetti* 396
"With Pipe and Flute" ..... *Dobson* 485
With Sa'di in the Garden (extracts) *Sir E. Arnold* 250
Woman's Hand, A (from "A Lover's Diary") ..... *Parker* 672
Woman's Question, A ..... *A. Procter* 312
Wonder-Child, The ..... *Le Gallienne* 594
Woodland Grave, A ..... *Lord De Tabley* 414
Woodruffe, The ..... *Knox* 247
Woodspurge, The ..... *D. Rossetti* 398
Woone Smile mwore ..... *Barnes* 106
Working Man's Song, The ..... *Blackie* 86
World and Soul ..... *G. Macdonald* 164
World and the Quietist, The ... *M. Arnold* 221
World's Death-Night, The ..... *J. Woods* 301
Wreck, The ..... *Ruskin* 156
Wrinkles ..... *Landor* 14
Written in Edinburgh ..... *Hallam* 68
Written in Emerson's Essays ... *M. Arnold* 221

Young Windebank ..... *M. Woods* 593
Youth and Age ..... *W. B. Scott* 145
Youth and Art ..... *R. Browning* 350
Youth, Love, and Death (from "Festus") ..... *Bailey* 158

INDEX OF POETS

Adams, Sarah Flower 127
Addleshaw, Percy 611
"A. E."—See *George William Russell.*
Aïdé, Hamilton 328
Aird, Thomas 83
Alexander, Cecil Frances 182
Alford, Henry 67
Allingham, William 317
Anderson, Alexander 502
Anonymous 232
Armstrong, G. F. Savage. — See *George Francis Savage-Armstrong.*
Arnold, Sir Edwin 247
Arnold, Matthew 221
Ashby-Sterry, Joseph 471
Ashe, Thomas 266
Austin, Alfred 263
Aytoun, William Edmonstoune 44

Bailey, Philip James 158
Ballantine, James 83
Banim, John 90
Barham, Richard Harris 50
Baring-Gould, Sabine 183
Barlow, George 507
Barlow, Jane 587
Barnes, William 106
Bayly, Thomas Haynes 73
Beaconsfield, Earl of 213
Beatty, Pakenham 539
Beddoes, Thomas Lovell 37
Beeching, Henry Charles 553
Bell, Mackenzie 545
Bennett, William Cox 78
Benson, Arthur Christopher 582
Blackie, John Stuart 84
Blaikie, John Arthur 569
Blanchard, Laman 125
Bland, Edith Nesbit 561
Blew, William John 181
Blind, Mathilde 522
Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen 491
Bonar, Horatius 175
Bourdillon, Francis William 533
Bowring, Sir John 172
Bridges, Robert 437
Brontë, Anne 181
Brontë, Emily 153
Brooke, Stopford Augustus 252
Brough, Robert Barnabas 468
Brown, Ford Madox 390
Brown, Oliver Madox 541
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett 128
Browning, Robert 343
Buchanan, Robert 279
Bulwer, Lytton. —See *Lord Lytton* and *Earl of Lytton.*
Burbidge, Thomas 70
Byron, Mary C. G. 607

Call, Wathen Marks Wilks 152
Calverley, Charles Stuart 469
Cameron, George Frederick 645
Campbell, William Wilfred 654
Canton, William 500
Carlyle, Jane Welsh 62
Carlyle, Thomas 80
Carman, Bliss 662
Carnegie, Sir James. — See *Earl of Southesk.*
"Carroll, Lewis." — See *Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.*
Castilla, Ethel 632
Clarke, Herbert Edwin 533
Clephane, Elizabeth Cecilia 182
Clough, Arthur Hugh 214
Coleridge, Hartley 56
Coleridge, Sara 60
Collins, Mortimer 315
Cook, Eliza 77
Cooper, Thomas 127
"Cornwall, Barry." — See *Bryan Waller Procter.*
Cory, William Johnson 231
Cotterell, George 494
Couch, A. T. Quiller. —See *A. T. Quiller-Couch.*
Courthope, William John 472
Craigmyle, Elizabeth 579
Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock 314
Crane, Walter 503
Crawford, Isabella Valancey 646
Crawford, Louisa Macartney 301
Cross, Mary Ann Evans (Lewes) 155
Currie, Lady 295
Custance, Olive 611

"Dane, Barry."—See *John E. Logan.*
Darley, George 17
Darmesteter, Mrs. 556
Davidson, John 558
Davis, Thomas Osborne 97
Dawson, William James 535
De Tabley, Lord 414
De Vere, Aubrey Thomas 68
D'Israeli, Benjamin. — See *Earl of Beaconsfield.*
Dixon, Richard Watson 399

Dobell, Sydney 365
Dobson, Austin 483
Dodgson, Charles Lutwidge 478
Domett, Alfred 143
Dowden, Edward 293
Dowling, Bartholomew 101
Downing, Ellen Mary Patrick 106
Doyle, Sir Francis Hastings 302
Dufferin, Helen Selina, Lady 93
Duffy, Sir Charles Gavan 100
Dutt, Toru 545
Duvar, John Hunter. — See *John Hunter-Duvar.*

Edmeston, James 170
"Eliot, George." — See (*Lewes*) *Cross.*
Elliot, Lady Charlotte 535
Elliott, Charlotte 169
Elliott, Ebenezer 111
Evans, Sebastian 375

Faber, Frederick William 178
"Fane, Violet." — See *Lady Currie.*
Ferguson, Sir Samuel 96
Field, Michael 517
FitzGerald, Edward 340
Fox, William Johnson 112
Fraser-Tytler, C. C. — See *Catherine C. Liddell.*

Gale, Norman 584
Garnett, Richard 330
Gilbert, William Schwenck 457
Gilfillan, Robert 80
Gill, Frances Tyrrell 630
Gillington, Alice E. 608
Gillington, M. C. — See *Mary C. G. Byron.*
Goodchild, John Arthur 527
Gordon, Adam Lindsay 617
Gosse, Edmund 511
Graves, Alfred Perceval 506
Gray, David 271
Greenwell, Dora 162
Griffin, Gerald 90

Hake, Thomas Gordon 337
Hall, Christopher Newman 180
Hallam, Arthur Henry 68
Hamerton, Philip Gilbert 258
Hanmer, John, Lord 65
Harpur, Charles 615
Harrison, S. Frances 667
Hartley, John 501
Havergal, Frances Ridley 183
Hawker, Robert Stephen 40
Heavysege, Charles 635
"Hemingway, Percy." — See *Percy Addleshaw.*
Hervey, Thomas Kibble 75
Hickey, Emily Henrietta 502
Hinkson, Katharine Tynan 575
Home, F. Wyville 532
Hood, Thomas 113
Horne, Herbert P. 591
Horne, Richard Hengist 30
Houghton, Lord 65

Howitt, Mary 74
Howitt, William 73
Hunter-Duvar, John 638
Huxley, Thomas Henry 241

Image, Selwyn 590
Ingelow, Jean 324
"Ingoldsby, Thomas." — See *Richard Harris Barham.*
Ingram, John Kells 102

Jameson, Anna 58
Japp, Alexander Hay 276
Johnson, E. Pauline 673
Jones, Ebenezer 157
Jones, Ernest Charles 156
Joyce, Robert Dwyer 327

Keble, John 171
Kelly, Mary Eva 105
Kemble, Frances Anne 66
Kendall, Henry Clarence 624
Kendall, May 577
Kent, Charles 230
Kenyon, John 72
King, Harriet Eleanor Hamilton 388
Kingsley, Charles 307
Kipling, Rudyard 595
Knox, Isa Craig 247

Laing, Alexander 79
Lampman, Archibald 659
Landor, Walter Savage 3
Lang, Andrew 495
Langhorne, Charles Hartley 49
Laycock, Samuel 110
Lear, Edward 475
Lee-Hamilton, Eugene 504
Lefroy, Edward Cracroft 541
Le Gallienne, Richard 593
Leighton, Robert 220
Levy, Amy 579
Liddell, Catherine C. 510
Lighthall, William Douw. — See *W. D. Schuyler-Lighthall.*
Lindsay, Lady 336
Linton, William James 147
Little, Lizzie M. 575
Locker-Lampson, Frederick 465
Logan, John E. 643
Lover, Samuel 88
Lowe, Robert (Viscount Sherbrooke) 616
Lyall, Sir Alfred 262
Lyte, Henry Francis 173
Lytton, Edward, Lord 42
Lytton, Robert, Earl of 380

M'Crae, George Gordon 622
McGee, Thomas D'Arcy 103
Macaulay, Thomas Babington (Lord Macaulay) 27
MacCarthy, Denis Florence 100
Macdonald, Frederika Richardson 506
Macdonald, George 163
Mackail, John William 554
Mackay, Charles 87

MACKAY, ERIC 529
MAGINN, WILLIAM 54
MAHONY, FRANCIS 55
MAIR, CHARLES 641
MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE 91
MARSTON, JOHN WESTLAND 452
MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE 442
MARTIN, ARTHUR PATCHETT 631
MARTINEAU, HARRIET 125
MARZIALS, FRANK T. 493
MARZIALS, THÉOPHILE 515
MASSEY, GERALD 165
MEREDITH, GEORGE 371
"MEREDITH, OWEN."—See *Robert, Earl of Lytton.*
MERIVALE, HERMAN CHARLES 461
MEYNELL, ALICE 538
MILLER, HUGH 83
MILLER, THOMAS 64
MILLER, WILLIAM 86
MILMAN, HENRY HART 170
MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON.—See *Lord Houghton.*
MITFORD, JOHN 67
MOIR, DAVID MACBETH 81
MONKHOUSE, COSMO 277
MONSELL, JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY 177
MONTGOMERY, ELEANOR 632
MONTGOMERY, JAMES 168
MOODIE, SUSANNA STRICKLAND 633
MORRIS, SIR LEWIS 256
MORRIS, WILLIAM 402
MULHOLLAND, ROSA 560
MUNBY, ARTHUR JOSEPH 242
MURRAY, GEORGE 644
MYERS, ERNEST 297
MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY 291

NADEN, CONSTANCE C. W. 562
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY 58
NICHOL, JOHN 254
NICHOLS, J. B. B. 555
NICOLL, ROBERT 150
NOEL, RODEN 259
NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH. 93

O'LEARY, ELLEN 328
O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR 440

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER 239
PARKER, GILBERT 671
PARNELL, FRANCES ISABEL 537
PATMORE, COVENTRY 233
PATON, SIR JOSEPH NOEL 390
PAYNE, JOHN 434
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE 47
PFEIFFER, EMILY 290
POLLOCK, SIR FREDERICK 474
POLLOCK, WALTER HERRIES 516
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH 48
PROBYN, MAY 542
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE 312
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER 19
"PROUT, FATHER."—See *Francis Mahony.*

QUILLER-COUCH, A. T. 586

RADFORD, DOLLIE 602
RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY 476
RHYS, ERNEST 580
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D. 649
ROBERTS, ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE 658
ROBINSON, A. MARY F.—See *Mrs. Darmesteter.*
RODD, RENNELL 563
ROPES, ARTHUR REED 568
ROSCOE, WILLIAM CALDWELL 231
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA 376
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL 392
ROSSLYN, FRANCIS, EARL OF 256
RUSKIN, JOHN 156
RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM 605
RUSSELL, PERCY 615

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS 299
SCHUYLER-LIGHTHALL, WILLIAM DOUW 648
SCOTT, CLEMENT 334
SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL 668
SCOTT, FREDERICK GEORGE 656
SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL 144
"SERANUS."—See *S. Frances Harrison.*
SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL 219
SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON 634
SHARP, WILLIAM 546
SHERBROOKE, VISCOUNT.—See *Robert Lowe.*
SIGERSON, DORA 610
SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW 123
SINNETT, PERCY F. 628
"SINGING SHEPHERD, THE."—See *Eleanor Montgomery.*
SKIPSEY, JOSEPH 329
SLADEN, DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON 551
SMEDLEY, MENELLA BUTE 219
SMITH, A. C. 629
SMITH, ALEXANDER 166
SMITH, WALTER C. 236
SOUTHESK, EARL OF 315
"SPERANZA."—See *Lady Wilde.*
STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN 180
STEPHEN, JAMES KENNETH 571
STEPHENS, JAMES BRUNTON 621
STERLING, JOHN 61
STIRLING-MAXWELL, LADY.—See *C. E. S. Norton.*
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS 523
"SURFACEMAN."—See *Alex. Anderson.*
SWAIN, CHARLES 76
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES 417
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON 272
SYMONS, ARTHUR 601

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY 25
TAYLOR, TOM 448
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD 194
TENNYSON, CHARLES.—See *Charles Tennyson Turner.*
TENNYSON, FREDERICK 187
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE 303
THOM, WILLIAM 82
THOMPSON, FRANCIS 569
THOMSON, JAMES 385
THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER 320
TODHUNTER, JOHN 332

TOMSON, GRAHAM R. — See *Rosamund Marriott Watson.*
TOWNSHEND, CHAUNCY HARE 58
TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX 63
TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON 191
TYNAN, KATHARINE. — See *Katharine T. Hinkson.*
TYRWHITT, R. ST. JOHN 333

VEITCH, JOHN 323
VELEY, MARGARET 294

WADDINGTON, SAMUEL 297
WADE, THOMAS 126
WALKER, WILLIAM SIDNEY 56
WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS 95
WARREN, JOHN LEICESTER. — See *Lord De Tabley.*
WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT 572
WATSON, WILLIAM 565
WATTS, THEODORE 267
WAUGH, EDWIN 109
WEATHERLY, FREDERIC EDWARD 508
WEBSTER, AUGUSTA 462
WEIR, ARTHUR 674
WELCH, SARAH 630
WELDON, CHARLES 153
WELLS, CHARLES JEREMIAH 22
WESTWOOD, THOMAS 213
WETHERALD, ETHELWYN 675
WHITE, GLEESON 526
WHITEHEAD, CHARLES 60
WHITWORTH, WILLIAM HENRY 72
WILBERFORCE, SAMUEL 175
WILDE, JANE FRANCESCA SPERANZA, LADY 104
WILDE, OSCAR 549
WILLIAMS, SARAH 335
WILLS, WILLIAM GORMAN 455
WOODS, JAMES CHAPMAN 301
WOODS, MARGARET L. 592
WOOLNER, THOMAS 391
WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER 175
WRATISLAW, THEODORE 607

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER 603

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